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EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
COLOUR PRINTS

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Eighteenth Century Colour
Prints: an Essay on certain
Stipple Engravers & their Work
in Colour

COMPILED, ARRANGED, AND WRITTEN BY

JULIA FRANKAU

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PREFACE

A CLOUD of mystery and misunderstanding has gathered around the eighteenth-century Colour-Print. The alphabet of the subject is scarcely classic; the very words convey different meanings to different people, and are translated, or mis-translated, variously. It offers us no system of orthography to make it clear that "Printer in Colours" and "Print-Colourer" are not interchangeable terms, that the two men had little or nothing in common, that the same workshop could seldom accommodate them both, and it was impossible for them to share the same palette. Yet this is the first important lesson for the student. And after the alphabet the grammar has to be mastered, the prosody of the medium, the syntax of the method.

There were certain colours used by the old printers, the secret of which seems as irretrievably lost as the secret of that wonderful varnish which plays over a Guarnerius or an Amati. Many Villaumes in the trade are diligently seeking for it, but up to the present there are some

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tints, flesh tints, that have absolutely escaped, that are apparently beyond recapture, as fascinating and elusive as the resin of Straduarus. There are cognoscenti who affirm that Time is the missing ingredient, while others maintain that it is the old paper that makes the essential difference—the soft “rotted” paper with its uneven surface and faint sepia tint. But practical workers accept neither explanation.

That many, even the large majority, of the prints in question were obviously finished by hand is a fact which, when acknowledged, does not give the key to the idiom. Eyes and lips, draperies and appendages, were accentuated after the print had left the press. But it was the purchaser often who made these additions, the print-colourer sometimes, the *printer* never. His colours, mixed with burnt linseed-oil, thick and pasty, did not accommodate themselves to the paint-brush. Nor to him must we look for the painted foregrounds, for the gold ornament, the brown size, for the “fakements” that supplemented, or discounted, his honest effects.

The charm and the value of the old colour-print, however, are due to him alone, to his light hand and wary, delicate manipulation of the plate; to the secret, so carefully guarded, of his grounds, and the mysteries, never betrayed, of his mixtures.

To recognise his handiwork is the third lesson, for the individualising of the printer is essential to a sympathetic insight into his work.

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The later issues from the old plates—there were many produced early in the last century—lack all the quality, all the vague, indefinable charm that distinguished the originals. They are less crude than the more recent ones, perchance, but the tone has vanished.

In simple truth, the colour-printer died with the stipple-engraver, early victims both, to the inventive genius of Senefelder, the lithographer.

It is unfortunate that so rare, so charming a branch of the fine arts should have been permitted to decay without an attempt being made to trace its genesis or disinter its formulæ. Of all the many virtuosi who have made the eighteenth century their happy hunting-ground, not one has, apparently, got upon the scent of that delicate art of the colour-printer which was born, which flourished, and decayed within the last forty fruitful years of the century.

There is no question as to the need of a book dealing with these old colour-prints, a book that should be at once an authority for connoisseurs, and a guide to collectors. Hardly a day passes in our national treasure-house of this art, the Print Room of the British Museum, without an inquiry being made that proves the public interest. Yet on this subject there exists neither treatise nor tract, neither book nor pamphlet. Perhaps the insufficient data have stopped the aspiring historiographer, and, more modest than I, he has hesitated to tell the little he knows.

But the story of the short-lived union of

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engraver with colour-printer is full of interest. It is the only phase in the history of chalcography, from the time when Ugo da Carpi made his first experiment in chiaroscuro, to a recent day when Mr. Theodore Roussel made his latest in colour-etching, that has escaped the attention of experts and print-lovers, or, at least, has eluded their pens. From the Florentine engravers of the fifteenth century to the engravers of the present day, whether in line, mezzotint, stipple, or aquatint, every school has had its advocate, every great Grecian his Homer. Only the Iliad of the Colour-Printer has remained unsung.

I am venturing, perhaps with foolhardiness, into the gap. I do not propose to compete with bibliographers or poets, lacking the admirable patience of the one and the gifted inspiration of the other. But, being an enthusiast and a modest collector, I offer, to those whose pursuits and inclinations are sympathetic with my own, a short résumé of the little that is on record of the art of printing copper-plate engravings in colour, from the inception of the idea to its grand climacteric.

I apologise in advance for all that I have omitted, and all that I have included. The subject-matter proved engrossing, and it was difficult to confine it within a narrow area. Colour-printing, once introduced, was practised in connection with every description of the engraver's art, line work by Hogarth and Strange, mezzotints by

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M^cArdell and Dawe, mixed methods by Bartolozzi and Mather Brown. Yet, to have attempted anything like a complete account of eighteenth-century engravings would have necessitated traversing ground already admirably covered by Beraldi and Duplessis, Redgrave and Bryan, Fielding, and, more recently, by Mr. Tuer; it would have been a task far beyond my ambition and my capacity. Even a cursory glance through the work of stipple-engravers alone, and the painters who inspired them, might well comprehend a survey of the Georgian era, of contemporary manners and morals, the subtleties of Court intrigues, and the intricate details of political imbroglios, not only in England but in France. For all these and much more, did the engravers and the colour-printers who worked with them, illustrate with burin and rubber.

The inclination to linger and gossip about a period so near to, and yet so far removed from, our own, so eventful, so pregnant, was strong; but I have tried, successfully I dare to think, to be desultory within reasonable limit. Gillray and Rowlandson, for instance, have had their biographer; and although no essay on eighteenth-century colour-prints would be possible without mention of these artists, I have never taken any special interest in their work, and have omitted them from my pages as from my own collection. Personal predilection, I admit, has also been responsible for more notable exclusions.

I started my own collection of colour-prints

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in the most amateurish manner. I bought one or two because they looked well between a tall grandfather's-clock and an oak dresser full of "blue"; a few more because they were illustrative of events, personages, or anecdotes with which I had grown familiar in the pages of Mrs. Delany or Walpole, Fanny Burney or Huish. Then followed, as the charm grew, a specimen or so of fine stipple-engraving, and, finally, some examples valued only for the tone and balance of the printing.

It was through this indiscriminate collecting, nevertheless, that I became aware gradually it was a new language I was learning, a limited, lisping baby-tongue, perhaps, but full of music, a babble chorusing the epithalamium of printer and engraver. And, as the language became more and more familiar to me, so did its restrictions become more distinct and definite. I learned that it could express a ballade, but not an epic; a villanelle, but not a threnody.

I began to perceive the value and relation of the stippling to the delicacy of the result attained, and rapidly to realise that an engraving printed in other than brown, or black, or bistre, was an engraving spoilt, if it had originally been executed in line, etching, mezzotint, or woodcut. Without the stippling, the song was out of tune, the diction harsh, the phrasing abrupt.

In this view I know I differ from many good judges, and from many interested friends, who treasure mezzotint work in colours, after Rey-

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nolds and Morland, Romney and Hoppner, with admiration and even enthusiasm. They do not miss the subtle undercurrent of sound, or note the absence of sympathetic gradation.

I must admit, however, that I have rarely seen pure colour-printed mezzotints. Almost invariably, upon investigation, I have found that the most highly priced and valued specimens have been finished by hand, the details added or altered on the print itself; and these alterations, rather than the art of the colour-printer, have been the source of admiration. And I am certain this disillusionment is inevitable. For the rocked ground of a well-laid mezzotint plate is not suited for colour, the lights and the shades come out with the wrong values, the engraver's intention is spoilt, and the painter's effect not produced, while the printer has, as it were, become tongue-tied.

I want to make my creed clear to my readers at the very outset of my book. For, if they are prepared to disagree, it is at least as well that they should have placed clearly before them the formula with which to quarrel. That creed, that dogma, is—that the printing in colour of copper-plate engravings was an art invaluable only to the stipple-engravers, adding to the sweetness, detracting nothing from the grace that was always the greatest of their charms, giving depth where depth was greatly needed, and, above all things, warmth to a method deficient chiefly in that quality.

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And though the colour-printer was a wonderful accompanist to the stipple-engraver, I would further lay it down as an axiom that both artist and accompanist went outside the limits of their talents when they attacked a large plate. The twin art practised by them, closely approximated to that of the "painters in little," is successful and beautiful the nearer it approaches the art of the miniature-painter; the further it departs from this ideal, the coarser and more ineffective is the result.

Admitting then my contention that only the stipple-engraving carries eloquently its need of colour, and repays its application, it will be seen that the zenith of the united arts is to be found between 1768, when the unfortunate Ryland made the so-called "chalk manner" fashionable, and 1802, when Bartolozzi, old and broken, crept back to Portugal to die in poverty and obscurity, forgotten by the school he had founded and neglected by the print-dealers he had enriched. It is to these full years that we owe the fascinating miniature-like portraits and figure-subjects, which, by reason of their intrinsic beauty, no less than by the vagaries of fashion, are now justly exciting the cupidity of collectors and the attention of art-lovers. These years saw Bartolozzi, Burke, and Collyer at their best; Gaugain, Tomkins, Jones, *in excelsis*.

It is really necessary, in order to understand fully the value of these prints from an historic and anecdotic as well as from an æsthetic point

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of view, to consider a little the period in which they were produced.

The utter artistic stagnation characterising that tumultuous period of English history which ushered in the reigns of the four Georges had given way to an activity little short of marvellous. England, hitherto ignored and despised for her artistic productions, England that had been obliged to look abroad not only for her portrait-painters but for her landscapists, having only a Walker and a Dobson to oppose to a Vandyck, while she could not boast even a fifth-rate Cuyp, suddenly awoke to a sense of her responsibilities, suddenly answered to the call of her prosperity.

The Incorporated Society of Artists, faction-torn and divided under such men as Michael Moser and Paul Sandby, grew, in the passing of a night, into the virility of the Royal Academy under the patronage of the third George, under the presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds. And from the date of the birth of the Royal Academy, for fifty glorious years, the artists, working boldly under the ægis of the throne, luxuriantly and brilliantly emblazoned the cold north with the tropical magnificence that had passed from Italy and Spain. These were the years of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Hoppner, Wilson, Lawrence, and Wright of Derby ; it was the era when the art of English landscape was to be found, and the comparatively new one of *gouache* painting was to be pursued.

In the wake of the great artists followed

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the great mezzotint engravers ; M'Ardell and Valentine Green, J. R. Smith and Earlom, translated the painters into language which the cultured read with avidity.

But the stipple-engravers appealed to a larger public. The age was no less great in politics and in literature than in art, Pitt and Fox were rivals in the Senate, the eloquence of Burke and Sheridan rang in the ears of the people, Johnson still rolled his eccentric gait and magnificent periods in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street and the Mitre, Goldsmith and Gibbon were writing their way in among the immortals, Horace Walpole was carefully penning his fascinating letters. Although Pope was dead and Byron hardly yet living, the memory of the one lingered in that wonderful coterie that surrounded the hospitable table of the President of the Academy, and here also the rich soil was preparing to fructify the other.

It was indeed a wonderful period. I have apologised already for being discursive, but the temptation to dwell upon the society which, luxurious, immoral, and brilliant, in high feathers and big hoops, in powder and in patches, walked in the Mall, gambled at Lady Archer's, danced at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and masqueraded at Mrs. Cornelys', would be irresistible even to a Hume. The Burney Diaries, the Selwyn Letters, the Garrick Papers, the Memoirs of poor "Perdita," rush so easily to the memory that it is difficult to pursue a single aim.

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The social history of the time is inextricably mingled with the old colour-prints. The artists, histrionic, pictorial, and plastic, clamouring for notice from Sir Joshua, shouted to him the gossip almost before the wits had time to write their lampoons. The caricaturists aided the polemicists. But the stipple-engravers, with their quick and easy methods, were the real society-journals of the day, the real mirror of society's taste.

Those were days rent with political convulsions, pregnant with events which in their final happenings gave England the command of the sea ; tempestuous, restless days. Yet, notwithstanding revolt and irreparable defeat in America, rebellion in Ireland, wars with France, Spain, and Holland, constant campaigning in India, and a reign of terror close to our shores ; notwithstanding political and social conflicts at home, the arts flourished and literature became enriched.

In an England scarcely recovered from the Stuarts, and still torpid from the phlegm and accent of the earlier Hanoverians, this remarkable artistic revival wrote contemporary history in a hundred new forms, wrote its sociology and ridiculed its foibles. Nollekens rivalled Flaxman in the wonders of his modelling ; Chippendale competed with Sheraton in guiding the curves and fashions of our furniture ; beauty grew familiar, and ornament part of the daily life of the nation. The century rolled majestically to its close, gathering impetus with its splendour,

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breaking gloriously on the shores of Time, and its multitudinous voice was Form. But the Song of Colour was in the wind that blew the glittering spray along.

On this great art-wave that flooded our land in the reign of the third George ; on the wave which at its flood gave us Reynolds, and at its ebb Turner ; the colour-print was the foam that whitened softly its crest. The débris of that wave, the very wreckage in its wake, is as rich and rare as the shells brought to the surface by deep-sea dredging. There are artistic pearls of great price in it, and strange, quaint reminiscences.

This may not be a great art, this art left to us by the reflux wave, and found entangled in the sand and seaweed of oblivious years ; but through its delicate aid "Mrs. Clarke" lolls again impudently on her couch, red-lipped, black-eyed, fair-skinned, and lures to their undoing princes and potentates ; "Mrs. Robinson" fascinates us no less than she fascinated her faithless "Florizel" ; "Master Betty," "Lunardi the Aeronaut," and "Topham Beauclerk," the exquisite, the friend of Johnson, the wit and the libertine, reawaken to life. "Mrs. Duff" and the "Linleys" in strange juxtaposition, the virtuous "Mrs. Siddons" and the frail "Mrs. Crouch," the beautiful "Duchess of Devonshire" and "Emma" of the many histories, smile back at us through the century in all the charms of their mingled talent and beauty.

So rich and so rare is this débris that the

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difficulty in forming a representative collection without excluding others equally representative, perhaps still more rare, is the first to be overcome by an aspiring amateur. A hundred points of interest, legitimately aroused, continually arrest attention and demand recognition. The interchange of thought between colour-printer and engraver, the way the one had to interpret and the other to invent, the proportion of responsibility, the infinite variety in impressions, the difficulties of classifying and comparing "states," are, perhaps, among the least of these. The pursuit of the artist in the printer is not always successful; he played Jekyll and Hyde to the infinite bewilderment of his Boswell; he had a distracting habit of signing his worst work. The inscription "printed in colours by . . ." which occurs on many large plates is almost a synonym for crudity. And although tonguetied and crippled by their medium, the best men did nevertheless sometimes paint a mezzotint plate successfully; to the distraction of judgment and the confusion of taste. The dogma of the natural selection between stipple-engraving and colour-printing has to be kept prominently in view to prevent an admiring side glance at a fine impression of "The Angling Party," or an envious one at "Lady Hamilton as Nature."

There were nearly three hundred stipple-engravers at work during the last forty years of the eighteenth century; scarcely one of them who did not at one time or another have recourse

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to the colour-printer ; scarcely fifty of them devoid of talent or interest either in themselves or their subjects ; scarcely half of them that do not deserve a position in a representative collection.

My book is written for the amateur and not for the expert. I learned what little I know without a text-book or a formula. All my sisters and brothers in the Cult of the Colour-Print were steering, like myself, when I started, through the shallows and backwaters of sale-rooms and curiosity-shops, without a compass. But when they knew that it was my wish to be a pilot, then one and all extended to me a generous sympathy, an untiring help, without which it would have been impossible to realise my desire, howsoever inadequately. Never has a hazardous undertaking enjoyed more encouragement from the outset to the close ; and the only flaw in my gratitude is the fear lest my work should be found unworthy of all the kindness and help I have received.

Prominent amongst the many friends of the book, I should like to mention Mr. Harland-Peck, whose wide experience has been as open to me personally as his fine and varied collection has been for the purpose of the work ; Major Coates, of Thrale's Hall, Ewell ; Lord Burton, the late Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Lionel Phillips, Mr. Henry Percy Horne, and Mr. Frederick Behrens.

And it is not only in facilities for cataloguing

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and examining prints that I have been materially assisted. To the industry, enthusiasm, and research of the late Mr. Hull, of the Prints and Drawings Department of the British Museum, I owe much. Mr. Emery Walker, and Mr. Haward, of the firm of Messrs. Brooker and Company, have placed their unique technical knowledge entirely at my disposal.

Nothing then remains but to see if the Press is as tolerant in its judgment as the collectors were generous in their help. All I have hoped to do is to add something of classification to the general knowledge of a subject fraught with peculiar difficulty but no less peculiar charm. It is in this hope, and the further one that I shall interest even if I am unable to instruct, that I somewhat diffidently lay my work of love before the public.

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CHAPTER I

The early history of engraving and its paucity of record—The story of the Cunios—Giulio Campagnola and his stipple-work at the end of the fifteenth century.

THE art of engraving is at least as old as the story of Moses. The art of transferring engravings from gem or metal to material or paper came into vogue about the fifteenth century. There is a mass of evidence, with which, however, I do not intend to weary my readers, as to the exact date of the discovery. How it branched off into typography, and evolved from wood-blocks to metal-plates, from line to mezzotint, mezzotint to stipple, stipple to aquatint, is equally beyond my scope. In the pages of Vasari and Bartsch the battle of Chalcography in its primary stages is fought out under the respective banners of Maso Finiguerra and Albrecht Dürer. The curious in chronology will find further gratification in Heinecken, Ottley, and Zani. Papillon, who contradicts most of what the others affirm, but who is always vivid and entertaining as an author, however unreliable as a man, will add the necessary zest to the study.

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It is incidentally interesting to note that nearly every engraver of worth became emulous at one time or another of the painter's effects, and that almost every experiment in engraving was followed by an attempt to get colour into the work by direct methods. In order, therefore, to trace the progress of colour-printing, it is essential not to lose sight of the steps of the engraver. Although engraving and colour-printing never really dovetailed until the stipple joined them, the dream of such a happy union was the mirage in the sandy desert of the years between the Renaissance and the eighteenth century, actuating alike the chiaroscurist and the printer.

One sees an art through the medium of a temperament, and mine being rather imaginative than studious, the personalities of these old engravers and colour-printers have engrossed my attention and interest, to the exclusion of the obscure points raised by different writers as to the exact month, in the exact year, in which they made their various experiments. I no less than Whistler have scant sympathy with the art critic who considers a date an accomplishment, and is satisfied when he has filed the fifteenth century and pigeon-holed the antique.

It is for this reason that the early specimens of engraving, stipple-engraving, and colour-printing have appeared to me, primarily, as so many illustrations of the histories of the Cunios,

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of Giulio Campagnola and Ottavio Leoni, of Ugo da Carpi, Andreani, and Teyler. I have skimmed the pages of the authorities above quoted, and culled from them that which has guided me in the order of the following pages. But I have not blindly followed their lead, and have searched outside accepted authority for details of more than one romantic career. The footprints of these pioneers of Xylography and Chalcography are so faint, the scent is so often lost, that to trace them has all the excitement of a hunt. I hope I shall enable my readers to share some of the pleasures of this delightful chase.

The Cunios, for instance, have eluded pursuit so often, that a large number of print-collectors, and writers upon prints, have discarded them as mere myths! Yet to me the Cunios are more real, more certain, and more living than the sceptics who have doubted them. That their story, if its veracity be admitted, demolishes the claims of Germany to have been first in the field of Xylography, and gives the coveted place to Italy, the legitimate pioneer of the Arts, has never been a stumbling-block to my belief in it. It also puts back the date of the discovery of wood-engraving two centuries, and leaves us that period with its use apparently in abeyance. But that the Chinese antedated Europe in this discovery is, in any case, beyond question.

The story of the two Cunios resembles, in its spiritual essence, the story of "Li Amitiez de Ami et Amile" in the *Bibliothèque Elzevirienne*.

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It has the strain of the troubadours in it, and the romanticism that forges another connecting link between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. It was first related by Papillon, the son of that Jean Baptiste Papillon who is familiar to the inquirers into eighteenth-century products from his dispute with Jackson for the credit of having invented, or adapted, the use of wood-block printing for paper-hangings.

Jean Baptiste Michel Papillon tells us that in the year 1719 he was sent by his father to the village of Bagneaux, near Mont Rouge, to paper a room for Monsieur De Greder. He papered the room for him, and he was then asked to paste certain coloured papers, in imitation of mosaic, between the shelves of the library. M. De Greder, on going into the room to see how the work progressed, found the young paper-hanger had abandoned the task and was occupied instead in poring over an ancient Latin tome. He asked the lad what it was he found to interest him in a book which it seemed impossible he could understand. Of course it was the engravings and not the letterpress which had caught the attention of the young artisan. I omit the description of the prints, as they are to be found in all the authorities previously named.

Young Papillon had been brought up in a family of wood-engravers. Three generations of them were at the very moment engaged in various branches of the art. It had been part of their education, indeed it was a family creed, that

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wood-engraving was first practised in Germany, or the Low Countries, and that the 1418 "Virgin" in the Brussels Library, or the 1423 "St. Christopher," furnished the first authentic example. Yet here was a set of Italian engravings, obviously taken from wood, with an inscription nearly two centuries earlier ! What wonder that the lad ceased from his uninteresting pasting and hung with absorbed attention over the prints.

They were eight in number, including the cartouche, or frontispiece, and the inscription, engraved in bad Latin, or ancient Gothic Italian, ran as follows :—

THE HEROIC ACTIONS : REPRESENTED BY FIGURES OF THE GREAT AND MAGNANIMOUS MACEDONIAN KING THE BOLD AND VALOROUS ALEXANDER : dedicated, presented, and humbly offered to the Most Holy Father, Pope Honorius IV., the Glory and support of the Church, and to our illustrious and generous Father and Mother, by us, ALESSANDRO ALBERICO CUNIO Cavalliere and ISABELLA CUNIO, twin brother and sister. First reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief with a small knife on blocks of wood made thin, and polished by this dear and learned sister. Continued and finished by us at Ravenna. There are eight pictures of our invention painted six times larger than here represented, engraved, explained by verse and thus marked on the paper to perpetuate the number of them, and to enable us to present them to our relations and friends in testimony of gratitude, friendship, and affection. All this was done and finished by us when only sixteen years old.

The date of the engravings was 1284. The book in which they were found had the following legend, badly written in old Swiss characters, with ink so pale as to be scarcely legible :—

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This precious book was given to my grandfather Jan. Jacq. Turine, a native of Berne, by the illustrious Count de Cunio, Magistrate, who honoured him with his friendship.

Of all the books I possess I esteem it the most, on account of the quarter from whence it came into our family, the science, the valour, and the beauty of the amiable twins Cunio, and their noble and generous intention of thus gratifying their relatives and friends. Behold their singular and curious history in the manner in which it was several times related to me by my venerable father and according to which I have caused it to be written more legibly than I myself could have done it.

Here follows the history, which I have slightly compressed, leaving, however, as far as possible, the archaic words and expressions of the ancient chronicler.

The young and amiable Cunios, twin brother and sister, were the first children of the son of Count de Cunio, by a noble and beautiful Venetian lady connected with the family of Pope Honorius IV. The young nobleman espoused the young lady clandestinely, without the knowledge of the relations of either of them. When, through her pregnancy, the affair was discovered, these relations caused the marriage to be annulled, and the priest who had married the two lovers to be banished. The unfortunate lady, fearing equally the anger of her father and her father-in-law, took refuge in the house of one of her aunts, where she was delivered of these twins.

Count de Cunio forced his son to espouse another more richly endowed lady, but he permitted him to take these children and bring them up in his own house, which was done with every instruction and tenderness possible.

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The son's new wife conceived such an affection for the children that she loved and cherished Isabella as if she had been her own daughter, loving equally Alessandro Alberico Cunio, the brother. They were both full of talent and of a most amiable disposition. They made rapid advance in the various sciences, and at thirteen years of age Isabella was already considered a prodigy. She perfectly understood and read Latin, composed verses, had acquired a knowledge of Geometry, was skilful in Music, and played upon several instruments; moreover she was practised in Drawing, and painted with taste and delicacy.

Her brother, urged on by her example, endeavoured to equal her, often, however, acknowledging that he could not attain so high a degree of perfection. He himself, nevertheless, became one of the finest young men in Italy; he equalled his sister in beauty of person, and possessed great courage, elevation of soul, and an uncommon degree of facility in acquiring and perfecting himself in whatever he applied himself to. They became the delight of the household, and they loved each other so perfectly that the pleasure or chagrin of the one or of the other was shared between them.

His father having, in consequence of the troubles of Italy, taken up arms, was induced by the repeated solicitations of this valorous youth to allow him to make his first campaign when he was but fourteen. He was entrusted

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with the command of a squadron of twenty-five horse, with which in his first essay he attacked, routed, and put to flight, after a vigorous resistance, some 200 of the enemy. But his courage having carried him too far, he unexpectedly found himself surrounded by many of the fugitives, from whom, notwithstanding, with a valour not to be equalled, he succeeded in disengaging himself without sustaining any other injury than that of a wound in his left arm. His father, who had flown anxiously to his succour, found him returning with one of the standards of the enemy, with which he had bound up his wound. He embraced him, full of delight at this glorious achievement, and at the same time, as his wound was not considerable, and as he was desirous of rewarding such bravery upon the spot, he solemnly made him a knight, dubbing him in the same place where he had given such great proof of his extraordinary valour. The young man was so transported with joy at this honour, bestowed on him in the presence of the troops commanded by his father, that, wounded as he was, he instantly demanded permission to go and see his mother, to inform her of the glory and of the honour that he had just acquired. This was granted the more readily, because, his grandfather being dead, the Count de Cunio was glad to take the opportunity of testifying to the dear and deserted lady (who had always remained with her aunt a few miles from Ravenna) the love and esteem which he ever continued to

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entertain for her. He certainly would have given her more solid proof, by re-establishing their marriage and publicly espousing her, had he not felt it his duty to cherish the wife his father had obliged him to marry, and who had brought up their children so devotedly.

The young knight therefore immediately set out, escorted by the remnant of his troop, out of which ten men had been killed or wounded. With this equipage and these attendants, who bore testimony to his valour wherever he passed, he arrived at the residence of his mother, with whom he stayed two days, after which he repaired to Ravenna to show a similar mark of respect to the wife of his father. This lady was so charmed by his noble actions, as well as by his attentions towards her, that she herself led him by the hand to the apartment of his amiable sister Isabella, who, seeing him with his arm bound up, was at first alarmed, but easily reassured.

It was during the time that he was resting at home, in order that his arm might be perfectly healed, that he and Isabella began to compose and execute the pictures of the actions of Alexander.

He then made a second campaign with his father, and was again wounded ; after which he returned and worked upon the pictures, conjointly with Isabella, who applied herself to reduce them, and to engrave them on blocks of wood. After they had finished and printed these

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pieces, and presented them to Pope Honorius IV., and to their other relations and friends, Alessandro again joined the army, this time accompanied by a young nobleman called Pandulfo, who, having become enamoured of the lovely and brilliant Isabella, was desirous of distinguishing himself that he might become worthy of her hand. But this campaign, alas ! was fatal to the Cavaliere Cunio. He fell, covered with wounds, by the side of his friend, who, whilst attempting to defend him, was also dangerously wounded.

Isabella was so much affected by the death of her brother, which happened when she was barely nineteen, that she languished and died before she had completed her twentieth year.

The death of this beautiful and learned young lady was followed by that of her lover, and also by that of her mother, who could not survive the loss of her beloved children.

This quaint and typical narrative has too much in it recommending it to credence for it to be lightly dismissed. If it be not true, it deserves to be. It is charming to see the twin brother and sister, the one so valorous, the other so cultured, assisting each other in perpetuating these deeds of bravery. But one suspects that Isabella did most of the work, whilst, with aching heart and anxious thoughts, she followed in imagination her brother to the seat of war. Alessandro may have only assisted her in the placing of the men, in the outlines of the arms

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and helmets. It is not unlikely that his was the slower wit, that he neither invented nor executed with his sister's facility, but only stood by, in picturesque costume, with his wounded arm in a sling, suggesting alterations, commenting, and criticising. It was expressive of her amiable character to give him half the credit ; but who shall say whether it was due to him ? He was chivalrous and brave ; it was a fine thought of his to go first to his own mother, unhappy and deserted lady, to relate to her the story of his exploits.

I believe that the pictures awaited him on his return to Ravenna, that Isabella had executed them for his surprise and pleasure, and that only later, when the confinement consequent on his wounds became irksome, the idea of transferring them to wood and from wood to paper, and presenting the impressions to their friends, was suggested by her to wile the weary time away. It is possible he executed the drawings, and she cut the blocks during his next absence. It was during his third and last sojourn at home that they transferred the impressions laboriously, after inking the blocks, by rubbing the back of the paper with their hands.

I see the two eager heads bending over the paper, full of enthusiasm and excitement in the new game, as unconscious that they are making history as two children playing in the nursery. To believe that the whole pretty story is a figment of Papillon's imagination is absurd ; such a possibility seems to me

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far more inherently incredible than the story itself.

Although, as I have said, it is no part of my purpose to follow the history of engraving through the thirteenth or the fifteenth century in its various stages of evolution and development, to sift evidence or collate example, it has interested me to search for the germ of the seed, of which the charming flowers are my Eighteenth-Century Colour-Prints. And to me at least, since I read the story, that germ has always been in the rough wood-blocks of the two Cunios. I like to think of that fair Italian maiden fashioning with her delicate hands the first faint phantom of the colour-print, and her fragrant memory hovers over my collection and lends it additional charm.

Then having paid my tribute to Isabella, two other figures detach themselves from the misty past and seem to take form and substance about my portfolios : the first Stipple-Engraver and the first Chiaroscuro-Engraver. They are both Italians ; there were no Germans, no Dutch amongst those ghosts of the portfolio, until Johannes "Speculatie" from Nymegen, won his place in Rome, and kept it in Holland.

The first Stipple-Engraver was Giulio Campagnola, sculptor and scholar, artist and musician, noble inheritor of Isabella's inspiration, himself another and yet more prodigious prodigy, a lad of such brave parts that before he is fourteen Titian welcomes him in his studio, Matteo Bosso

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exhausts panegyric in writing of his achievements, and almost ere he has reached manhood Hercules I. bids him to that marvellous Court of Ferrara, where all the arts are encouraged and all the artists find patrons.

And the first Chiaroscuro-Engraver was Ugo da Carpi, whose tragic story seems to deepen the lines of his harsh face, and to bow, with peculiar sadness and humiliation, the hunchbacked figure.

As the engraving was prior to the press-work, and Campagnola gave us the stipple, whilst poor Ugo's chiaroscuros only affected the printing, I give the former the first place in my narration.

It is my view that the stippled copper-plate was the legitimate successor to *La Manière Criblée* or *Opus Mallei* found in the very earliest engravings. *La Manière Criblée* is a mode of engraving in which the subject is worked out with a varied combination of dots, lines, and scratches, detaching themselves white from a black ground, assisted by lines and scratches detaching themselves black from a white ground. Famous controversies have raged round the prints executed in this manner. Whether they are wood-blocks or metal-plates; whether they have been engraved in relief or intaglio; whether they have been punched or cut? Those I have seen, notably an early fifteenth-century "Book of Hours," with the figures in white line and the background black, with stars and dots and tiny scratches printed white, certainly suggest wood; but others again leave the question more

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doubtful. What is certain is that Giulio Campagnola, living in the midst of the most artistic and cultured society of Padua, and proceeding from there straight to such an art-centre as Ferrara under Hercules I., must have seen these *criblée* prints, and may have been indebted to them for the strange use to which he put his graving tool.

The family of Campagnola was one of the oldest in Padua. Giulio's father, Girolamo Campagnola, held high office in the State of Venice, and was eminent among his contemporaries for his great learning and exemplary life. He was the author of several works, amongst them an Italian translation of the Psalms of David, a *Dissertation on the Jews*, some poetry, and two volumes bearing the titles of *De Laude Virginitatis* and *De Proverbiis Vulgaribus*. He was not only versed in philosophy and literature, but, like most high-born Italians of this era, was deeply interested in antique, as well as contemporary, art. Among his intimates were Leonico Tomeo and Pietro Bembo, both indefatigable collectors and connoisseurs of reputation. At one time Girolamo seems to have had the idea of writing or compiling a history of the *Art-Treasures of Padua*; and had even commenced it, in the form of a series of letters to Tomeo. Vasari quotes from the work passages which serve to indicate that the author had an exaggerated view of the claims of Mantegna. The work was abandoned, probably when the

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tragic death of Giulio dashed to the ground the many hopes and dreams that had centred around him, and seemed to destroy the energies, and render futile the ambitions, of his eminent father. For Giulio had been his father's companion when the elder Campagnola had been busy in the libraries and studios of Padua, that fair city "gemmed with gardens, set in green meadows."

The brilliant lad of whom Matteo Bosso, his godfather, wrote so enthusiastically to Hector Theophanes, had acquired Greek and Latin before he was thirteen, and was "so familiar with Hebrew that he might have assimilated its principles with his mother's milk." Everything he learned he remembered, everything he saw he was eager to copy. In addition to acquiring his knowledge of languages, he drew and painted, and modelled and executed bas-reliefs; in the intervals he taught himself "to play the lute, he sang and he wrote and composed verses." The only thing this pioneer in stipple-engraving seems not to have done in those brilliant youthful days at Padua was to engrave!

Little or nothing of these early works of his has descended to us, and it seems possible that his contemporaries, led away by his gaiety and charms, by his grave father's delight and pride in him, by a hundred personal graces and a never-failing wit, overrated the talents that were so bewildering in their multifariousness. The pride these most learned citizens of Padua took in the

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phenomenal boy bubbled over in their letters and records. We find the precise and religious Matteo Bosso placing on record his opinion that :

“Giulio Campagnola may rival his greatest masters—there are no pictures, however perfect, of Mantegna or of Bellini which he cannot faithfully reproduce. . . . As to living people, he can render them so vividly and with such perfect expression that it is impossible not to recognise every feature of the subjects. . . . If God should see fit to grant him a long career, if his ardour does not cool and he only fulfils the intention of Providence, who has dealt out her gifts to him with such lavish hand, this youth, whom many old men of renown might well envy, will be the pride, not only of his father but of his country. A ray of his renown will, perhaps, even be reflected upon me, for he is also my cherished son, my son in God. His father, in the exercise of his duty as a magistrate, had brought him with him to Ravenna, when I saw him, and although we had little conversation together, he impressed me in an extraordinary manner. I do not ignore the fact that children do not always fulfil their promise, and I should perhaps reserve my prophecy for a safer age ; but when I think of all this young man intends and has achieved, I cannot help becoming enthusiastic. . . . If ever father was worthy of such an offspring, assuredly it is Girolamo, who has brought him up with such assiduous care in order that he may carry out the traditions of his illustrious family.”

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I have given a free translation of this letter, because it was probably on the strength of it that Hercules first sent for the young phenomenon to the Court of Ferrara. Hercules spared no effort in his desire to draw to his Court the most distinguished men of the Peninsula. And it did not matter to him in what direction Giulio's talents might ultimately develop; he would be able to find employment for him. If languages were his forte, there were recently discovered Greek and Latin masters to translate into the vernacular; if architecture, Hercules was devoting a great deal of time and thought to the adornment of his chapel,—already it was said to be the finest in Italy, and musicians, specially imported from France, made its services notable. Also he was adorning the courts and staircases of his delightful palace near the Cathedral with wonderful sculpture, and with marble fountains, and he was ornamenting the oratories of several Brotherhoods with frescoes.

It is difficult to learn in what capacity Giulio was first received at the Court, whether as savant, musician, or artist, and what was his position in the midst of the illustrious men brought together by the Prince,—whether the reputation that had preceded him made them doubtful of his claims, so exaggerated, so phenomenal; whether he was accepted as an equal or laughed at as an impostor. His name is not mentioned by the most prominent historians of the day. Giambastista, Gherardini, Muratori, and Bartoli ignore him

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unanimously. Yet it is assuredly an irony of fate that of all that he achieved, or that was claimed for him in Padua, so little remains, and that his fame, for us at least, rests upon the delicate stipple-engravings he executed at Ferrara, of which there is no contemporary comment.

His career must have been comet-like in its brilliancy and its sudden eclipse. A sonnet on the death of Pope Julius II., a few drawings, a dozen engravings, are his scattered remnants. No sculpture, no authentic paintings, not even the wonderful dead Christ supported by two angels that he painted for Bembo on the walls of his studio, live to confirm the eulogies of Matteo Bosso.

I think we must look for the cause of his collapse in the pages of Panfilo Sasso and Pomponio Ganrico. To reconstruct history from such sources has a never-failing fascination. It is there that we read of his passion for the fair and lovely maiden destined for Cæsare Borgia. This is probably the maiden, immortalised in the print of two figures and a landscape. The beautiful young girl holds a lute in her hand, her eyes are resting upon it, shyly, downcast; the young man is gazing at her passionately. His rich Venetian costume and guitar, the drawing of the figure, the whole composition, recall a picture of Giorgione's, now in the Louvre.

That Giulio Campagnola loved this young girl, and that she returned his passion, Ganrico has told us; that the shadow of Borgia hovered over their

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love, and that, by some means or another, they were separated before marriage had consecrated their vows, appears early in the narrative. A profound mystery rested on the fate of the maiden—a mystery terribly hinted at, but never actually revealed. There was a poisoned cup in it, and a face once beautiful, horribly marred, but details are lacking.

Giulio, spoilt child of fortune, whose lightest wish had almost ruled in Padua, found himself thus hideously thwarted and opposed in Ferrara. All his ambitions, and all his work, became subordinated to a feverish desire first to discover the fate of his innamorata, and then to avenge it. Passions ruled high among the Italians of the sixteenth century. In the eagerness of his pursuit he crossed the path of those in authority, and such crossing was not to his advantage.

If he had proved himself worthy, if he had established his claim to the title of genius with which he entered Ferrara, the protection of Hercules might have been extended to him, and his story might have run differently. But he showed himself pre-eminent in nothing, save in gallantry, and there were many noble youths in Ferrara, before Savonarola taught them abnegation, who were his equals even there. Away from the wise control and fatherly pride of Girolamo, the gaiety and temptations of the capital had proved altogether too much for Giulio's strength and self-control.

The unhappy love-affair was apparently only

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the climax of the dissolute years. Rumours of his falling-off must have reached Padua, for Girolamo sent his nephew, Domenico Campagnola, to question him, to help him, if need be, to reclaim him, though his friends in Padua could scarcely credit the stories that reached them.

Domenico was of a very different nature from his mercurial, unhappy, brilliant cousin. Whether he used his influence wisely with Giulio, whether he used it at all, history does not relate. And he was not the man to attract the attention of the poetasters. We know that he set up a studio, and received apprentices, achieving also a measure of artistic success on his own account.

Meanwhile Giulio, in a vain attempt to release his lady from a situation "in which he imagined she was placed," came into contact with the hirelings that guarded the sacred person of the Borgia, and received a wound which "seemed less to him than the wound that rankled ever in his breast." From this wound, however, he never recovered.

The glamour and poetry inseparable from the period, make this story of Campagnola prettier in the reading than in the analysis. We see Giulio in purple velvet doublet and silken hose, in mantle and plumed cap, playing the lover bravely in the forest. But we could see him more plainly, if we would, in the shadow of his cousin, restless, discontented, and unhappy, sneering at the talents he was too idle to emulate,

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dashing off with his fatal facility the sketches he would never have the patience to elaborate into pictures, now railing against the Government, now caricaturing its leaders, now helping Domenico with his own far more brilliant brush, now interrupting him and his pupils with snatches of song and recitation. His versatility seems to have continued, meandering in a shallow stream, but never becoming a broad river of progress.

Idly he picked his lady's lineaments with the point of a graver on the yielding copper prepared for his cousin's graving-tool. He invented his process, his method to which we are so deeply indebted, with even less thought for posterity than did the Cunios when they wrote the title-page to the history of the whole art of engraving. He was so eager to perpetuate his lady's charms that he had no time for studied line or laborious hatchings; that, and that only, was the motive that drove his rapid pricking-graver. The copper yielded him her features almost after a morning's work. It was to secure this very speed, by the way, that Bartolozzi, nearly three centuries later, gave up his magnificent line.

Besides the landscape with the lovers, Giulio Campagnola left eight other authentic engravings. They differ very little in execution, and they all owe to the stippling a great softness and delicacy of effect. It is not, however, so surprising that they failed in receiving contemporary notice or praise, when we remember with what comparative contempt the eighteenth-century

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cognoscenti treated stipple-engraving. Campagnola's dot is very small, and is mixed with a few hatchings lightly scratched in with the point. In some instances he has etched his figure in double lines with dots between ; in others he has discarded line altogether and depended for effect on dot alone. His "St. John the Baptist" is an example of the former ; a nude figure asleep, generally known as "La Femme Couchée," of the latter, manner. It is intensely interesting work, not only for its intrinsic charm, but because it seems like faint tracing on the walls of time, writing "*Eheu fugaces*" to a wasted talent.

To advance from the Cunios to the Campagnolas, from *la manière criblée* of the fifteenth century to the sixteenth-century stipple of Giulio Campagnola, needs perhaps the gossamer bridge of fancy. But there is no difficulty in finding solid foothold between Giulio Campagnola and the seventeenth-century Ottavio Leoni, and from him onward to the earliest eighteenth-century stipple-workers in France—François, Bonnet, and Demarteau, who preceded and inspired all the others. This method of engraving was never wholly in abeyance ; isolated specimens are dotted, in every sense of the word, over work in wood and metal from the time of Campagnola to the time of Lewis.

Ottavio Leoni was an artist who excelled in portrait-painting. His fashionable atelier was thronged with Pope and Cardinal, Conte and

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Contessa, all who aspired to be in the forefront of Roman society in the early part of the seventeenth century. He was a painter by profession and an engraver only incidentally, but his graver owed to his brush the knowledge of the value of stippling in flesh-tints, which is the *fons et origo* of successful colour-printing. He engraved a set of heads of his brother artists, all dated between 1620 and 1625, in which everything but the flesh is executed in line, the faces and hands being stippled in while the etching-point is used lightly to scratch in the shadows. They are very curious prints, and very rare. Their existence did not prevent Louis Martin Bonnet claiming to be the inventor of stipple-engraving a hundred years and more after Ottavio Leoni had left only his work to testify to his priority.

From Bonnet to Bartolozzi is less than a step. Before taking it, it will be well, however, to pause and show how the workers in chiaroscuro followed each other with equal desultory slowness to the great goal of Colour.

CHAPTER II

Chiaroscuro the first step to Colour-Printing—The earliest Chiaroscuro Engraver: Ugo da Carpi, his right to the title, his history, and the source of his inspiration.

FAR cry as it would seem from the chiaroscuro to the colour-print, from the most charming stipple-engravings printed in colour to the most glaring polychromatic posters that disfigure or decorate our great city, the root idea of all three lay in the first invention of an engraving that gave light and shade by other means than laborious line-work. This invention consisted of successive printings from a series of wood-blocks, the first block carrying the outlines and deep shadows, and the following ones the broad effects of light, shade, and colour. The results of this process were called cameos, or engravings in chiaroscuro. For over two centuries this method, with various combinations, additions, and alterations, remained the only one employed in the production of so-called "picture engravings."

There are many reasons to justify the naming of Ugo da Carpi as the first engraver in chiaro-

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scuro ; and Ugo da Carpi was a very remarkable character. There was romance in his struggle after the reproduction of the works of the great contemporary Masters. The rights of Germany in general, and Cranach in particular, on which he may have encroached unconsciously, need count for nothing, when we mark how, under influences purely personal, and in circumstances negating piracy, he saw and seized the advantages of the brush over the burin, dispensing with laborious outlines and line-shadings, roughing in his contours in a manner which is now called "Italian" but the merit of which was his alone. For the perfecting of his own invention he used everything that was known of the art of engraving on stone, on wood, and on metal, from 1491 B.C. to A.D. 1500 ; and he claimed the credit of his originality without reserve. It is but just therefore to call him the first ancestor of the Colour-Printer ; time has hallowed his claim, and to dispute it were ungenerous.

The celebrity of Ugo da Carpi, according to Bryan's *Dictionary of Engravers*, "rests on his wood-engraving" ; but it has always seemed to me that his celebrity, and the vital interest his very name evokes, are due rather to his personality, the age and influences that produced him, and the misfortunes that at once moulded his destiny and directed his ambition.

He was born in or about the year 1480. Passavant places it earlier, and other authorities

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later ; but it will be seen that internal evidence confirms this as nearer the right date. His birth occurred during the lull that came before the storm, it was at that period, comparatively peaceful, before the eager hand of Ludovico Sforza had given the first wrench to the pivot on which turned the political destinies of his unhappy country ; a wrench that sent Italy ultimately struggling and spinning through the years, pursued by invaders from France and Spain, from Switzerland and Germany. It was comparatively peaceful ; but Popes and Despots, in the intervals of their encouragement of Art and Letters, intrigued against each other, and against the States they governed ; the real masters of the situation being the lawless bands of soldiery, paid first by one and then the other, in money or honours, in dignities or lands, for the use of their arms and the loyalty of their leaders.

Ugo's lot was cast in the wrong place ; he was born in the mountains instead of in the city, amid rough surroundings instead of in the home of luxury and art. He was a misshapen imp of the Renaissance, struggling for existence in a wild community of Condottieri. Something he took from his surroundings, inherited or imbibed, but a baptism of blood was necessary before he could enter into his great inheritance. It was not possible for him to work out his destiny in the calm and peaceful manner of his happier contemporaries, he suffered, and he inflicted suffering. His life was full of incident, and his work is

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eternal. Yet history has ignored him, fable has left him out, and it is only in the descriptions of Marsiglio Ficino and the lyric pages of Pietro Bembo that the story of his dreams and of his art, of his exile, his great love and its tragic consequences, can be found at all. And the novelist has so enwrapt this in obscurity, and the poet in shabby Petrarchisms, while together they have made it so vague and shadowy and indefinite, that imagination has to rend the veil, and sympathy to unwind its mystifying folds, before the tale stands out in all its primal and realisable simplicity.

Ugo da Carpi was the tenth child of Count Astolfo da Panico, some authorities say the tenth son, but the point is obscure. The ennobled and ancient family of the Counts of Panico had held possession of their home in the mountain fastnesses nearly two hundred years, their patent of nobility dating from the thirteenth century. Time had taught them nothing; apparently no new movement had reached them, they were picturesque remnants of Mediævalism dwelling outside the limits of an encroaching civilisation, sallying forth whenever the clash of battle sounded, casting the weight of the sword indifferently on the side of Pope or Despot. Their records show that the cunning and perfidious policy of the Visconti, the scheming intelligence and lawless will of the Sforzas, had never lacked Panicos to support their ventures. When Filippo Maria had taken from poor

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Beatrice di Tenda her money and her troops, her influence and her person, it was a Panico who presided over her mock trial for adultery, it was a Panico who signed the death-warrant under which her execution followed.

Their trade was slack when Lorenzo the Magnificent reigned in Florence and Alexander VI. ruled in Rome. It was in this dull time that Ugo's misfortunes began. He, poor degenerate son of a great race, had inherited neither the thews nor the sinews of his stalwart father and tall brothers; he was misshapen, hunchbacked, weak. He made no show at the tilting-ring, his horsemanship was the ridicule of his relations, story of intrigue or faction moved him not at all. He grew up solitary and silent, in the shadow of a contempt never disguised, of a derision loudly expressed.

Two confidants he had—two only. One was the Frate Senzio who ministered at the Church of St. Francis, tucked away under the hills, who heard his confessions and absolved him, when he owned to feints or subterfuges, resorted to in order to avoid brutal contests and trials of strength; when he confessed that sword-play was abominable to him, and that his brothers and his father aroused in him feelings of hatred; that, as they despised his aims, his life, his ways, so did he condemn theirs.

The other was Giorgio Barbarella from Castelfranco, familiarly known as "Giorgione," from his great size, who stood by him when he hewed

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strange heads out of the fallen branches of trees, helped him when he drew weird figures with burnt sticks, admired him when he moulded the red earth into quaint forms.

These two friends were no less important elements in the formation of his character than his uncongenial surroundings. Giorgione's sympathy had almost made an artist of him, the Frate had made a scholar of him, and almost a Christian. But fate intervened before either had finished his task; a task which, had either accomplished it, would have eliminated, perchance, the brutal Condottieri element, and thus averted the tragedy that followed.

But because he was weak, because in that community of soldiers and adventurers he could never be anything but a drag and a drawback, a council of his father and brothers decreed that he should espouse Jiulia Pontana, his kinswoman, a gentle maiden who lived near the town of Castelfranco, in the cool neighbourhood of the lagoons, under the protection of the beautiful ex-Queen of Cyprus, Catherine Cornaro.

This girl had the misfortune to belong to the Ghibellines, and the Ghibellines and the Panicos were as one name. The lands and the monies that were her portion, were deemed fit compensation for the fortune that the weak arm of her deformed kinsman could never gain for himself. So before eighteen summers had passed over his head they buckled on the sword he had no strength to wield, and sent him in

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the train of his brothers to do his wooing, in the brave trappings that could not hide his crooked spine. His scant locks floated under the broidered cap, his purple mantle left exposed the thin throat girdled with white linen—his poor, shrunken throat. They dressed him up, and jeered at him. Ugo hated his prospects, hated leaving his mountains and his comparative solitude, but it was useless to demur. One favour he had asked which had been granted to him. In that request poor Ugo's luck pursued him. He asked that Giorgione, the handsome stripling who was his only friend, who had sympathised in his pursuits, who had watched with him the golden sunsets and purple hazes at even, who had seen, as he saw, the mystery and the glory of colour, under whose plastic fingers grew wonderful pictures of angels and Madonnas, that Giorgione, who was his friend, should go with him in his wooing. And Giorgione was by his side when the cavalcade rode through Castelfranco.

The square-windowed turrets of Asola, the turrets the lads had so often gazed at from the distance, melting into the vast background of a vague Alps, grew solid before their eyes. They rode through the night only ; by the light of the moon they saw fair homesteads purple with vines and black with olives ; against her pale light the forest arabesques shaped mysteriously. The scene was bathed in mist in early morn, but it struggled into gorgeous tints as the sun rose

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in its splendid noon, the fields grew yellow, and even the cypress had golden threads.

Catherine herself sallied forth to meet them, with all her maidens around her, and she was preceded by armed hirelings, by soldiers on horseback, their steeds gaily caparisoned, by all the pageantry her fallen state allowed. Conspicuous among the maidens in her train was Jiulia Pontana. She was very pale, but her noble young head was poised above her square-cut dress of green brocade, with an air at once sweet and proud. Her head-dress was high, interplaited with cloth of gold ; in the middle of her forehead gleamed a jewel, held there by a chain of gold. Fairer sight no man's eyes could gaze upon, but, at first, it was not upon her their glances rested. The mountain clouds, now enveloping, now disclosing the panorama of the landscape, the high rectangular tower composing itself in cool colour and tranquillising line, the glow of pageantry in the foreground, filled their eyes.

It was not until later, not until the feasting had begun, that Ugo saw Jiulia was fair. And, alas, Giorgione saw it at the same moment. Jiulia in her turn could not but see that Giorgione was straight and tall, with clustering golden locks, blue eyes that spoke traitorously ; and that Ugo was hunchbacked and lowering, a melancholy youth with lank black hair. But in those days there was no dallying with family decrees. Each had scarcely time to flash the discovery to

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the other ere it was already too late. In pomp and in state, with rejoicings at the castle and feasting in its halls, the pontifical blessing rested on the heads of the ill-matched pair, and joined an unwilling bride to the wrong groom. Thirty days they feasted and kept high state ; the granaries were emptied and the wine-butts replenished again and again.

Meanwhile the three young people passed strange hours ; Ugo using his privileges timorously, gazing at Giulia till he learned by heart every line and every curve in that fair face, every flush that came and went in that delicate cheek, every shadow that haunted those blue eyes, every golden tint in that mass of hair ; Giorgione, more bold, overbold, teaching whilst Ugo was only learning.

And here the story must halt a little ; deeds were done in those days of which the very relation were impossible in ours.

Giulia was an obedient maiden who had given her hand where she was bid, and yielded herself to the husband who was allotted to her, as was the fashion of her age. But love was a flower that bloomed apace in the rich soil of Italy in the fifteenth century, and it grew and grew in her breast. Ugo was her husband ; he was a scholar and an idealist, a boy unlearned in the ways of women. He was the husband of the richest heiress in Castelfranco ; he was courted and flattered, the warriors pledged him, and the poets brought him their odes. It was all new to him—flattery, adulation, even ease of body

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and freedom from taunts. He may have been absorbed in his new duties and his new position; he may be to blame for having so feebly guarded the treasure that had been committed to him. His love was too new to be exacting, and when his cares allowed him and his flatterers and myrmidons left him, it was sweet to wander alone in the enchanted gardens of Asola composing sonnets; pursuing the beautiful, elusive imagery of his happiness.

It was perhaps in the hours that he was engrossed with these sweet thoughts that Jiulia was absorbed in still sweeter deeds. Giorgione painted her, as already he had painted her beautiful mistress. Whilst he sang in honour of the wedding, he sang also in praise of the bride, such songs to which she could but give ear. His gold curls floating beneath his tufted hat, his lithe tall figure in his handsome doublet, his voice that thrilled and penetrated, his lute attuned to every key, were in strange contrast to poor Ugo, tongue-tied in her presence by his love and bewildered by his authority.

This part of the tale needs no telling; every age and every clime has had its counterpart.

Ugo's honour was the honour of the Panicos. And if his own arm was weak, there were six strong ones, ever ready with their swords, in causes just or causes unjust, for the very love of the fight, the rapid lunge against the soft resisting flesh, the blood-flow.

Ugo dreamed over his happiness while Gior-

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gione seized his. There came one day when there was a sudden incursion into a room, tapestry-hung and lofty, where a fair maid sat listening to a sweet song ; there were cries of alarm, a rush of colour to a pale cheek, there was quick sword-play, an inrush of the Cornaro retainers. They were all eager to fight, it was their pastime, without caring or knowing why, or for whom. Giorgione had his friends ; Ugo had only his rights. There was the clashing of swords, the shrieking of women, and the flowing of blood. And in the end the finest and tallest of the Panicos was lying with a dozen wounds in throat, and side, and chest, never to fight more for Pope or Despot. Giorgione had disappeared, and poor Jiulia was left to the tender mercies of her lord.

And rumour did not spare details of those tender mercies ; Ugo's character, so terribly tried at so critical a period, was twisted out of its natural bent. It grew, for a short time, as misshapen as his person, incredibly spiteful and vicious, but above all things wretched. There were rumours of a malignancy that did not stop at words, of persecution that never slept, of barred doors and windows, of cruel deeds. Galantry pitied the lady ; but she, at least, had her unpoisoned memories. Ugo had nothing but his deformities and deficiencies, his trust and its betrayal, with which to console himself.

Soon rumours of Giorgione's successes at Court reached Castelfranco, of cunning portraits

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that his hand had wrought, of friezes and frescoes, of commissions from the State, of his friend Titian, and of the triumphs of both. Ugo's jealousy grew to burning-point : even thus had his ambitions soared in those days that seemed now so far off, when no Jiulia had come between him and his dreams of colour and form. Ugo could hardly bear his life. The torture to which he put his helpless victim contented him no more ; in very truth she could hurt him more with a word than he could hurt her with a blow. For he loved her. And she? The very sound of his voice, of his step across the floor, the sight of his crooked shadow against the sunlight, were hateful to her.

At last he betook himself to the Padre with his troubles, that Padre who had helped him so often before. Wise counsel was given him in that narrow cell. The priest sat with outstretched arms, and pointed to the Cross on which was nailed the figure of Him who had suffered more than poor Ugo. He preached patience, he preached hope, he told Ugo of the higher life, he pointed out to him the narrow way. Ugo listened. That lean monk, no less earnest than the famous Friar of Ferrara whose spirit animated him, had always understood and pitied the artist-temperament of the unhappy boy. He bore his new pain badly, though his life had been one long pain. The Padre preached patience, and Ugo listened. If Ugo had done more than listen, if he had given heed, Bembo had

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had no story to tell, and these bald outlines had needed no filling in. And the Padre gave advice :

“My son, thou art restless and uneasy ; thy heart burns within thee for jealousy of Giorgione, for love and for hate of thy faithless wife ; thou art tortured now with envy and ambition. Leave this place, it is dark for thee with unhappy memories. Thy brother’s spirit haunts the chamber where thy pale wife sits forlornly at the window. Giorgione is ever under the lattice, the air is ever full of the sound of his lute and his rich voice singing. Get thee hence. There are castles where no memories dwell for thee, cities where thou wilt lose thy pain and thy bitter hatreds. Go ! my son. Thy wife will abide here in peace, and I will lead her thoughts to repentance and her heart to grace.”

“Her thoughts are of Giorgione ; there is no repentance in her,” answered the poor boy, his thin face working, his restless hands plucking at his beads.

For never yet had torture wrung from Giulia confession or sign of sorrow. The good man spoke, Ugo tried to follow him. But always that pale wife of his, with cold eyes and ripe lips, maddened him afresh ; and in a hell of his own passions, made desperate by his own deficiencies, he wreaked on her sad vengeance for his own misery.

There came one black day when Giulia was alone with her women. There were moans from the high turret room wherein she lay, and

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strange sounds, and the echo of hurrying steps, and presently a new cry, quick and shrill—a cry at which the women smiled, and Ugo who knew not how to smile, or had forgotten the art, turned white and trembled.

If Giulia's love had been less strong, if perchance she had not seen the crystal gates so near, when he bent over her and asked roughly, "Is this child mine?" with anguish and choking in his voice, she might have spared him that slow smile, that glance so comprehensive with which she swept his figure.

"Yours? Per Dio! My beautiful babe!"

The wild passion the words and look wrung from him was beyond his control; the gurgling, new-born cry of the baby lying across her breast maddened him: it was less than to kill a chicken. His fingers had stifled the cry before his brain had time to recognise the inevitability of the deed.

Her eyes never met his again; she was gazing across him to the glimmering square of the casement, where her lover had climbed so fatally. Perhaps she saw him there still. Ugo's last vengeance left her smiling. When her attendants rushed to her rescue, he was hanging over her with tearing sobs and shaking hands, kissing her pallor, the creeping cold of the dead face . . . telling her for the first time, when she was beyond hearing, something of what she had made of him.

Not even the influence nor the power of

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those famous Condottieri of Panico were enough to save Ugo from all the consequences of his crime. Something he was spared thereby, and that sparing helped to write history differently. A less powerfully protected criminal would have been left with sightless eyes and head severed from his body, dangling in chains outside the grey towers and battlements of Asola. Or he might have been taken to Venice to be tried, dragged through the streets, his hands bound together by a cord, a rope fastened round his neck and tied in such a manner that if he struggled he would be strangled. Had the latter fate been his, he would not have struggled. Once he realised that Giulia was indeed dead, he faced his accusers with an indifference that looked callous to any one who failed to read the anguish in those thin cheeks and sunken eyes. Cords or imprisonment, or death itself, were nothing to him. The blood of the only thing he had ever loved was on his loathsome hands ; all perception of colour was drowned from the wretched eyes by tears of agony and acquiescence. They forced him to escape, that strong, powerful family of his, they would not have it said a Panico had hung, or walked in chains. They drove him forth and covered his retreat. Neither escort or money would he have, nor help of any kind.

He left Castelfranco before they had envaulted Giulia and her baby, one gray, cold morning ere the mist had risen—a morning that differed little from the one on which he had ridden up, Gior-

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gione by his side, with nothing on his mind but a wonderful exhilaration at the beauty of the scene. Now the mists closed around him coldly, the cold struck right through to his heart.

It took his chronicler two cantos to tell of his wanderings from Castelfranco to Florence, but the incidents can be summed up almost in two sentences. He had but a few piastas in his pocket, he had little knowledge of the road, he had neither desire nor hope. He passed aimlessly through plains and scattered villages; he wandered as if in a dream. By the time he came to Correggio, footsore and weary, his body had failed him almost as had his mind. He could not remember his name; he called himself Ugo da Carpi, Ugo from Carpi, from the last little village he had passed through before time and place had been blotted out from his memory by illness.

It was in the house of Pellegrino Allegri that he lay for a space while strength came back to him, together with something of the youth he had scarcely known, of the health he had never enjoyed. The sunshine of the place revived him, the unwonted sense of freedom, above all things the spirit that was in the very walls of that hospitable house. Antonio, the son of Pellegrino Allegri, who was to become so famous under the name of Correggio, was a child—a child at whom he looked with envious eyes. Always with brush, or chalk, or busy creative fingers, Antonio reminded him of the

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dawning of his own life. But alas ! with what a difference ! The little lad so gay, so beautiful, was full of the joy of life, he was the pride and embodied ambition of his happy artist father, he, too, was a genius, but a fostered one.

By the time Ugo was well enough to resume his journey, he had recaught some of the elder Allegri's enthusiasm, he had forgotten something of his trials and of his miseries. He went forth from Correggio, Ugo da Carpi, for once and for ever. He wanted to blot out all that had gone before ; he almost succeeded. Anyway, the young man who arrived in Florence—there is a notable description of his entrance—was once more the artist, nevermore the lover. In that description of his arrival we see him where a little group of nobles, distinguished by their rich apparel, their embroidered mantles, their long locks and gay caps, were gossiping round a great block of marble. The great block attracted the wanderer ; he stood and stared with the rest. He was a poor figure amid these gay young men.

But one there was whose eyes fell on him pityingly, a pair of grey eyes set wide apart in an Apollo-like head. Moved by intuition, by a fine impulse, Michael Angelo turned towards him, and would have given him alms. Ugo knew who he was, the fame of the "Sleeping Cupid" had reached him already at Castelfranco. The tears came into his eyes, a sudden new-found self-sympathy thrilled through him. He shook his head, he would have no alms.

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"You want to see the marble? They are putting a wooden barricade round it. See, this is what it will be when I have fashioned it." He no longer offered alms, the tears in Ugo's eyes had taught him quickly. He held out to him a waxen model.

"They wanted me to show it them," he said, simply, indicating his companions. "You too are an artist?" For something in the way Ugo looked at the figure, something in the way he touched it, gave the intuition this direction.

"Maestro!" faltered Ugo, and kissed the extended hand.

They stood together for the space of a moment, under the blue Florentine sky, in the shadow of the Duomo. Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who lovingly handled his model, with a side-glance of happy pride at that huge block, out of which was to leap, under his fashioning hand, a figure so incomparably beautiful, so noble in its attitude, so grand in its pose, that all Florence thronged to see it, and Rome sent an envoy to bid him to the Vatican; and Ugo da Carpi, beggar and hunchback, murderer and miserable, whom no man knew and no man helped. But invisible, dim, intangible, no less over sunken head than over lofty brow, floated the golden crown of immortality.

I am telling Ugo's story baldly. There are big lapses in it, strophes that seem to lead nowhere, but one or two incidents appear to fix the dates.

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After that meeting with Michael Angelo, Florence was sacred ground for Ugo. Obstinate-ly he kept to his new name; he tasted privation, poverty, almost starvation. We know that he lodged for a time at the Porta Santa Croce, where the Franciscan monks had founded the hospital for strangers. It was characteristic of his pride that he never appealed to the artist for help or sympathy, though he well knew both would have been given to him. He tried to utilise the pastimes of his childhood for his living. He modelled in clay, he painted the portraits of contadine for a few quattrini; for a short time he worked in a Majolica factory. The next we hear of him definitely is that he was employed in the studio of that wonderful boy whose fame had preceded him from the ducal studio of Urbino, that city situated among the Apennines, on the borders of Tuscany and Umbria. He ground Raphael's colours and watched the flesh-tints grow under his marvellous brush.

In the studio of "Il Divino," another change came over the mind and the life of Ugo da Carpi. Here, none laughed at his pursuits, none derided his dreams. A very passion for work seized upon him; he ate only to keep body and soul together, he slept in an outhouse shaken by the wind, cold in the winter, damp in the early spring. And then, for the first time, he found peace. He had been near happiness at Asola, an exquisite, trembling

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happiness, the unrealised expectation of which had driven him from his balance. But here Peace came to him, a beautiful gift to a soul distraught. He studied early and he studied late ; he copied his master's work, content when a line had shaped to his satisfaction, when a tint had nearly caught the glow of flesh. In that studio, where none knew his story, he laboured for nearly two years. Raphael smiled encouragement, gave him now a drapery to sketch in, now a background to prepare, always a kind word and thought from the depths of his own generous nature.

Art took the place of jealousy, and the desire for revenge, the love of women and the image of Jiulia. There were other workers in that studio, eager admiring disciples of Raphael Santi, young men, rich men, noblemen, enthusiasts. Ugo was something of a drudge amongst them, sometimes a butt for their wit, but trouble had taught him humility. He cleaned their palettes, he mixed their colours, in secret he emulated their efforts, and hope floated golden before his eyes. It was never to be more than a haze, a mirage in the desert of his sad life, a dream that faded in the morning light. We can picture him during those few years in Florence, dreaming these happy dreams, the great gift of work in his hands.

And this was the time when his poor spine, which had already served him such a scurvy trick in his growth, chose for serving him

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another ; or perhaps it was the result of his burning sullen tears, of those sleepless nights, of those weary wanderings. Whatever the cause, however, the result was that he found his eyes growing gradually dim, his fine appreciation of colour leaving him ; the contours before him still seemed sharp, but the shades were all blurred and confused.

At first he knew not what had befallen him. Each rising day he hoped the blues and greens would come again, the reds grow steady and the pinks transparent ; each day fear knocked louder at his heart, each night his terror-haunted sleep, drenched with dread and sweat, gave him snatches of sight, and hideous abysses of darkness. He grew so thin and pale and wretched that even those gay youths amongst whom he worked could not but note it, and asked what ailed him. He shrank into silence, the silence that had been the habit of his life, that had only partially forsaken him in the last few months. It seemed to him if once he gave his trouble words he would give it life, it would leap into certainty. *Blindness was coming upon him. The blessed light was going.* How could he voice the words, though they stared at him from wall and sky, from palette and canvas !

It was Raphael himself—Raphael, whose ever-tender heart was moved by such obvious suffering—who questioned him one day, so gently, with such delicate tact and intimate sympathy, that the flood-gates were burst and the

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trouble was told. How tenderly he was comforted, how hope was given to him, is past the power of prose, or at least of my prose, to tell. In the end Raphael sent him with a letter to a friend of his own at Bologna,—not a barber to cup him (again and again Ugo had tried this drastic remedy), but a scholar, learned in all the knowledge of Hippocrates. He journeyed to Bologna with a heavy heart. Although Santi had given him hope, his eyes could not support the promise. The sky was always gray, whilst grass and mountain-side, and stream and flowers, had at intervals the one hue. He was heavy-hearted and sad. But the stars were fighting for him in their course, and the sun of his destiny was rising, not setting.

When he came to Bologna with Raphael's letter, he was received at the house of the learned doctor. He was put to wonderful tests. Presently it transpired that his was a strange and almost unique case. All the scholars in Bologna, learned in medicine, saw him and worked upon him ; he was passed, as if he had been a rare gem, from one hand to another. And not only those of Bologna, learned men from Venice, lured by the description that had reached them, journeyed to see him. What had come upon him was a lesion little known then, but the description of which is to be found in the pages of Galen. It was not blindness, but colour-blindness, an obscure spinal lesion which, while it bereft him of one sense, left him all the others.

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When they had taught him that he had not the great darkness to fear, they had given him almost all the medicine he needed. His body grew stronger than it had ever been, his weakened hands, palsied by fear and not by disease, obeyed once more his guiding will. Of course he had to give up many hopes, many dreams. Perhaps if he had known at the beginning, what he knew now, it would have seemed as if all the joy of his life was quenched. But he had feared blindness ; when he heard that it was colour, alone, which had failed him, it was only as if music had gone out of his days ; and form remained ; always, they told him, he would see line and shape, and shade.

He could not go back to Florence, the fair city of his fair dreams ; he could not return to that studio, nor work under that master with whose lesser efforts he had hoped to vie ; and indeed by this time Raphael was already in Rome. Ugo sought for work in Bologna, and found it with Francia, the famous worker in Niello.

There it was he met Marcantonio ; there it was he saw the woodcuts of Albrecht Dürer transferred to metal plates by Raimondi. Ugo was ever emulous of excellence. In secret he tried to copy the great engraver, as before he had tried to follow in the steps of the great painter. The lines, the cross-hatching, the close labour, tried his eyes terribly, but once he was on the track, he would rather they ached, and

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burned, and failed, than that his fellow-workman should have no rival in his triumph.

And Marcantonio was having a veritable triumph with his copies of "The Life of the Virgin," his "Little Passion," his "Adam and Eve"; he was growing rich and daring. He laughed at his hunchback satellite. Ugo toiled after him, but slowly within appreciable distance. His own invention of chiaroscuro-engraving came to him suddenly, like a revelation; probably he thought it was really one. Possibly, however, for there is always a possibility of vagrant memory underlying such artistic coincidences, he had seen, half unheeding, the rude chiaroscuros of Cranach. The talk of the adjustment of light, and the value of shades, heard long ago in the house at Correggio, had lain dormant in his mind, forgotten; now it was revived in a sudden illuminating flash. Chiaroscuro was a term hardly used in the studio of Raphael. Light and shade, shade and light, reiterated themselves until they thundered, like the sea, in Ugo's ears. He saw his way to achieve Raimondi's results with less than half Raimondi's labour, in less than a quarter of the time Raimondi had to devote to his plates.

We can picture the hunchback artist, dim-eyed, behind that narrow window-slit, with his rough wood-blocks, his primitive tools, his precious parchment, and hands trembling so with excitement that he could scarcely direct the brush. It came to him in a flash. Blocks to carry the outline, blocks to carry the shades,

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successive printings — an effect astonishingly simple !

Suddenly as the idea had come to him, months of experiment yet remained, months of weariness and heart-ache and disappointment. His industry never flagged, and in truth he never doubted his ultimate success. But he had dreamed of himself as a great painter. What he had never dreamed and barely learned was how little he needed to become a fine draughtsman.

In meeting Marcantonio, in copying from him, he learned unconsciously to draw, and to-day there is no one to deny the quality of the power he acquired. It was after he had learned to draw that he mastered the art he had invented, the art of chiaroscuro-printing, sufficiently to produce a copy of "The Death of Ananias," by Raphael, in so short a time, and with such a bold and daring effect, that not only Francia, but all Bologna, crowded into his workshop. It was in competition with his fellow-workman that he printed the "Massacre of the Innocents" from a sketch sent to him for the purpose by Raphael at Rome. He had finished his print ere Marcantonio had much more than prepared his plate. And, after that, he had not only all Bologna but all Venice his patrons and admirers.

Comparing the two prints to-day—they are both in the British Museum—the fine black line of the one, its vigour and delicacy, with the rough aspect of the other, its chiaroscuro and coarse brushwork, it is difficult to give Ugo da

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Carpi enough of the praise due to him. It is necessary to bear in mind the ultimate development of the idea, in order to be fittingly grateful to its originator. It is pleasing to note that, after all his troubles, the State of Venice, when he applied for protection against piratical imitators, not only gave him the boon for which he craved, but showered honours and rewards upon him. They did not accuse him, like later-day chroniclers, of being naught but a pirate himself!

There were very few years of life left to the artist. His first chiaroscuro is dated 1518, and in 1520 the event proved the learned doctors had been wrong, and that the spinal lesion, of which they had spoken so lightly, was but a warning of graver trouble to follow. He had an apoplectic fit, and died after a few hours' unconsciousness.

Those last years of his, however, had lacked nothing of consideration or luxury, as luxury was then understood. He went far afield. The crooked figure of the first chiaroscuro-engraver was no stranger even at the Court of Alexander, but none ever recognised him as one of the *Condottieri*, as a *Panico*. He was never anything but Ugo da Carpi, until the day of his death, when a miniature of the unhappy *Giulia* was found hanging round his neck, to give the clue to the moroseness of his disposition, and the solitariness of his days.

CHAPTER III

Early Colour-Prints—Sulphurs, Paste Prints, and Emboitage : all fifteenth-century experiments—Andrea Andreani's *Chiaroscuros* in the sixteenth century—Hercules Zegher's experiments in Colour-Printing in the seventeenth century—Johannes Teyler and his wonderful book, produced at the end of the seventeenth century, of line engravings printed in colours from one plate.

THE idea of colour-printing, of producing engravings which should more nearly interpret painted pictures than mere black and white, always floating, chimera-like, wherever the engraver set up his workshop, though it can hardly be said to have developed, was pursued during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries simultaneously in Germany and Italy. From both we have *chiaroscuros* of varying excellence, and a few experiments in colour-printing of more or less interest.

If I might be allowed to set technicalities and the *Cunios* on one side for a moment, I should be inclined to consider the earliest "sulphurs" as the very earliest colour-prints, as well as the very earliest engravings, although the colour was due more to accident than design, and it is per-

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haps straining a point to apply the word engraving to what might be more correctly entitled a "cast." The theory is that these were first taken from niello-work as proofs, for the satisfaction of the workmen only, during the progress of the chasing. It is supposed that the sulphur print was the first gleam that lit the way to Maso Finiguerra's wonderful discovery.

To produce the sulphur-print, a mould was taken from the engraved vessel or ornament, which was generally of gold or silver metal, and from this mould a cast was taken on sulphur. The lines were then filled in with black, in order to give a complete idea of what the final result would be when the design was filled in with nigellum. Comparatively few of these sulphurs are in existence, as, the material being brittle, preservation was difficult. Of those that I have seen, the shadows are blurred and formless, but the outlines have stood well. In some the faces, hands, and flesh-tints appear as if they have been painted in order to brighten the effect. There is gilding on some of these sulphurs, over others, metallic powder would seem to have been dusted, or a light solution of copper applied. To an ordinary observer they have a very curious appearance. It is as if a thin cake of yellow soap, hard and dry, has been covered by a fine line engraving on a thin sheet of mother-of-pearl. Whether it is permissible to entitle them the first colour-prints may be a debatable point, but there can

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be no doubt that there is more play on the surface and more colour than was achieved when such results were more deliberately sought.

There are on record two or three more, very early and very interesting, attempts at chromo-engraving, or rather chromo-printing. The designation applied to these examples by Weigel and Passavant is generically "impression in paste," and the sulphur casts were as directly responsible for them as for the engravings of Finiguerra. Passavant divides the three known varieties into "Velvet-like Impressions," "Embroidery-like Impressions," and "Impressions in Paste," properly so called, or metal engravings printed in relief.

Of VELVET-LIKE IMPRESSIONS the only known specimen was found in Upper Germany. Its date is supposed to be about 1480. It is, or was, in the collection of Monsieur Weigel, who, after the habit of collectors jealous of their treasures, describes it as "unique." The subject represented is St. George on horseback. The peculiar character of the impression has been produced, apparently, by first covering the ground or paper with a slight paste of a golden brown colour, and beating or working this with a wooden instrument, which must have been something like a nutmeg-grater, until it assumed a grained appearance. Over this was laid a stencil consisting of stars, alternating with a pattern of berries, three on a stalk. The design was printed on this elaborate ground from a

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wood-block generously inked ; the whole impression was then dusted over with a velvet powder before it had time to dry. The effect resembles the velvet or flock paper of the present day.

Of EMBROIDERY-LIKE PRINTS the known example comes from the Franciscan Convent at Meissen, and is now in Dresden. Its execution is also supposed to date from about 1480, but it is considerably more difficult to define the process with certainty. This print represents St. Francis receiving the Stigmata. The Saint is kneeling and gazing at the Crucifix, from which proceed five rays of red light. On the right is the figure of Brother Elias asleep. The flesh and the rocks are of a reddish tint, while the drapery of Brother Elias is reddish brown, the underneath part blue. That of the Saint is covered with lines laid in curves or patterns, grey in colour and evidently intended to represent embroidery. The ground of this print is black, as are also the folds of the draperies. The landscape and trees are green.

Other *empreintes en pâte*, or “paste-prints,” have been found on paper specially prepared in some manner to imitate fabric. This rep or roughened paper holds well the gold-ground paste which is spread over it. A plate, which has had a design worked in relief, in grey or whity-brown substance, is pressed on to this, then the whole design is dusted over, as in the above-mentioned impression, with a velvet

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powder which adheres to the sticky surface with peculiar effect.

These were some of the earliest efforts in the direction of colour-printing. Peter Schoeffer, of Mentz, one of the most famous of the early pioneers of the art of printing, who perhaps, therefore, should be reckoned as a typographer rather than an engraver, also made, in the middle of the fifteenth century, an attempt at colour-printing, which was ingenious and not unsatisfactory. His desire was to imitate the illuminated manuscripts, or missals, which had engaged the attention of the monks before the introduction of printing. He certainly succeeded in producing some initial letters which closely resembled the painted ones. The means he employed were comparatively simple. He took an engraved block, the surface of which was overlaid with colours, *and sunk into it* another block coated with a different colour. He got his impression therefore with one printing, and obtained by this means the perfect exactitude and regularity of outline which was the greatest difficulty that the early chiaroscurist had to overcome.

A peculiar interest is attached to Peter Schoeffer's experiments, from the fact that the essence of successful colour-printing in the finished art which gives the title to this book is that the effect should be wholly produced at one striking. In the interval between Peter Schoeffer and Johannes Teyler there seems to

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have been no other attempt made to obtain a result in colour from a single printing.

Although it is outside my purpose to follow the evolution, it is interesting to note that not one of the ideas which underlay the foregoing experiments has been wasted, and that traces of each are to be found in the ornamental work, both here and in France and Germany, not only in the eighteenth, but in the nineteenth century. The uses of stencil, *emboitage*, prepared paper, and metallic powders, are amongst the commonplaces of modern decoration.

Among the specimens, by the way, of Ugo da Carpi's work, which have survived to the present day, are a few printed in two colours, mulberry and green. Whilst I was engrossed in the romance of his life I omitted to give details of his methods of working. They may be taken to be the same as those employed in Germany; the superiority of the early Italian work generally to that of Germany and the Low Countries is still a debatable point, but I confess to a preference for the former.

Chiaroscuro-printing, then, was actively pursued during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in the following manner:

On a block of wood were drawn or engraved the outlines of a design. In some cases the deeper shades were added to this first outline-block, but in most instances the deep shadows were executed on a second block, while a third block was used for the half-tints or lighter

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shades. With the three blocks to his hand, the printer commenced his production. No press was used, but a roller. The first, or outline-block, was inked black and an impression taken on paper. The second block was inked brown or some other colour, and its engraving printed over the first. The third block carried yet another colouring, generally green, and finished the whole impression. The greatest care was necessary to secure the register ; that is to say, to ensure each block being exactly the same size, and placed in exact position, in printing from it one over the other. It was only by attention to this detail that the chiaroscuro became effective. Want of care in this particular is responsible for the grotesque effects so frequently met with in old prints.

The root idea, in thus printing separately from these differently inked blocks, was to give to the work of the engraver those gradations which the painter effects with the use of the brush, flat tint and colouring. Sometimes the practice was to print from the blocks the various effects of light and shade, in the same colours but with various consistencies. The German School, in seeking in their chiaroscuros to imitate the pictorial effect of colour, used two, or at the most three, blocks ; the Italians used four or more, and with much greater success.

The next development along the same lines was through a combination of metal and wood-block printing. The outlines were engraved on

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metal, and the wood-blocks, inked in colour, were superimposed on the black impression taken from this.

Another combination of wood and metal was that of engraving the outlines and light shades in intaglio on copper, and using the engraved wood-blocks to colour over the impressions.

An easier and simpler way, adopted by some of the German engravers, was to engrave the outline on a block of wood, and to work off, on a proof from it, another block, which, carrying colour, had such parts hollowed out as were intended to be left white upon the print. These white, or high lights, were thus formed by the ground of the paper.

The foregoing examples indicate, if they do not exhaust, the attempts made to produce engravings in colour during the fifteenth century and in the beginning of the sixteenth. It is, of course, well known that the early block-prints—the “Paxes,” “Little Passions,” and “Block Books”—were habitually coloured by hand, but neither these, nor the stencil-patterns on playing-cards, are of serious moment in the history of colour-printing.

Passing over the beautiful *chiaroscuros* of Andrea Andreani produced at the end of the sixteenth century, the next important contributions to the portfolio history of engravings in colour were those made by Hercules Zeghers early in the seventeenth century.

Hercules Zeghers was a Dutchman, and a

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painter as well as engraver. There were three Flemish artists of the same name, but they appear to have been no relatives or connections of the enterprising experimentalist, Hercules, who painted landscapes and animals. He seems to have enlisted the interest of Rembrandt, for no less than six of his landscapes occur in the inventory of that Master's effects taken in 1656. Little is known of his paintings, but, if they are to be gauged by his skill as a colour-printer, it is fair to assume that Rembrandt must have been guided in his purchase by other considerations than artistic ones. And this supposition can be supported by the known facts of Hercules Zeghers' life and death, which excite more pity than admiration. He was a confirmed toper, and was in constant pecuniary and domestic difficulties. His death occurred through leaning out of a window and waving a cup of greeting with drunken abandonment to an acquaintance in the street. He swayed and tottered, and thrust his body so far through the narrow casement that, unable in his condition to regain his balance, he fell forward and broke his neck.

His so-called colour-prints are very curious productions. There are many of them in the British Museum; landscapes executed severally in brown, green, and blue tints. To judge from external evidence it would seem that he etched his plate and printed from it in a thin coloured paste on specially prepared paper; a second metal

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plate carrying the shadows. But imperfect register, or want of steadiness in the working, blurred every effect, and the result is generally more interesting than beautiful. Some of the impressions that I have seen, have a suspicion of aquatint, and it is possible that he anticipated this discovery, using the acid, however, as a wash, and not through a ground. In the majority of the prints the etched lines are lost, the proposed picture-effect is not achieved, and the shadows are mere smudges. One outline-proof in the Museum, however, shows Zeghers to have been a fine draughtsman, with a bold and convincing line, and a freedom with the etching needle, suggesting the influence of the great master, Rembrandt.

But when the whole result of these experiments is summed up, it must be admitted that colour-printing, up to the time of Johannes Teyler, had, after all, not yet arrived. A picture-engraving had not been produced, and the nearest approach to an imitation of a wash-drawing was to be found in Andrea Andreani's uncoloured chiaroscuros. Copper-plate had taken the place of niello; the art of engraving, from being timorous and tentative, had become bold and definite. The artist, however, still trusted entirely to his line, and left nothing of importance to the mechanic who transferred it; and the colourist, in every successful production he has left us, worked on the paper itself, as well as on the plate or block. Chiaroscuro and stipple

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were not dreamed of in the same connection, Ugo da Carpi and Giulio Campagnola remained the pioneers of a movement which had been arrested.

Then, almost as simultaneous as had been the advent of Cranach and Ugo da Carpi, rose two enthusiasts for colour-printing on the horizon of Art. Widely separated by race and country, by language and style, the one using the new mezzotint, the other the old line, Jakob Le Blon in England, and Johannes Teyler in Holland, produced, towards the end of the seventeenth century, engravings in colour, which contained, though as yet without amalgamation, almost every quality essential to the end each had in view. They brought the art of colour-printing so near to beauty-point that it becomes obvious that only the revival and perfection of the stipple were necessary to establish it completely as a fine art.

Johannes Teyler antedated his better-known rival by a few years, but the point is unimportant. The extraordinary work of this master, however, entitles him to a place in the history of engraving which, up to now, no writer has frankly assigned him. Weigel puts him on the same level with Schenk : Bryan and Redgrave ignore him entirely. Yet, in the unique and wonderful book that is known simply as "Teyler's," there are flowers and classic figures, landscapes and architectural drawings, birds, an elephant, and five marvellously articulated studies

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of the human figure, a variety of subjects that suggests Hollar, all carefully and delicately printed in colours. And the date of the book is about 1680! The architectural studies are ornamented with the wreaths and designs subsequently known as "Louis Seize," and in other respects the work is remarkable for its prophecy as well as for its performance.

Johannes Teyler, who is described by Nagler as painter, draughtsman, and copper-plate engraver, was a native of Nymegen, in Holland, where, early in life, his talents gained him the position of Mathematical Professor at the Military College. When this College was broken up, Johannes Teyler journeyed to Rome to gratify a taste in Art, which he had hitherto subordinated to his scholastic position. In Rome he was speedily recognised as a worthy member of the Guild of Artists, and generously received into the Brotherhood, where the nickname of "Speculatie" was bestowed upon him, probably in allusion to the restless inventiveness of his mind. Jacob de Hens, in his biography, alludes to him freely under this name.

But before Johannes Teyler had had time to establish himself thoroughly in Rome, he was recalled to his native land, and offered the position of Military Engineer to King Frederick I. of Prussia. The reputation he had acquired in the Art world at Rome had not, in the opinion of his countrymen, eclipsed that which he had already gained for the designing of fortifications

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and the scientific working out of architectural plans ! In these he was without a rival.

He received this appointment in 1676, when still, comparatively speaking, a very young man. But his artistic taste outlived even the rough routine of his uncongenial work. Although after this date we hear of no original pictures from his hand, he seems to have devoted what leisure he possessed to the reproduction of the pictures of others, and to the encouragement of decorative objects generally. His style as an engraver, judging by the work indisputably his own, is a curious blend of the Italian and Dutch. He has something of the grace and correctness of the former, something of the vigour and variety of the latter. But there is a hardness in his shadows, a dryness and lack of freedom in his line, which eventually led him to the experiment of adding colour, in the form of printing-ink, to his unsatisfactory engravings ; and the first few of these he printed himself. He was so pleased with the result, he saw such immense possibilities in the invention, that, on the premises of the College where he had in his time been so brilliant a pupil, and so successful a Professor, he founded a School, or Factory, for the execution of copper-plate printing in colours, both of engravings, and for wall-hangings on linen or other fabric, after the model of the Roman Art Guild.

Almost at the same time, as will be seen, Jakob Christoph Le Blon was experimenting in

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the same field. But Le Blon was producing his effects on the old chiaroscuro lines, though, of course, with very different results, because he engraved in mezzotint. That is to say, he was printing one plate over the other. Teyler, on the other hand, had struck out a line of his own, and he painted or inked his copper-plate once, and procured his complete impression by one printing from it ; which is the manner, with variations, finally adopted by the famous colour-printers of the eighteenth century.

There are several curious points to be noted about the colour-work from the Nymegen factory. I say the work from the factory advisedly, as it is impossible to regard the 173 specimens of engraving and colour-printing in Teyler's volume as the work of one man, especially as that very man held a Government appointment at that time, and was also writing a book on Military Architecture ! This book, quarto, and consisting of forty-one sheets, with a title-page engraved by B. Stoopendaal, was published at Rotterdam in 1697 ; and contains instructions as to calculating measurements for land-surveying and buildings by means of Algebra. Johannes Teyler was full of surprises, and well deserved his nickname of "Speculatie." But nothing is to be gained by ascribing to him more than he could possibly have achieved.

The prints, then, that emanated from the Nymegen factory, although they in no way tend to change my opinion that colour only com-

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pletely serves a stipple-engraver, yet show very clearly the assistance which a chromo-printer can derive from an engraver who is working specially for his advantage. In some of the figures in this book, for instance, the difficulty in arriving at flesh-tint by line-work is met by an alteration in the method. The point of the graver is used, and a combination of the *manière criblée*, dots and strokes, irregular and abrupt, with genuine stippling, is employed with considerable advantage to the engraving. The harshness is subdued, if not entirely overcome. That consummation was left for Bartolozzi to achieve; Teyler had only an intuition as to where his invention would carry him, not an absolute knowledge.

As it is unlikely the reader will come across this book of Johannes Teyler, for it is described as "unique" in *Müller's Catalogue of Rare Books*, published in Amsterdam in 1868, a fuller description of it may be found of interest.

The title in MS. is in an engraved border, printed in colours; on the reverse of the title is a plate engraved in colours, with a medallion and the following inscription:—*Quam nec Parrhasius palmam carpsit, nec Apelles, Teilerus punctis atque colore tulit.* Then follow 173 plates of various sizes, folio, quarto, or octavo, representing nine portraits (among others G. Kneller in folio, and two copies after Van Dyck; eight after Zeghers and A. Stalpent), eleven views in Amsterdam, fifteen views in Rome, on the Rhine and else-

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where, ten flower pieces, thirty-four mythological and allegorical figures, thirteen Angels, four marine views, nine academical figures, four anatomical plates, thirty-four birds (among them two cocks, life-size), quadrupeds, three reptiles, etc. These prints are mounted on old Dutch paper of folio size. Only one plate bears a name, J. D. AVEELE, none of them a date. Among the plates are one portrait and an academical figure which seem to have been coloured by hand—possibly as a pattern.

At the beginning of the book this notice in manuscript appears, written by one of the few descendants of Teyler :—

This book, printed by Teyler, is not only rare, but absolutely unique. It is the only copy in existence, and its existence was unknown, having remained in the family of its author. Houbraken, Weyermann v.D. Willigen were only aware of a few engravings in chromotype. This collection is especially of inestimable value, since it proves in the clearest manner that chromotype with a single plate was in existence before 1700.

This inscription, as will be seen, claims for the illustrious ancestor of the commentator the invention, the engraving, and the printing of the contents. But a certain discount may fairly be allowed for family pride, leaving Johannes Teyler still with the credit of his discovery : the discovery that it was possible to paint a copperplate in coloured inks, in such a manner as to produce a coloured picture in one printing. All the rest followed naturally.

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The method adopted for the colour-printing was the same in every one of these 173 engravings. One of them, by the way, is in mezzotint, the majority are in line, and there are a few etchings. My own theory is that the volume was a specimen-book, and that it comprised not only the plates Teyler engraved himself, but all those he could borrow or purchase on which to try the colour-printing which had for him such an irresistible fascination. The special difference between his work and that of the eighteenth century is that he did not ground his plate.

Roughly speaking, to ground a plate for colour-printing, means, inking it over entirely with one neutral tint, wiping it fairly closely, and then proceeding to colour. Teyler put his colour direct on his plate by means of printing balls, which, by the way, were suggested as a novelty fifty years later by Cochin when writing of Le Blon's work. The French printers called these printing balls "poupées." They were merely pieces of linen or material rolled tight, and tied in such a manner that they had a point which carried the ink, and they were used very much in the same way as a brush would be. Stumps and camel's-hair brushes, in lieu of printing balls, or as a supplement to them, were used by the later workmen, with an improved effect as far as delicacy and accuracy of touch are concerned. Most of the Downman prints, for instance, seem to have been done by the brush.

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It would be very nearly impossible to get a good tone, or indeed any tone, in the proper sense of the word, into an eighteenth-century stipple-engraving without the use of this neutral ground of which I have spoken ; a white line of demarcation between the tints employed would be very apt to occur. Such white line, or lines, are certainly to be seen in nearly all the Teyler colour-prints. Still, though he employed neither *retroussage* nor graduated wiping, nor any of the delicate aids to shading which have combined to produce the miniature-like effect for which we look, it is only by means of a magnifying-glass, or by experiments conducted on a similar plan, that one can realise how little in conception Teyler's methods differ from those of the eighteenth century. He was handicapped by the method of engraving, and by the absence of ground, yet in many ways he fell little short of eighteenth-century performances.

In Teyler's book, for instance, there is a set of birds with plumage, notably a penguin, in which every delicate feather has been painted on the copper-plate by the printer in its special colour. And not only has this been done, but a trick, which is generally supposed to have been practised for the first time in the eighteenth-century workshops, has been used to heighten the tints of the breast and bill. That is, whilst the ink was still wet in the lines of the engraving, and the plate slightly warm before being passed through the press, a little dry colour in powder has been

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dusted carefully in special places over the plate. This method of heightening the tint, generally a red one, may thus easily have been handed down by international tradition through the older printers, instead of having been invented, as was supposed, by the Mr. Gamble who claimed it as his own about the middle of the eighteenth century, along with many other inventions and improvements in colour-printing.

Some of the work in this book by Johannes Teyler has been finished by hand ; it is a comparatively very small portion and by far the worst. The pure colour-prints ; the birds, the flowers, and some of the classic figures, are perfectly wonderful specimens of picture-engravings, and would do credit to any century. Johannes Teyler, therefore, may justly be acclaimed the Inventor of genuine colour-printing.

CHAPTER IV

Jakob Christoph Le Blon, his life and his invention of Colour-Printing mezzotints—His process described, and its evolution from Chiaroscuro traced—His influence on contemporary engravers—*Coloritto*.

WITH the appearance of Jakob Christoph Le Blon the scene changes finally from Italy and Holland to England. That I might have arrived at my destination more easily perhaps, *via* France, I am well aware. But the history of colour-printing in France has been so well, and so recently, written by Baron Roger Portalis that I prefer to follow the story, once it has reached the year 1700, through the men more intimately concerned in establishing the art in this country, where it journeyed soon after it had met the stipple, and where it found its legitimate and final resting-place.

But this meeting with the stipple was not yet. Another stage of the journey had to be passed through; and this stage was the one made memorable by the man whose name heads this chapter.

It is not alone what Le Blon himself achieved in the domain of colour-printing that makes him

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of such paramount importance in the history of the art, but the impetus he gave to all the others. It may have been the personal fascination of the man, with his brilliant Bohemianism, it may have been the strength of his character, it may have been only that the hour had struck for the establishment of colour-printing. Whatever the cause, there is no doubt Le Blon inspired his surroundings with so much enthusiasm, and so much eagerness, that he became the pioneer of a whole school, a school that branched off into by-paths, that sent its pupils into strange countries, working in strange directions, and gradually disseminating the art that was its *raison d'être* throughout the whole of Europe.

Le Blon stands out as a prominent figure at the end of the seventeenth century and the commencement of the eighteenth. In a sense he might be called the Robert Louis Stevenson of the engraving world, although, perhaps, in some ways William Morris was more immediately his prototype than Stevenson. A very slight character-study of Le Blon, however, while showing the decorative desire of Morris and his wonderful contemporary influence, yet proves that the Frankfort colour-printer had nothing of the modern poet-decorator's steadiness and solidity, of his fine simplicity, breadth of sympathy, and power of work. Le Blon was all dash and invention, restlessness and spirit. He made his home in many countries, and was handicapped by cir-

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cumstances as the romantic enthusiast of Samoa was by health. The analogy between the long list of books of adventure that followed the publication of *Treasure Island* and the long list of "Inventions" in colour-printing consequent on the publication of *Coloritto*, will appear immediately we consider the greatness of the contemporary enthusiasm aroused in both cases in relation to the net value of the artistic production.

Le Blon was already past his first manhood when he came to London to introduce his colour-prints. He opened a studio, where he was surrounded by pupils and apprentices, a band of young disciples who subsequently spread his name and his methods both here and on the Continent. The D'Agotys and the L'Admirals, Pond and Knapton, Jackson and Elisha Kirkall, had no other inspiration than his, strengthened by the example of the early chiaroscurists, in achieving their widely different results. And in their hands colour-printing rested, until the stipple, like a new illuminant, brought copper-plate chromo-printing to its final brilliancy and dignity.

That Jakob Christoph Le Blon had genius, the subtle indefinable quality which cannot be transmitted to any disciple, is proved by even a superficial comparison of his work with that of any of his competitors, either contemporary or subsequent to the melancholy close of his tempestuous career. He obtained magnificent

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results, although everything he did was opposed to what we now feel is the essential spirit of successful colour-printing. That is to say, he engraved his plates, for colour, in mezzotint, and he employed three or more plates for each picture. The art was only brought to perfection when both mezzotint and multi-printing were discarded. Yet nothing has ever been produced in the way of picture-engraving to rival certain fruit pieces of Le Blon's. They are so astonishingly fine in their modelling, in their shading, in the general impression of bloom and richness and fragrance they convey, that, seeing them side by side with the very best prints in colours of fifty years later, it is impossible to deny the possession of genius to their producer.

The artist's life was as varied and full of interest as his work. He had the misfortunes of his talents and the disappointments of his temperament. He was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1670. Teyler's factory at Nymegen was then already established, and I cannot resist the conviction that some rumour of it must have reached Frankfort, of which a vague youthful reminiscence may have influenced Le Blon later, indirectly, perhaps unconsciously, in his desire to produce pictures by mechanical means. It is the more probable that this rumour had at least reached the ears of Le Blon's parents, since they were silk-mercers, and were employed in the manufacture of tapestry-hangings. The German keenness in matters of business is of no recent

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growth, and hints of a new covering for walls, of linen printed in colours, would have been of infinite interest to these industrious old burghers. Doubtless, therefore, they discussed the new enterprise in their family circle, quoting it, perhaps, as an incentive to the flagging industry of their erratic son. Jakob was more than an erratic son ; he was unsatisfactory in many ways. The warehouse, high and gloomy, dusty and dull, repelled him. He played truant often, and when he was not playing truant he was playing pranks with the other apprentices.

The elders were of the type immortalised by Rembrandt, heavy, worthy people, who could neither understand nor sympathise with vagrant moods and personal irregularities. Fortunately Konrad Meyer came to Frankfort while Jakob was still a lad. Konrad Meyer was a great painter and a great engraver in that little world to which Jakob already aspired, and when he encouraged the "*faulenzner*," looked at his drawings with approval, and told him, in his guttural tongue, that "he ought to be a painter," the account books had no longer a chance. Jakob's idleness became a thing of the past, although it was pencil and brush, chalk and crayon, that absorbed him, whilst the gloomy old warehouse, the phlegmatic old parents, faded into the dim background of unconsidered things.

But parental discipline was stricter two centuries ago than it is now, and in this case it was too strict for Jakob. He ran away from home

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before he was sixteen, and tramped to Zurich, having numerous adventures on the way. At Zurich he found that Konrad Meyer had not forgotten the idle apprentice, and was willing to find him employment, to give him incidental instruction. In Konrad Meyer's painting-room Jakob Christoph Le Blon received his first lessons in art, and took characteristic advantage of them. He had from his very earliest youth a singular manual skill, an aptitude and quickness of comprehension that enabled him immediately to take special rank among his fellow-students. Once he had learnt the use of the graving-tool, he could fill in backgrounds, draw a drapery, and add ornamentation with equal facility. Konrad Meyer has left us nearly 900 plates in addition to his paintings, but it is not difficult to trace, in many of them, his wayward pupil's freedom of hand. It was the brush, and not the tool, that was Jakob Le Blon's first love, and it was as a painter, and not as an engraver, that he played the trick on his master which led to his leaving Zurich almost as abruptly as he had left Frankfort.

Konrad Meyer had a great reputation in his native city as a portrait-painter, and was very jealous of his reputation and, naturally, of his *clientèle*. Relations began to be strained between him and Jakob Le Blon very soon after the latter reached his adolescence. Jakob was too vivid, too prominent, too self-assertive, to please his autocratic and belauded master. Visitors to the

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studio took too much notice of the handsome young man. As for the ladies, they were no less indulgent to him at this period of his career than they were later, and, it may easily be believed, he was no less responsive. Still, it was not entirely to the fair sex he owed his banishment from Zurich, rather to his own misconduct. Konrad Meyer was taken ill, and his illness lasted through the autumn far into the winter, and it seemed as if the spring might appear before he would completely recover. Then rumours spread about, that his recovery was doubtful, that it was hopeless, that he had lost the use of his hands, that he had painted his last picture ; his obituary was spoken in *Biergärten* and discussed at street corners. Le Blon's youthful impatience could not await the event, he engraved, and had printed, a card, of which the following is a fair translation :—

Konrad Meyer has appointed his celebrated pupil, Jakob Christoph Le Blon, his successor. This talented young man is already familiar to visitors to the studio by his attention and amiability. Many of the engravings, so much admired, of the heads of leading citizens, owe their principal merit to him, and he has for some time supplemented his master's failing efforts with the brush. He will be at home to sitters between ten and four, and confidently asks and expects the patronage of the town.

He seems to have been granted the countenance he expected. Konrad Meyer, returning to his studio, found him engaged in painting the abundant figure of Frau Buergermeisterin Von Meyssens. The old man was not too much

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shaken by illness, nor too feeble of arm, to fall upon the aspiring artist with tongue and stick. Public opinion was all in his favour, and it seems that even Herr Buergermeister Von Meyssens was sympathetic, in his official, or perhaps in his marital, capacity. Jakob might have defended himself, but he preferred to leave Zurich. He had learnt all Konrad Meyer could teach, and he was ever of a roving nature. The old man lived a very short time after this episode ; he died in 1689. But it was not Jakob Le Blon who succeeded to his position in Zurich.

Le Blon went back from Zurich to Frankfort, but was dissatisfied with himself, or with his parents, with his neighbours who refused to recognise his talents, or with his painting, which always fell short of his conceptions. He went back for a short time to the factory, but he never acquired business habits, he never learned the necessity for keeping accounts. He only developed the belief that he possessed the first by right of inheritance, and that the second was unnecessary : a belief that brought him nothing but misfortune. The factory was neither light enough nor beautiful enough for him. Once more he acted with precipitation. He left Frankfort abruptly, and went to Rome. There in 1696, still in the prime of his early manhood, we find him studying painting under the famous Carlo Maratti, a master who taught him to appreciate the masterpieces of Italian art. Very quickly he fell under the influence of Guido Reni, the Carraccis, and

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Raphael, an influence of which we see the full effect later on. He copied assiduously, worked hard and strenuously during this period of his career, and nothing, for the moment, was heard of idleness or dissipation. Always, on the other hand, we hear of the friends he made, of the young men who followed him admiringly, and the old ones who found pleasure in his society ; always we hear of the wonderful personal fascination, which nowadays we should call magnetism, attracting men of all ages, tastes, and dispositions.

That he worked well is attested by the fact that he became as free with the etching-tool as he had been with the graver, and mastered the mystery of colour which, as he himself admitted, had eluded him in Switzerland. This knowledge he employed, strangely enough, considering the boldness of his modelling and the freedom of his hand, in miniature-painting.

One of the valuable friends Le Blon made in Rome was Bonaventura Van Overbeck, painter, engraver, and author, to whom we owe many of these and subsequent details. So impressed was Overbeck with Le Blon, that he persuaded him to leave Maratti, and accompany him to Amsterdam, with a view to a career as a miniature-painter. There was never any difficulty in persuading Le Blon to a fresh move, and in 1702 we find him established in Amsterdam, already with a reputation among many sitters whose portraits he painted in miniature, and for whom he afterwards scraped mezzotint plates.

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It is impossible to overrate the importance of the next episode in Le Blon's career, for it changed the bright, gay, if restless, painter of Bohemian habit, into a man full of domestic anxieties, carrying always a burden for which his shoulders were unfitted. Amsterdam, with its dull phlegmatic people, was a strange place for adventures, the licentiousness of the Court being merely a tradition in the town. The line of demarcation was clearly defined between citizen and noble. Yet almost from the beginning Le Blon conquered the phlegm of the people, and overstepped the social barrier: all classes received him, all classes made much of him, while he passed his time with wine, women, and the many arts to which he was always applying his inventive mind.

His handsome figure was well set off by the long coat with its wide sleeves and hip pockets, with flaps all elaborately frogged and braided, knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes. He wore a brown wig, parted in the middle, with long curls tied back in a fashion he had brought from Rome, and on which his three-cornered hat sat becomingly. His *bon-homie*, his privileged air, his easy familiarity, his fine presence, seem to have worked havoc in the hearts of the impressionable Vrows who sat to him. Van Overbeck took a pride in the successes of his protégé, and made him the hero of a song. Perhaps it was this song that lured in his direction the admiring glances of that shy

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young maiden, the Fräulein Amelia Van Overbeck, the only child of the house. However, once those admiring brown eyes had been raised, they could see nothing beyond the bold glances, the debonair figure, the handsome head of Monsieur Jakob. Nobody could blame the Herr Van Overbeck for objecting to any love affair between them. The miniature-painter had the finest qualities in the world as a boon companion; he could make a merry night of it, drink his elders under the table, sing his song and tell his story till the morn, then go home with his head erect, steady on his feet, ready to chuck under the chin the first market-woman he might meet, and take toll of her for her industry and early rising. He could be content with four hours' sleep or less, start the morning with a bottle, and be ready for his first sitter before his overnight companions had realised their headaches. He was the admiration of Amsterdam, but not only on account of his talents. The quantity of wine he could carry, and the number of women with whom he intrigued, excited the town. None of these qualities are such as to ensure domestic happiness, and Van Overbeck loved the child of his old age. He has painted her in a sitting attitude, her slender girlish hands folded on her lap, the high head-dress out of all proportion to the slight young figure. Her dress is of some white material, duller than satin, with two flounces wide and full; her bodice is of velvet, cut square and laced across

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the white chemisette down to the pointed waist. The small pale face with its delicate features, seems to have in it nothing of strength or determination or passion, the brown eyes are half frightened, half shy, the lips thin, uncertain, puckered a little. She looks a child, and a weak one. Yet that child, looking so quaint against the background of embroidered curtain, with all the richly decorated and elaborate accessories, had strength enough to turn the current of a man's life, and power enough to wreck his career.

Who was the pursuer and who the pursued is of no moment. Only we hear that Le Blon made nothing of barred doors and bolted windows. Though the maiden was shut up in her father's house and apparently could only see her lover through the high narrow windows, Van Overbeck discovered that they still met. Later, he learned that no precautions were sufficient to keep two lovers apart when the lady was more than willing, and the gentleman had a reputation for gallantry to sustain. Scandal ran freely through that flat and dyke-cut country. It buzzed unrestrained about Van Overbeck's heavy oak door. Finally it drove the child through church portals into Le Blon's arms.

It was to the influence of Amelia Van Overbeck that his friends attributed the outburst of extravagance in living, the decline of sitters, the gradual reverse from popularity and good fortune. Le Blon was too proud to ask assistance of the father-in-law who had rejected him,

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Amelia was too jealous of the husband she had won with such difficulty to encourage or assist him in obtaining fresh patrons. Trouble of all varieties followed the marriage, and Van Overbeck made no sign of reconciliation.

It was in 1704 that Le Blon issued his first picture-engraving. He was overwhelmed at the time with money anxieties, with the exactions of a spoilt and extravagant wife, unhappy amid her new surroundings. Misfortune aroused his spirit and stimulated his inventiveness.

If he might no longer paint portraits of the stout Dutch ladies who excited his wife's jealousy, then he would reproduce the works of the great Masters who had enthralled him in Italy, he would bring Art, the Art that was greater than his own, within the reach of these burgesses who were shunning his studio. Once the idea flashed across his mind, he pursued it with that overpowering energy which was characteristic of him in his middle age as in his youth. He convinced himself that the interpretation of the old Masters by engraving only required colour to make it more than popular, to make it, in fact, a necessity. He forgot his domestic worries in the pursuance of the idea. As an engraver he felt he could call no man his master. Now the desire to be also a printer, and to do his printing in colours, so that he might translate, as it were, not only the spirit, but the vision, of his Italian idols, became suddenly an absorbing passion with him. This was his fine aspiration,

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although he tried to persuade publishers that his object was purely commercial; everywhere he said there was a fortune in the idea, always he was experimenting for its accomplishment.

From all that is known of Le Blon, it is impossible to believe that the commercial aspect of the venture presented itself to his mind when he was actually employed in reproducing the pictures which had enraptured his boyhood. The artist in him was always dominant. Of course, in the excitement of the new scheme he lost what little remained to him of his practice as a miniature-painter. Then his wife found that her old friends held aloof, and her jealous temper made it impossible for her to attract new ones. Nor was she content that Le Blon should gather round him the companions who had hitherto thronged the studio. In the end she made him leave Amsterdam.

From the day of his marriage in 1702 to the day of his death in Paris in 1741 ill-luck never deserted him. He was always in debt and always in difficulties. He was never free from contention with a wife of peevish temper, brought up in the midst of a luxury he was unable to give her, spoilt and indulged from her babyhood, as overbearing as her father, but without his intelligence; selfish and exacting. Le Blon took her away from Amsterdam in 1706, when her father died without having forgiven either of them. They wandered, unhappily enough, about the Continent for some time, Le Blon always

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experimenting to perfect colour-printing, always making friends whom she quickly lost for him, always on the eve of winning a fortune which never came.

It was in 1720 that he arrived in London, set up a studio, advertised his invention, and won the appreciation and renown which brought him everything but cash.

Among Le Blon's ventures in the exploitation of the new art was the promotion of a company for the engraving of pictures to be sold at cheap rates, the manufacture of woven tapestries, and for printed paper-hangings, all in colours, such as were then imported only from Brabant. In this enterprise he had the active support of some very influential personages, among whom were : Colonel Sir John Guise, who, a few years later, distinguished himself so valorously in the disastrous expedition against Carthage; General Lord Carpenter, the gallant dragoon leader, who had taken so prominent a part in suppressing the 1715 rebellion, and had succeeded the Duke of Argyll in command of the forces in Scotland; Lord Hunsdon, Lord Percival, and that noble connoisseur's relative and constant correspondent, David Dering.

Of these, Lord Percival, the friend not only of Pope and Bishop Berkeley, but of all the artists and *litterati* of the day, appears to have given the most practical encouragement to the venture, and several references to the "Picture Office," as it was called, are to be found in his corre-

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spondence. He had always taken interest in the art of engraving, and had some years previously gratified the Grand Duke of Saxony by the gift of a book of John Smith's mezzotints. His letters give evidence that he thought very highly of Le Blon's colour-printing and its future. He presented some specimens to his brother Philip Percival, the Member of Parliament, who expressed himself delighted with them, and commissioned others. The bill for these which Lord Percival forwarded to his brother shows in detail the subjects of the prints which the Picture Office was turning out and the prices charged.

"Two children, hand unknown, 10s. ; Rebecca, after Caretch (*sic*), 12s. ; Susanna, after Picairi, 12s. ; Magdalene, after Caratch, 10s. ; Holy Family, after Baroccio, 15s. ; Virgin, after Raphael, 15s." Lord Percival writes:—"The Office has since put out a St. Catherine, after Correggio, and our Saviour and St. John the Baptist, after Vandyke," and adds, with a generous burst of enthusiasm, "Our modern painters can't come near it [Le Blon's invention] with their colours, and if they attempt a copy, make us pay as many guineas as now we give shillings."

But the course of true art does not always run smooth, especially when it is run as a business by unbusinesslike persons. On the 27th March 1722 Lord Percival writes :

"The Picture project has suffered under a great deal of mismanagement, but yet improves much."

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Next we hear of distrust and dissatisfaction amongst the shareholders, who demand a General Meeting, very much as nineteenth-century shareholders would do. Of this meeting we have a detailed description written by David Dering to Lord Percival. The gathering numbered fully fifty, and the chair was taken by the gallant Colonel, Sir John Guise, whose position can scarcely have been a sinecure. During the reading of an account of the Company's history, which cast several reflections upon Le Blon, who, by the way, is referred to indifferently as Le Blon, and Le Bland, the offended engraver constantly interrupted the proceedings, crying emphatically, "*Je declare que cela est faux.*"

But the inexorable logic of figures was not to be gainsaid. Under Le Blon's direction, according to the Manager's "Paper of Facts," £5000 had been expended in producing 4000 prints, which, if all were sold at the prices fixed, would involve the Company in a loss of £2000. Whereas, under the management of a man named Guine, temporarily appointed by the directors, an expenditure of £2000 had in ten months produced 5000 pictures, which, if sold as they were priced, ought to render a profit of £1600.

Evidently the original Company had been already re-organised, and this M. Guine had introduced a new method which seemed to promise quicker and more profitable returns than Le Blon's; for the Managers, or Directors as we should call them, estimated that with the

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new method, 14,000 prints ought to be taken from the twenty-five plates then in being, and together with the 5000 already produced, these should, if all sold, bring in £12,000.

Up to date, however, the accounts showed that the Company had sold not more than £600 worth of prints, and it is permissible to suppose that these were produced by Le Blon, the originator of the enterprise. As to the tapestry-weaving branch of the venture, the Company had spent £950, and for this all they had to show was a woven child's head and a piece of silk which would yield about £30. Clearly the Picture Office was not a very flourishing concern, and notwithstanding all the resources of his inventive powers Le Blon could hardly hope to convince even his aristocratic supporters that a balance on the wrong side was necessary to prove his artistic success.

The failure of the Picture Office was followed by the bankruptcy of Le Blon. And this was only the beginning of his misfortunes in England; misfortunes to which no harsher name need be applied. They were not due to dishonesty or want of industry, but possibly to a certain extravagance in living, and an insurmountable hopefulness and belief in himself.

His career in England was one of disappointment and disaster. Yet always where he moved satellites circled round him. Call them friends, call them pupils, call them what one will, wherever Le Blon was, there were the men,

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hanging on his words, copying his work, dogging his steps, eager for his praise.

After the factory had failed Le Blon wrote a book, or treatise, on his invention. He called it *Coloritto*, dedicated it to Sir Robert Walpole, and published it in French and English, together with a dozen examples of mezzotint in colours. Even Walpole's name was not sufficient to sell the book, and finally Le Blon fled to Paris to escape his creditors, dying there, very poor but never miserable, in 1741, leaving behind him half a hundred imitators, and the printing in colours from copper-plate engraving as an established industry.

That he had genius is suggested by the work he has left ; that he worked on the wrong lines is proved by the superior results obtained by men who hardly possessed talent.

The formula of *Coloritto* is as follows :—

There are only three primitive colours. By mixing these three in various proportions all the others and their various shades can be obtained. They can also be compounded so as to destroy each other and produce black. In order to procure engravings in colour, it is, therefore, only necessary to engrave three plates for successive printings for each picture according to a previously prepared colour-scheme or plan.

It is interesting to note here that this principle, carried to its legitimate and ultimate conclusion, is the one actually in use to-day, and most successfully employed by Mr. Carl Henschel in his "Three-Colour Printing Factory." Except that the plates are pre-

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pared by "process," instead of being engraved, and the colour-scheme being obtained by photography, and considerably simplified to meet modern requirements of speed and cheapness, Le Blon's instructions for printing in colours are almost accurately followed in Mr. Hentschel's workshops.

Le Blon's book goes on to explain that, after a plan has been made of the painting to be imitated, showing where the presence of the three simple colours is necessary, another should be made giving the proper outlines and the degrees of strength, that the three plates ought to be engraved to correspond with the second plan, so that they should print each of the three colours separately exactly on the places where they are wanted, and in the right proportion. The register must be exact.

Le Blon laid stress upon the importance of using only transparent colours, and this difficulty, which he himself had experienced from the beginning, he always considered the most insuperable, because, though Prussian blue and lake, for instance, were colours sufficiently transparent for his purpose, there did not exist a transparent yellow, and he experimented constantly, but without success, in the hopes of finding one. He insisted upon the blue being light in the pigment, as otherwise it was too overpowering, and he advised that all three colours should be as bright as possible. He thought that mezzotint engravings were more suited than

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any other to be printed in colours, and gave various unconvincing reasons for his belief. The multiplicity of plates was also a part of his creed ; and during the latter part of his stay in England he used four, and sometimes even five, to get certain effects of shade and high lights, with the transparency already alluded to. His principle was still that of the old cameo, or *chiaroscuro*, printing.

His own method of preparing his plates was as follows :

The three copper-plates were first accurately fitted the one over the other ; they were all three grounded, or rocked, with the same care and thoroughness as if a complete mezzotint engraving had to be scraped on each one. On three papers, of the same size as the plates, were then sketched the places for the three primitive colours in accordance with the plan already prepared, and tracings from these papers were rubbed on to the plates, and all the parts of each plate that were not to convey a particular colour were scraped and burnished as in working for the high lights in an ordinary mezzotint. The parts that were to convey the colour were afterwards worked upon, and, where the higher lights were to be, the grain of the ground was again scraped away ; where full colour was wanted the ground was left untouched. Constant reference was made to the colour-scheme, and the scraping was resorted to, or the ground left, according as the combination was wanted in depths ; to produce

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orange or purple; or to diminish to brown or grey, or merely to shades of different degrees. Although the greater part of the engraving was done in mezzotint, the graver was used for strengthening shades and correcting outlines. Sometimes two plates were used for the same colour in order to produce a stronger effect, and this second plate was always grained with the *berceau*, a steel instrument with almost imperceptible teeth, finer than that usually employed for mezzotint; the second plate was also found useful for glazing and softening the colours. As to the order of the printing, the least important colour was used first and the most important colour last.

It will be seen that this complicated and lengthy process necessitated engraver and printer working together. As a matter of fact, both with Le Blon and his pupils, the engraver printed his own work, at least, until a perfect proof was obtained. In the hands of inferior engravers Le Blon's process gave rise to so many disappointments, that the efforts of all the engravers and print-publishers of the day, who envied him his results, were concentrated on the search for simpler methods of printing in colours. It was this that led to the open-armed reception of the single printing of copper-plate stipple-prints, as will be seen almost immediately.

Nobody has ever approached Le Blon's coloured mezzotint work in brilliancy, softness,

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or richness of effect. Colour-printing in the manner of Le Blon needed brains, artistic feeling, all the knowledge that he had acquired in his laborious days in Italy, and, above all, just that touch of genius which lifts his work out of the region where art criticism sets up a narrow-minded and academic opposition to the colour-printing of engravings.

It is an axiom with men who write about art that any endeavour to perpetuate the works of the great Masters by engraving is legitimate only when it is a translation and not an imitation ; that, through painful efforts at chromatic similitude, the print loses its picturesque characteristics, without acquiring others, and if it gains at all in richness, it loses considerably more in dignity.

So wrote Charles Blanc in his *Grammaire des Arts de Dessin*, but, by not making an exception in favour of the work of Jakob Christoph Le Blon, it seems to me he allowed prejudice to outweigh evidence.

CHAPTER V

Le Blon's influence at work—Colour-Printing in England in the first half of the eighteenth century—Elisha Kirkall—Jakob and Jan L'Admiral—The Gautier D'Agotys—John Skippe—Pond and Knapton—John Baptist Jackson, the last of the experimentalists.

THE impetus given by Le Blon proved strong and lasting. The first fifty years of the eighteenth century saw numberless attempts at colour-printing both for fabrics and for engravings. Aquatint was struggling through its delicate infancy and was tentatively used in light washes. Metal plates in combination with wood-blocks, multi-printing from both or either, line engraving with faces and hands in coloured inks, mezzotints printed in shades of green and orange, were amongst the experiments made.

But all this amounted to little more than an unsuccessful wooing of an elusive spirit. Le Blon's success was personal, and proved nothing but his own greatness. The strange adventures of colour-printing and engraving were not to find a happy ending until the stipple joined their hands under the protecting ægis of Bartolozzi. Nevertheless some of these adventures were suffi-

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ciently important and interesting to merit narration. There were among the earlier English colour-printers of the eighteenth century a few men whose names cannot be omitted in considering the genesis of the art. The most notable of these was Elisha Kirkall, the least valuable was John Skippe.

ELISHA KIRKALL was born in Sheffield. He was the son of a locksmith, and taught himself engraving on arms and metal-plates, under very much the same conditions that inspired the sixteenth-century niello-workers. He married before he was out of his apprenticeship, and apparently without waiting for the parental sanction. Under the circumstances it became necessary for him to leave Sheffield and venture into the Metropolis to seek his fortune. But, although without the parental consent, this marriage proved a fortunate one for young Kirkall. His trade-card, dated 1707, has his wife's name in addition to his own, and she seems to have assisted him in the business part of his life. This trade-card, by the way, is printed from a wood-block, but the receipt form used by the Kirkalls is from a metal-plate. Elisha soon gave up engraving in relief and became an admirable mezzotinter. It was in this manner that he executed and published sixteen views of shipping after W. Van de Velde the younger. He printed them mostly in green ink, with a few in various shades of yellow and brown. He also pirated "The Harlot's

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Progress" after Hogarth, and issued it in green mezzotint. The engraving, however, is not up to the standard of Kirkall's later work. Just at this time he hit accidentally on the discovery that a copper-plate could be inked in two colours and a picture produced by one printing from it. A beautiful engraving after Van Huysum, which he brought out in 1724, is printed in a light sepia, but has the sky and background in blue. The strange thing about this is that it evidently did not please the taste of the town, for all the later issues of the plate are in monochrome, finished by a superimposed wood-block for the half-tones and high lights. A very interesting comparison can be made between the two effects, a comparison considerably in favour of the first effort. But that he preferred what his customers preferred, namely the chiaroscuro printing, must be gathered from the result. All his later colour-work is done in this manner, the invention of which I have ascribed to Ugo da Carpi, but, of course, with considerable variations from the Italian methods. Kirkall's work is a combination of etching and mezzotint on metal-plate with wood-blocks for printing over; the outlines and the darker parts are engraved on copper, and the half-tones are put in as washes by wood. He reproduced "Æneas and Anchises," after Raphael, from Ugo da Carpi's impression of the same subject, and many other pictures. Had he been as excellent a wood-engraver as he was a mezzotinter, he would have obtained better

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results. As it was, the over-printings coarsened and vulgarised his fine work, and injured a reputation which, had it depended upon his engraving and not upon his colour-printing, would have given him rank by the side of Finlayson and John Smith.

That Kirkall had a considerable contemporary repute, however, is proved by mention of him in the “Dunciad” :—

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers o' pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

This was written sarcastically of Eliza Haywood, the libellous novelist, who antedated the “New Woman” in being no credit to her own or any other sex, and who is supposed to have supplied gentle Fanny Burney with the outline of *Betty Thoughtless*. The allusion in the “Dunciad” is to the frontispiece engraved for a volume of poems, and “bounteous” refers to the jewellery and ornament with which Kirkall plentifully besprinkled the plain and uninteresting figure in the design.

JAKOB and JAN L'ADMIRAL were brothers, born at Leyden but of French parentage. When Le Blon's factory schemes came to naught, and, disaster threatening that generous open-hearted master, he fled to France under a cloud of domestic and pecuniary embarrassments, these two pupils of his deserted the sinking ship, and scuttled back to Amsterdam, where Jakob, appropriately enough, engraved insects ; and Jan

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did the portraits for Van Mander's *Livre des Peintres*. He also published a pamphlet on colour-printing, chiefly stolen from Le Blon's *Coloritto*, but carefully avoiding mention of that artist's name. He executed in colour some appalling anatomical prints, in which the hideous crudeness of the pigments added to the natural gruesomeness of the subjects. But the register was exact and the work clean and careful. Frederic Ruysch employed him largely.

Then there were the GAUTIER D'AGOTYS, father and son. Jacques Fabian Gautier D'Agoty was painter, engraver, author, anatomist, and scientist. When Le Blon was endeavouring to carry on his business of colour-printing in Paris, Gautier D'Agoty went to him as assistant, but when, worn out with the struggle of life, Le Blon died, the whilom assistant stole his master's patents, and claimed the credit for all his later work. Not satisfied with the verbal assumption and the pecuniary result of his dishonesty, he issued a pamphlet positively claiming to be the inventor of all that had cost Le Blon his laborious years. A paragraph from his pamphlet runs—

Jakob Christoph Le Blon does not deserve the title of inventor absurdly bestowed upon him by his pupils. I am the inventor, or at least the reviver, or the restorer, of the art of colour-printing, which, but for me, would have died out, and those who produce coloured engravings by successive printings from metal plates are my pupils and not those of Le Blon.

He then proceeded to stultify his declaration by the crudity of his issues, and though he used the

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burin more freely than did his despised master, he made less effect with it. His son, Edouard Gautier D'Agoty, was a finer engraver than his father. In the prints attributed to, or signed by, the younger man, there is a greater softness in the shadows, and considerably more delicacy in the colouring. In the portrait of him mezzotinted by Carlo Lasinio, and printed in colours, he appears handsome but weak, a tall and graceful figure, habited in a green painting-blouse, open at the neck, with a white linen shirt and collar. This print is sometimes found with the inscription altered to make it appear that it was engraved by D'Agoty himself.

The L'Admirals and the D'Agotys worked abroad. Debucourt, Janinet and Descourtis, Sergent and Alix, probably derived from them the inspiration for their beautiful multi-printed aquatints, and the results of this inspiration, like the pitying tear of the Recording Angel, may serve to blot out some of the sins against taste and honesty of Jacques Fabian Gautier D'Agoty.

JOHN SKIPPE was a gentleman, and an amateur artist of some contemporary renown. He produced chiaroscuros after Raphael, Correggio, and Parmigiano in a manner combining the successive wood-blocks of Ugo da Carpi, with the colour-mingling of Le Blon. But the results show more of the amateur and the gentleman than the artist, and neither his engraving nor his colour-printing entitles him to professional rank.

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POND and KNAPTON, two men who worked together between 1730 and 1750, were much more important, and they got considerably nearer to the desired ideal.

Pond, who was educated in London, had the advantage of a foreign tour in company with Roubiliac. He started as a portrait-painter on his return from Rome, and was accorded the rare privilege of a sitting from Pope. Peg Woffington also favoured him, and the result is in the National Gallery. The picture does not make one particularly regretful that Pond speedily abandoned portrait-painting for engraving. The portrait-sketch of himself, etched and colour-printed, probably by one of the Knaptons, but unsigned, shows a strong young face with a square chin and level brows. He wears the close cap, completely hiding the hair, that was known as the apprentice's cap. It is a very interesting head, full of character, well drawn and modelled. When he finally abandoned the brush for the etching-point, it was because he had the same ambition as Le Blon, he wanted to reproduce the works of the Italian Masters. But it was rather their drawings than their paintings on which he set his more limited ambitions. He was his own publisher, and brought out a series of these imitations in 1734. He collaborated with George Knapton in the publication of "The Heads of Illustrious Persons," by Houbraken and Vertue, and he issued these in connection with biographies from the

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pen of Dr. Birch. He also did a series of caricatures after Cavaliere Ghezzi, and published them under the title "Eccentric Characters." These were deservedly reprinted, and republished, early in the last century. Pond was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1752, but died shortly after he had attained that honour. His collection of original drawings by the Old Masters was sold by auction and fetched £1400. In the majority of his plates the lines are etched, and washed in colour, a species of aquatint without ground. They were often printed in green, the apparently inevitable superimposed wood-block carrying the colour. A soft-ground etching of a head by Guercino, taken off in red, is interesting as showing the existence of a "chalk manner" in England before its so-called introduction by Ryland. This soft-ground etching was also used by Pond with complete success for some imitations of drawings after Carracci and Carlo Maratti.

Charles Knapton, brother to George, who was in partnership with Pond as far as the production and sale of engravings were concerned, was the pupil of Jonathan Richardson, and, before he entered into the collaboration that brought him name and fortune, had been employed in drawing portraits in crayons of city merchants and their plump wives. There was no sale for these buxom dames when engraved, and no public beyond their own small circle, so he was very glad to relinquish his crayon

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sketches and join Pond in bringing out his series of prints. Pond had already won a reputation as an engraver ; Charles Knapton speedily made his. Twenty-seven of the Guercino landscapes are his work, and they are very creditable performances. The association with Pond seems not only to have taught him much, but to have inspired him with the ambition to learn more. He ultimately withdrew from the partnership with Arthur Pond, and although he was then almost middle-aged, went to Rome to study painting ! Perhaps the drawings of the great Masters which he had copied, and the stories of their magnificence told him by Pond, had inspired his imagination. Any way, he studied in Rome to such good purpose that, after his return, he was appointed Painter to the Dilettante Society. He was already nearly sixty, but he seems to have pleased both his sitters and the public, for, after the death of Slaughter, he was offered, and accepted, the post of Surveyor and Keeper of the King's Pictures. A picture by this painter when he was far advanced in years is now at Hampton Court. It represents the widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales, with her family. In this picture George III. appears as a very thin and attractive boy, and that strong-minded mother of his has the most convincing air of simplicity and innocence. There is no Earl of Bute in the background. Perhaps it is not surprising that this picture was hung in a place of honour, so far exceeding its deserts as a work of art.

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JOHN BAPTIST JACKSON was the last of the idealists who dreamed of a perfect process for colour-printing engravings before that perfection was obtained by means which had eluded even the most imaginative and best engravers of the last three centuries; Johannes Teyler having been alone in his *métier*.

Jackson was a very capable wood-engraver, and he had the inveterate habit of the early colour-printers of claiming to be the inventor of all that they annexed. His life was almost as adventurous as Le Blon's, although the introduction of the female element came very late, and apparently had little influence on his life or his works. He was born in London in 1701, and died in an Asylum in Scotland in 1780. The interval was filled by wanderings in Paris and in Rome, in Vienna and again in London. All the milestones in his journey towards that Asylum were marked by pain and disappointment. He started as a pupil of Kirkall, with whom he worked conjointly on the wood-engravings in Croxall's edition of *Æsop's Fables*. Some cuts in the 1713 edition of *Dryden's Poems* bear Jackson's initials, and show his precocity and early talent. Why he went to Paris it is difficult to say. Papillon tells us it was because he was unable to find work in London, but this seems hard to believe. Any way, he had the misfortune, perhaps the greatest misfortune that could have happened to him, to be taken into Papillon's workshop as pupil or assistant. That curious

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chronicler of engraving gossip, the man who gave us the Cunios, and many other stories much more doubtful, quarrelled with Jackson over a commission. Only one side of the dispute is on record. Papillon says :—

He called on me and asked for work. I gave him a few things to execute to afford him the means of subsistence. He repaid me with ingratitude, made a duplicate of a flower ornament of my drawing, which he offered, before delivering me the block, to the person for whom it was engraved.

Whether the price at which he offered it was lower than that which Papillon would have charged, or whether the grievance existed in the exhibition of skill equal to his master's, the writer does not explain ; but he says that he turned him out of his workshop forthwith. Jackson, who was at least as good a wood-engraver as Papillon, found it very difficult to get a living in Paris, owing to Papillon's relentless dislike and opposition. Even before the latter had published his *Histoire de Gravure en Bois*, in which he openly stigmatises the English workman as lazy, incompetent, and dishonest, he had freely made it understood among the printers, booksellers, and artists who employed him, that he would neither work in combination with John Baptist Jackson nor execute commissions for any one who gave them also to his formidable rival. Jackson's position was a difficult one,—it became more than difficult, it became precarious, and lastly impossible. He made a long and gallant

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struggle against an unscrupulous and powerful enemy. All the enmity seems to have been on Papillon's side, which in itself is evidence that it was rather trivial jealousy than righteous indignation that moved the historian, for it is a truism, not confined to the eighteenth century, that we hate more bitterly the man we have injured than the man who has injured us.

Jackson worked at this time for the poorer booksellers, and it must be admitted that some of the woodcuts he executed in Paris deserved the strictures that have been passed upon them : they are small, insignificant subjects, hurriedly cut, for ornament as often as for illustration. But the pay was wretched, we have Papillon's word for that, for, with the peculiarity that presently became eccentricity, and ultimately lunacy, he complained that this unfortunate workman, whom he had driven out of the field where his talents might have had fair play, lowered the prices of engravings, and thus injured the reputation of artists like himself ! It is a singular coincidence that both Jackson and Papillon died insane.

The struggle for existence, the privation, almost the starvation, which finally drove Jackson from Paris, lasted through five long years. They were just those years so important in a young man's life, when boyhood passes definitely into manhood, and all the luminous hopes and ambitions of youth are crystallised into the solid happiness of successful work. Papillon, with

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his cold and biting words, his well-directed venom, had effectually blighted that growth, and it is not to be wondered at, if that same blight, passing also over a scarce-grown character, left it somewhat stunted and withered.

It was a tired and disappointed man that arrived in Rome in 1731, and, although Jackson found friends there and appreciation, he never fully recovered the cold of those years, from twenty-five to thirty, in which the sap of hope had dried slowly in his veins. It was his mind rather than his work that was affected. He was always looking for the slights that he did not receive, for the contempt that he had not deserved. He grew aggressive in his own defence, fighting shadows, he blundered against the simplest obstructions. It is necessary perhaps to follow his career very closely to perceive all this, but to those who are interested in looking for it, I would suggest a comparison between his work at sixteen years of age and his work at thirty. Soured and bitter and unreceptive, Rome yielded him little more than Paris had done. Like the child who has been unjustly treated, he distrusted the friendship that was offered to him, and, sulking in his discontented corner, he estranged the sympathy for which he inwardly craved. From Rome he went to Venice. In Venice the happiest part of his life was passed. Here he met his wife, here he began again to do good work, and he obtained the pecuniary recognition that now

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said more to him than mere words of praise. He engraved the really remarkable title-page of the Italian translation of Suetonius' *Lives of the Cæsars*. And it was at Venice he was bitten with the colour-printing mania. Wonderful was the fascination that this idea had always over its votaries; it fastened on them with all the agreeable intensity of a vice, and no engraver who had fallen under the charm of colour had ever gone back contentedly to his monotonous work in black and white. There is no instance on record of such a backsliding, or perhaps it would be better, in view of the various opinions, to say of such a return. Kirkall, perhaps, made the longest step in that direction when, from painting his plate in two colours, he retrograded to simple chiaroscuro.

Once colour had captured his senses, Jackson remained faithful to his new mistress for the rest of his life. I like to think that his days were brightened by the intercourse, and that, when she took up her permanent abode with him, the worst of his distresses and disappointments were over. It pleases me to believe that in those last sad days passed in the Asylum near the Teviot, that obscured mind, that darkening intellect, saw brilliant pictures, long after the futile hand had lost the power of creating them.

In the essay or pamphlet he published some years after he had left Venice, on *The Invention of Engraving and Printing in Chiaroscuro*, Jackson

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accurately followed the pioneer track of Ugo da Carpi. He wrote that an art recovered, is little less than an art invented, and, as the art of chiaroscuro-printing had been in abeyance for two centuries, he thinks he might, with justice, claim to be its inventor. But of course this claim was absurd. Having always been granted less than he deserved, he now claimed more. Chiaroscuro had never died out. In addition to Le Blon's mezzotints, which, perhaps, owing to their having been executed in this manner on metal instead of on wood, Jackson did not reckon under their legitimate head, Beccafumi, in his energetic and vigorous, brutal, almost savage strength, had established chiaroscuro-engraving at the end of the sixteenth century : Christoffel Jegher, Goltzius, and Coriolanus had practised it in the seventeenth century ; and Nicolas Lesueur in the eighteenth, whilst the Englishmen already mentioned had carried on without a break the traditions of Da Carpi.

What John Baptist Jackson really did was to use eight or ten blocks where Da Carpi used three or four, employing a proportionate number of tints. As a matter of fact, however, Le Blon, rather than Da Carpi, was the genuine source of his inspiration. But he had apparently the same shrinking from admitting Le Blon's claims that had twisted the acknowledgments of the L'Admirals and the D'Agotys from gratitude into plagiarism, from honest thanks into greedy theft. I do not think that Jackson sinned as

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they had sinned. There is no evidence that he had ever been in Le Blon's workshop, and of course he was always the wood-engraver, and colour-printing was in the air. But still he must have heard of Le Blon's colour-prints, for the engraving world in London between 1720 and 1726 was a very limited one, and this master dominated it. In Paris it was no less limited, and Le Blon was there almost as soon as Jackson. Then again, when it comes to a question of "invention," I do not know how Jackson intended to explain away the work he did in Paris in combination with that celebrated amateur the Comte de Caylus. This consisted of chiaroscuros executed in copper and wood, which were finished by Jackson.

Jackson worked in Venice for fourteen years. During that time he published in colours "The Descent from the Cross" by Rembrandt, and a set of seventeen large engravings in colour after pictures by Titian and other Venetians. He also did some satisfactory chiaroscuros after Parmigiano and six coloured landscapes after Ricci. These landscapes were dedicated to the Earl of Holderness, who was the new Ambassador Extraordinary to the Republic of Venice. They were imitations of paintings in aquarillo or water-colour, and were sold afterwards also in London, where they met with some success, due to the fact that this particular form of painting was a comparatively new art in England. There is in existence a fine portrait of Algernon Sidney, cut in

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wood by Jackson. This was also done in his Venice days.

After twenty years of Continental travelling Jackson grew home-sick for England. He had outgrown his friends, outlived his enemies, and was so firmly wedded to his picture-engravings that, in the wonderful obsession of a single idea, he ignored all that had taken place in his absence, and issued the essay before alluded to, in which he called himself the inventor of an art that had already become almost as well known as the line-engravings of Hogarth. Of course he brought a nest of hornets buzzing about his ears, and succeeded, as he had done in Paris, in closing against him the shops of the printsellers, by whose aid alone he could have made his appeal to the public.

The application of colour-printing to the making of paper-hangings "of taste, duration, and elegance" was dealt with in part of Jackson's pamphlet, and it was in this branch of his art that he finally established himself at Battersea. There was, of course, nothing essentially new in the enterprise; for, to say nothing of the Le Blon factory, at the end of the seventeenth century, paper-hangings, printed in chiaroscuro, had been produced in France. The factory at Battersea seems to have been extensively patronised by Horace Walpole, but the link is lost between this apparently successful period of Jackson's life and the time when he retired, poor and miserable, to die in the Scotch Asylum, as related by Bewick.

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Walpole, who dwells, like a baby with a new toy, on the many charms and delights of the little *château de luxe* which he was arranging for himself at Strawberry Hill, wrote, "The bow window below leads into a little parlour hung with stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, etc., but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs they succeed to a miracle."

As these prints were not published in England, Jackson must have brought a supply of them when he came over, and probably managed to sell them to Walpole when the latter was inspecting his paper-hangings. For Walpole says somewhat later in the same letter:—

"I went the other morning with Mr. Conway to buy some of the new paper for you. . . . Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper covered in perspective to represent,) Gothic fretwork." The parlour on the ground floor, he tells us, was hung "with yellow paper; and prints, framed in a new manner, invented by Lord Cardigan," that is with black and white borders, *printed*. Other rooms are hung with green paper, and here he has his water-colours; and another has "a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons." This is sufficient evidence that the manufactory at Battersea was receiving both orders and patronage. The date of this letter is 1753.

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That disaster in some form or another must have overtaken the enterprise appears from the fact that twelve months later, under the patronage of the Duke of Cumberland, a manufactory for wall-hangings was established at Fulham, and this would scarcely have been in competition with the Battersea one.

But what became of Jackson between 1753, when he was making wall-hangings for Horace Walpole, and 1780, when he died in the Asylum in Scotland, is a mystery to which I have not been able to find the slightest clue.

Jackson was the last of the adventurers. Ryland and the stipple arrived simultaneously somewhere about 1760, Bartolozzi in 1764. The public received them with open arms and gaping mouths. They were the pioneers of a movement which revolutionised the print trade. Between them they managed to alter the standard of taste, and to create a market unequalled at the time in extent and scope. They are the two men without whom "colour-prints" in their present highly valued condition would have had no existence.

CHAPTER VI

The meeting of Stipple-Engraving and Colour-Printing in France—Jean François and his artistic relationship to Jan Lutma—William Wynne Ryland's journey to Paris, his meeting with François—Imitations of Chalk Drawings after Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard, printed in colours from one plate under the inspiration of Comte de Caylus—The method finds little favour in France and is brought to England by Ryland, where it is at once firmly established in public favour for the reproduction of Water-Colour Drawings by Angelica Kauffmann—Ryland's career and execution, and the true story of his supposed confession.

THE next stepping-stone on the road to the eighteenth-century colour-print is the one that leads direct to the stipple-engravers of that period. And, notwithstanding the lack of a contemporary *entente cordiale*, it is in France we find it. Jean François, the stepping-stone in question, was the legitimate artistic descendant of the Dutchman, Jan Lutma, whose fine heads, engraved at the end of the seventeenth century, are still the best examples extant of the *opus mallei* which culminated in the so-called "chalk manner."

François was born in 1707 at Nancy. It is undoubtedly to him that we trace the inspiration that gave stipple-engraving its ultimate place.

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He was not perhaps a remarkable engraver, but he was an inventive one, and his inventiveness, like that of Le Blon, marked a new patch of cultivation in the field he made his own. The chalk manner, imitations of wash-drawings, printing in colour, were among his successful experiments. When Arthur Pond made his Continental tour with Roubiliac he passed through Paris. This was the historical occasion when Joshua Reynolds met them both in the company of his old master, Hudson. There Pond made the acquaintance of François ; and the result of that acquaintance seems to have been the head of Guercino, executed in the chalk manner, and printed in the colour afterwards known as the "Bartolozzi red," in London, about 1740. It has already been seen how far Arthur Pond carried the knowledge he had acquired from François. It was to the point where Ryland took it up and carried it to its finality. But in those early days when Pond and François talked the matter over, François had not yet satisfied even himself with his results. Sixteen years later, however, he triumphantly presented six stippled prints to the Marquis Marigny, whose admiration of them led him to procure a royal appointment for their creator.

It was in or about 1760 that William Wynne Ryland, also in the company of Roubiliac, made *his* first journey to Paris, and was taken to the studio of the disappointed *pensionnaire*, then in the enjoyment of 600 francs a year and the title

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that had proved so empty a compliment, of *Graveur des Dessins du Cabinet du Roi*. Ryland made friends with the old man and worked in his studio during his stay in Paris, learning many of his secrets and all of his methods. François, of course, claimed the title of "Inventor" of Stipple-Engraving, but he was never able to make it good, still less could he secure to himself the monopoly in production. The moment was ripe for stipple-engraving, as it had proved for colour-printing : Bonnet and Demarteau trod quickly upon the heels of François. The dotted manner suited the delicate Boucher and Watteau drawings. Bonnet, choosing his subjects with skill, reaped where François had sown. François, like many of the pioneers of engraving in colour, died poor, neglected, and embittered.

It was, apparently, the celebrated amateur Comte de Caylus who first suggested printing these stipple-engravings in the colours of the original drawings, from one plate. And although he himself was still working in mezzotint and many printings, in the manner of Le Blon, and had not yet abandoned the ambition to reproduce the works of the great Masters by this means, he found time in the intervals of his travels, literary labours, and interminable correspondence, to interest himself in what he wrote of to Thomas Wedgwood as "a new little art." Although due credit must therefore be given to Comte de Caylus ; with Johannes Teyler as well as Le

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Blon already in the field, it will be seen that the suggestion was not far to seek.

Strangely enough, at least it seems strange to me, stipple-engraving, printed in colours, although it emanated thence, never had a real success in France. The process was too simple, too direct; something subtler, more complicated, offering more scope to the individual workman, was required to tickle the artistic palate of eighteenth-century France. So stipple-engraving went over to England with William Wynne Ryland, and mixed methods of producing engravings in colours remained behind. Combinations of aquatint and etching, delicate and intricate tool-work, ingenious applications of one art to another, elaborations in mezzotint, engaged the attention of such men as Janinet and Debucourt, Alix, Sergeant, and Descourtis. A few years later we find contemporary French writers alluding to stipple-engraving as *la manière Anglaise*—under which title, by the way, it is still spoken of in the art circles of Paris.

To William Wynne Ryland we owe the earliest stipple-engravings, printed in several colours from one plate, and published in London.

The man and his career are almost as interesting as his work. He was the son of a copper-plate printer who lived, with a large family of seven sons, in the precincts of the Old Bailey. He had been apprenticed to Ravenet, whose reputation stood second to none in the little world of artists and artisans just beginning to congre-

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gate in and about Leicester Square. It was at the conclusion of his indentures, in company with Roubiliac and Gabriel Smith, as already mentioned, that he made the journey to the Continent that had such wide-reaching results. Paris, both artistically and socially, suited the temperament of young Ryland, who left his companions to complete their tour without him, and remained behind to alternate joyous nights with laborious days, and to acquire the superficial polish that ultimately proved so dangerous a possession. On the joyous nights I may not dilate. Paris in 1760 offers too many inducements to the novelist to be safe ground for a would-be historian with the instincts of a romancer. But the laborious days included, in addition to what he learned from François, the study of design under Le Bas, with the direct inspiration of such artists as Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard. His taste developed, as well it might under such stimulus, and when he won, in competition with his French colleagues, the gold medal from the Society for the Encouragement of Art, which entitled him to pursue his studies gratis at the Academy in Rome, he abandoned the delights of the gay capital and went to Italy.

Altogether he remained out of England for over five years, and returned to his native land a very polished and courtly young gentleman, well versed in the ways of the world, of handsome person if licentious habits, a graceful designer if not a bold one, an engraver of skill if not of

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transcendent talent. He was almost immediately appointed Engraver to the King, an appointment that had been offered to Strange, the famous line-engraver, whose Jacobite sympathies compelled him to refuse it. Ryland's foreign training had left him no such scruples. He accepted the appointment carrying a salary of £200 a year, and on the strength of it married precipitately a young and unlettered country girl, whom, within a few months of his hasty marriage, he found to be a very uncongenial companion.

It was as a worker in line and not in stipple that Ryland had been selected for the post of engraver to the monarch who was at once so anxious to patronise, and so incapable of appreciating the arts that he took under his Royal protection ; and it was in line that Ryland executed his first commissions for portraits of His Majesty, after Allan Ramsay, and of the Queen, after Cotes. And very ably he performed his task. He was still working in line when, in partnership with Mr. Bryer, he opened a print-shop at the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. He took apprentices, of whom Joseph Strutt was, perhaps, the most important. It was here that he issued those six classic subjects after Correggio and Guercino from the collection of the Earl of Bute, admirable work, well-balanced, strong, and individual.

Ryland, with his Royal appointment, his steadily increasing private connection, his flourishing business, had everything in his favour during

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those first few years of his establishment in London. But he was of a social and convivial habit, and his expenses and income never seemed quite to keep pace.

It was in the spring of 1767 that the two events occurred which so greatly affected Ryland's future and the future of his art. At first sight they seem to have no bearing upon each other, and still less upon stipple-engraving. He met and was presented to Angelica Kauffmann, a young Italian artist recently arrived in England, but already enjoying Court favour. Two days after this introduction his brother Richard was arrested for highway robbery.

The old Ryland had been ambitious for his children. The line of demarcation between the commercial and the aristocratic world was no less firmly marked in England than on the Continent, but Ryland had given his sons the education of gentlemen; they had all learned Latin, and one of them, Richard, had been to College. William Wynne amply fulfilled his father's hopes; his Court appointment seemed the beginning of a career of which they could all be justly proud. But beyond that the elder Ryland had no satisfaction from his sons. Two of them died in early youth; Richard, the collegian, proved a very thorn in his father's flesh. He had the excessive vanity of his little learning; the desire to shine without the necessary qualifications, which distinguishes the ill-bred; and the wish to be thought a gentleman, without the means

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even of a substantial citizen, which eventually proved the most fatal of his many failings. He was an idle, improvident spendthrift ; dissolute and vicious. Returning from a fox-hunt one day, half drunk, disappointed in his day's sport, not having in his pocket the wherewithal to defray the cost of his hired hack, he played the footpad in an amateurish and bungling way, stopping the chaise of two ladies, and robbing them of a few shillings. He had not even the ability to avoid identification and arrest. He was tried, condemned, and sentenced to death. Then it was that his brother exerted all the influence that he was able to command in an endeavour to save him from the ultimate consequence of his crime. Society listened sympathetically to the handsome young engraver, and Angelica Kauffmann's soft Italian accents swelled the prayers for clemency. Unheard-of efforts were made, and unfortunately they were successful. I say "unfortunately" advisedly, for the same efforts could not move the King twice, and the Royal pardon was extended to Richard which might more justly have been exercised later on to save William.

Ryland appears to have suffered little social obloquy on account of his brother's conduct, and that little was amply compensated for by the sympathy of his new acquaintances, Angelica Kauffmann and her father. Here was the dawn of the intimacy to which sunrise and sunset, evening and night, succeeded each other so rapidly.

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Angelica Kauffmann had been brought over to England in 1766 by Lady Wentworth ; in 1768 she was one of the original thirty-six members of the new Royal Academy at which Ryland was one of the earliest exhibitors. Gratitude for her exertions on his brother's behalf, the link of language, for Ryland spoke both French and Italian, drew the two together in those assemblies where they were both occasionally received by their patrons, but in which neither was quite at home. Ryland was not without that parvenu desire to shine that had brought such disastrous results to his brother. He wanted to ruffle it with the aristocrats, not to look on with the workers. Poor Goldsmith himself could not be more anxious about his famous "suit" than was Ryland about his velvet coats and fine laces and diamond buckles when he was bidden to a reception at Mrs. Montagu's, or to take tea with Mrs. Crewe. He entertained his entertainers, and the result was inevitable. In 1771 the business in the Royal Exchange became bankrupt, and the whilom gallant was reduced to dodging sponging-house officers and avoiding arrest for debt.

This was when Angelica appeared to him as a ministering angel. Minasi, who related the story, heard it direct from Bartolozzi, and here it enjoys for the first time the dignity of print.

One evening Ryland, "reduced to his last shoe-buckle," had walked, under cover of the friendly dusk, to the lodging occupied by Angelica

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and her father. He had talked lightly to her of his position, though it was grave enough to make his voice tremulous. She delicately hinted her desire to assist, which he as delicately waved aside. Perhaps neither of them was completely genuine, but both of them had caught the spirit of the manner that grows in Courts. Both of them were young, and ultimately both of them proved themselves emotional, romantic, impulsive.

The evening hour, full of temptation and possibilities, found them unstrung and tender ; what she would give, what he might not take, were question and answer that vibrated in the warm air of the studio. They were holding each other's hands, as they talked, when that worldly-minded old adventurer, the Chevalier Kauffmann, came in, and they fell apart suddenly, as if they had been guilty of something more than kindness and sympathy. Hurriedly Ryland began to speak of the Signorina's work, of the success she had gained ; he likened her to the young Raphael, to Correggio. No compliments were too exaggerated for the father, who had found a new Eldorado in the daughter he guarded so jealously and so injudiciously. His daughter listened with avid interest to the discussion of her talents. Gradually she joined in the conversation as it developed from Italian to modern Art, and as the personal note faded out of the atmosphere that had grown clear and worldly. From Correggio, Ryland fell to Fragonard, and presently he found himself speaking of François, of the old man in his

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forgotten studio, and his engravings which had so wonderfully reproduced the water-colour drawings.

It was the readier wit of the woman that kindled first, and she questioned him breathlessly ; the process so simple, so easy, appealed to her feminine art-instincts. There were dozens of water-colour drawings littering the room in which they sat. In Rome Ryland had forgotten both stipple-engraving and colour-printing ; in England it had seemed unnecessary to remember them. But with threatening poverty and those pretty neoclassic designs of Angelica Kauffmann's before him, he suddenly called to mind with what enthusiasm he and the old French engraver had discussed colour-printing. From the past to the present was a thought-flash as quick as summer lightning. Would she, could she permit him to copy a sketch of hers in the manner described ? There was no time for the Chevalier's intervention, but in truth he had no objection to anything but a love-affair between the penniless engraver and his gifted daughter. Angelica was charmed, delighted, more than interested. Ryland went home that night with a light heart and a portfolio of Angelica's drawings under his arm. That evening in the studio with that portfolio of sketches was the beginning of a new burst of prosperity for him.

Angelica Kauffmann's popularity with the masses, or with the limited section of them that patronised the Royal Academy, was a very sudden growth. A few years after she had exhibited

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for the first time, Allan Ramsay notes that engravings from her pictures sold more readily than any others. Cipriani himself was not more admired. It was this popularity that Ryland was destined to share.

The story goes that he engraved one of the drawings in the stipple manner within two days, and, carrying it first for approval to his fair young benefactress, he personally printed a few impressions in colours by the process he had learnt in Paris. They were exhibited in the windows of the print-shops, and sold most readily, so readily indeed that eager inquiries were made for more ; and more were printed, not only from this plate, but from others. He found the demand in a very short time was almost more than he could meet, but he worked hard, and it is a point in his favour not to be lost sight of, that, before he began to spend again the money he made so easily, he paid off the creditors who had declared under his bankruptcy. He paid off his creditors, he exhibited at the Royal Academy, he held up his head and walked about a free and prosperous man.

But misfortune had been too short a sojourner with him, he had learnt little or nothing from its hurried visit.

In 1775 he started in business again, this time at 159 Strand, and from there he issued a large number of engravings in colour, and here for the first time it became fully recognised that colour suited these delicate engravings, these fancy sub-

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jects ; here it was that the betrothal of stipple-engraving and colour-printing was publicly ratified.

It was the supreme moment when all that had gone before, and all that was to come after, found definite expression and complete satisfaction in the reproduction of water-colour drawings. So long as the "little art" had endeavoured to take upon itself the functions of a great one, so long as the struggle had been to reproduce by the combined processes of engraving and printing the wonderful colour-schemes of the great Italian masters, the broad effects of masses in oil-colour, so long had it proved a failure. Colour-printing with such an ambition was impossible, illegitimate, inoperative. The moment its limitations were realised it became an artistic force, and public recognition followed inevitably. Unquestionably Angelica Kauffmann contributed greatly to this immediate public recognition. Her sweet weak pictures, all drapery and little drawing, suited exactly the awakening but uneducated artistic taste of the middle classes. They were classic in subject but not in manner. They had all the surface qualities of the new decorative design, they were just what was needed in the reaction that followed Sir Thomas Chambers's endeavour to metamorphose the homes of England into Chinese pagodas. And the reproduction of her designs in colour brought them within the pecuniary reach of the very class who admired and could make a market for the new industry.

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A couple of gossiping letters written in Italian to one of her convent friends give a glimpse of the relations between Ryland and Angelica Kauffmann. She admits that his handsome person had not failed to make an effect on her heart, and she says that the distress he had been in about his brother had roused her pity. That she was incapable of recognising any want of depth in his refinement, any lack of true breeding in his bearing, her subsequent mistake with the valet of Count de Horn amply proves. She gave him the *entrée* to her painting-room, she made designs in water-colours for him to engrave. She interested herself in his fortunes, and lent her name to his schemes. It was on the strength of his connection with Angelica Kauffmann that Ryland, full of new hopes and fresh courage, had made his second start in business.

To that establishment in the Strand, so convenient, so well placed, Bartolozzi, together with his two friends, Bach and Abel, seems to have made frequent visits. Angelo, in his reminiscences, makes mention of these excursions. The shop was on the left side of the street, squeezed in between the little block that separated Somerset House, the home of the Royal Academy, from Strand Lane. The three foreigners would linger over the prints. Bach, fresh from presiding over a musical entertainment at Mrs. Cornelly's, grunted out amiably his indiscriminate admiration, Bartolozzi was ready with his more phlegmatic criticism. And then, when a sedan-chair

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would stop the way, and Angelica Kauffmann, slender and languishing, would step out and inquire for the famous proprietor, what a doffing of hats and bowing there would be, what a confusion of soft Italian accents with the rougher northern ones. The money-lender opposite, shrivelled and curious, would come out to see what all the pother was about. Soon he was to be professionally interested in his neighbour.

Bartolozzi would forget to take snuff, and Bach would adjust his wig, but Angelica's airs and delicate graces were for neither of them. She had brought a drawing for Ryland, or she had come to see the result of an engraving from the last drawing she had made for him. He had the benefit of all her willowy coquetries, half-natural, half-affected. Her father pursued the rôle he had acquired, of "standing aside" whilst portfolios would be brought out for her inspection and her opinion asked as to this and the other proof. Then, when she took her nodding plumes and defined slenderness back to the chair, how deferentially would Ryland attend her. We hear that he wore a club wig unpowdered, his own hair turned over it in the front, carrying his hat in the latest fashion of the day, under his left arm. His complexion was dark, his face pale and strongly lined. To quote the actual words of a contemporary description: "His common countenance is very grave, but whilst he speaks it becomes rather smiling, he shows his teeth and has great affability of manner."

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We can well believe the fair Angelica would be ushered out with all the smiles and affability he had at his command, while she would go home, thrilled and exhilarated by his attentions, to draw fresh Cupids, bound or unbound, being sacrificed to or tickled, Venuses led in triumphant procession, sleeping, or bathing, or making their toilet, as her feminine humour might seize her.

And, left behind, the two engravers seem constantly to have discussed with eager interest the colour-printing on which she has thrown out her airy suggestions. Off went the musicians; they had had enough of the sister-art; they thought there ought to be an Academy of Music in London as well as an Academy of Painting—they called it “bainting,” as the old King used to do, and they shrugged their shoulders over Angelica’s little affectations, and relegated her to her proper position in the Art world with more correctness than was the fashion of the day.

Bartolozzi and Ryland were on fire with the enthusiasm of the new industry. Often they went into that little ill-built workroom at the back of the shop, where the great copper-press was fixed, rather creaky, rather stiff in its joints, and superintended the printing of, or actually printed with their own hands, the plates they had previously engraved. Ryland had forgotten nothing of his French experiences; Bartolozzi had all the experiments ever made in colour at his clever finger-ends; both of them were artists

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as well as engravers. In these colloquies between the two men the limitations of the art were defined, and its position was made clear. Palmer was often a third in their deliberations, and it was Palmer, by the way, who subsequently succeeded Ryland, and carried on his business in the same house. The three men seem to have decided that the ordinary copper-plate printer or apprentice was no good for the colour-work. If the art was to flourish, it should be treated as an art, and men should be employed in it who were specially trained. Then Ryland sent to Paris for a man who had been with Le Bas, and to this man, Seigneuer, a native of Alsace, in whose hands the colour-printing of stipple-engravings was practically left for a long time, is due the rare first issue of the well-known plates, "A Sacrifice to Cupid" and "The Triumph of Beauty and Love." These are after designs by Cipriani; in fine condition they are very rare, and have almost the value of delicate water-colours. Seigneuer apparently printed very few impressions; these were not signed, and it is only through Minasi's remembrance of what Bartolozzi told him about them that I have been able to identify two or three very exceptional proofs. The monochromes are both earlier and later; the prints were popular, and the plates changed hands several times. Finally, in Molteno's great sale in 1819 they realised £7:15s. in a very worn and unworkable condition. They must have been re-worked and re-issued, because I have seen impressions with

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the original date and publication line, printed on paper dated 1820.

Seigneuer is a man of whom little or nothing has appeared in print. His connection with Ryland and Bartolozzi was a short one. He set up for himself, engaged foreign workmen, took apprentices, and very soon became known to the publishers, who kept him fully occupied. Occasionally one comes across an early print that is unmistakably his work. I say unmistakably, because he seems to have imported his own colours in their dry state from Paris, and amongst these colours was a peculiar vitreous white, that imparted the much-desired transparency to the picture. Although Seigneuer never signed his work, there is internal evidence that either the manner in which this particular white was used, or the source from which he imported it was his secret, and that the flatter, muddier colours of his contemporaries were due to its absence. Bartolozzi patronised and recommended him largely, and it is in the prints Bartolozzi engraved, those he signed, or those for which he made water-colour drawings, that I have noticed the use of this particular white.

To follow chronologically the growth of colour-printing from the time when Angelica Kauffmann and Ryland began to work in unison to the time of its premature decay is unnecessary. The seed fell on fruitful soil, and for twenty years the colour-print flourished like grass. Ryland had a host of imitators; the eager public

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demand grew by that on which it was fed. Two rival printsellers, Gamble and Torre, rushed into the competition Ryland's unbusiness-like habits made so easy, and his generous confidence made so profitable. Gamble especially, in a trade circular sent round to the engravers, called himself "inventor of colour-printing"; a claim Ryland never attempted to dispute.

Ryland had the start and the immense advantage of Angelica Kauffmann's co-operation, but he was very speedily out-distanced by his competitors. He was an able engraver and a talented designer, but he had the training and the mental habit of an artist rather than that of a tradesman, and spending money never ceased to be more attractive to him than making it.

From 1775, when he started for the second time in business, to 1783, when he received his abrupt notice to quit, he touched every note in the gamut of life. His early marriage became known to Angelica shortly after the establishment of the shop in the Strand, also that there were children, of whom he had forgotten to speak, in that home in Knightsbridge. Perhaps it was this knowledge, perhaps it was that her fickle fancy had by this time wandered in the direction of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which caused her to lose interest in his fortunes. But that she did lose interest there is no room to doubt. And that Ryland suffered under her neglect as this type of man is able to suffer, that is, in his vanity, appears on the surface. He wished to

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show her that he was independent of her, that he was as prosperous, as socially successful, as well-considered as she. He plunged into a thousand extravagances. A legacy that he came into at this time encouraged and gave colour to his reckless expenditure. He tasted all the dissipations of the town. Finally he set up an establishment with one of those unfortunate women, the will-o'-the-wisps on the road to ruin. It was a road Ryland took at a hand-gallop, only to pull up abruptly when he found he had lost his companion. Some richer, courtlier traveller on the same road had caught her errant fancy, and from one to the other she stole away in the night, without a pause or a regret. But she had borne a babe with her in her flight, a child that had appealed to its father in some subtle way in which those little ones in Knightsbridge had failed. She disappeared in April 1783. In May of the same year Ryland was missing from his shop in the Strand, and there was no news of him in the home at Knightsbridge. For a few days no one knew what had become of him. There was the buzzing of gossip, there were rumours, there were knowing winks and smiles and broad asides, but it was with a shock that society, the second-grade society that welcomed artists and engravers, awoke to see London placarded by a handbill, offering the reward of £300 for the person of William Wynne Ryland, who was described as "dressed in a brown coat, with white waistcoat,

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and coloured silk stockings." He was wanted on a charge of forgery, an obscure transaction connected with a bill, to which his unfortunate flight lent the appearance of connivance. The runners found him very soon in a little house, the house of a cobbler at Stepney. When he found that he could no longer evade pursuit he cut his throat. Unfortunately the wound did not prove fatal.

That Ryland's disappearance was due to his search for his mistress and his little child, and not to his desire to escape from justice, is a matter that requires a sympathetic reading of his history to make clear. He seems to have had for her one of those passions not uncommon in the lives of men of artistic temperament, and it wrecked at once his reason and his judgment. That the child, the poor little illegitimate baby, had found an exceptionally warm place in his heart we read later on in the scene that took place on his way to ignominious death.

Ryland cut his throat when the runners' steps were on the stairs and he pictured himself a prisoner. He cut his throat, not because he was guilty of having committed the crime for which he was pursued, but because he was conscious of debt, and was in despair lest his arrest at this juncture would stop his search for the woman whom he chivalrously thought needed his love and his protection to guard her from the consequences that her rash and undisciplined temper had brought about.

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Then, as for his famous confession, I have seen a copy of it, and what does it amount to? Nothing but an admission that the attempted suicide was a crime against which the Almighty has set His canon, and that by committing it he rendered himself unworthy of commiseration, and fit for any punishment that the laws of God or man demanded.

That Ryland was a man of good heart but weak principles, of worthy ambitions but lack of strength to pursue them, there is ample evidence, but that he was capable of committing the mean forgery for which he was ultimately condemned and executed is incredible. He had crimes to answer for; perhaps not the least of those was the birth of that little one for whom his affection proved so fatal. But the great crime, *the* crime that in his own eyes, eyes illuminated by the Roman Catholic faith which he professed, was beyond pardon, was the attempted suicide which followed his capture.

This is not a special plea for Ryland; this is a conclusion I have arrived at after a careful review of the evidence on which he was convicted of forgery and sentenced to death. A complete account of the trial is to be found in a pamphlet published in 1794. It extends to some twenty pages, and there is not a lawyer of repute who would venture to find in it sufficient data on which to convict a man of forgery. I will go further and say there is not sufficient evidence in the whole pamphlet to induce a Grand Jury

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of the present day to return a True Bill. The indictment is weak, it is flimsy ; prejudice is brought into the case, prejudice possibly on account of Ryland's loose life, certainly in consequence of his unpopular faith. To my reading, the evidence ; evidence with which I do not propose to weary my readers, but to which, in justice to the memory of the man who has lain for 120 years under the imputation of a crime that he never committed, I should like to direct public attention ; makes it clear that Ryland was a victim, sacrificed on the altar of expediency, to the anti-Romanist feeling which was still agitating the public mind, and which found its culmination in the No-Popery Riots in 1780. The data is technical, bewildering, and again bears so very indirectly upon the art of printing stipple-engravings in colour, that I do not feel justified in more than indicating the source from which any one who wishes to rehabilitate Ryland's memory can follow the argument.

A few sentences from the letter he wrote a day or two before he was executed will, I think, serve better than legal evidence to show what manner of man this was. The letter is written to Francis Donaldson of Liverpool, and is dated "Sunday, 24th August 1783." Here are his words, surely not the words of a guilty man, but of an unhappy one. The plea in them has been disregarded until now :

"I leave behind me those I love. They will feel every word that is said ; each syllable

respecting my fame will be a dagger or a balsam to their breast. Oh, my friend ! will you therefore watch and guard my name from calumny. . . .”

He goes on to explain that he has not asked for the clemency of the Court ; he knows the difficulties he overcame in the case of his brother, and he realises that it is impossible while he, personally, is in durance, and his chief patron, the Earl of Bute, in disfavour, to overcome them again. But he has no complaint to make on this score. With the generous sweetness of his nature he admits that he is unworthy of any special effort :

“I do not arraign the gracious benevolence that has so long dignified the humanity of the British Crown ; I do not arraign the seat of judgment that pronounces my sentence. Because justice acted against me, as it thought for the best, I do not arraign my Jury. I trust they possessed the purest principles of unbiassed men. I have naught to say against the witnesses—they, I am convinced, swore as they thought. . . .”

He accuses no one, blames no one, he is resigned to ignominious death ; because he is conscious of deserving punishment. Here is the clause of the letter which gives the clue to his resignation :

“It was the most wicked of all crimes which madness drove me to attempt.”

This sentence has been considered as a confession of guilt. Of course the crime to which he

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alludes is the act of attempted suicide. Had it been, as was understood at the time, and has been called later, an admission of having committed the crime of forgery, the word "attempt" would have been inappropriate, because the forgery must have been an actual committal.

"Now I shall meet the last executive vengeance of the law with fortitude. I wish this hour were my last," he writes; and goes to Tyburn like a man. As his coach drove to the place of execution a terrible storm broke over London. In the midst of it a woman pushes her way through the crowd, stops the coach, and holds up to the window a little child. Her face is streaming with tears, but the child is babbling with the pretty unconscious laughter of childhood. Ryland kisses them both, says a few words that no one hears, and the coach drives on. Those who stood near say the smile that was on his face as he spoke to those two was on it still when he mounted the fatal scaffold.

So far as rehabilitating or clearing his name is concerned, his friends did nothing for him; they confined their efforts to looking after the temporal welfare of his wife and family. Bartolozzi and Strange, good-hearted irreconcilables, each finished a plate that Ryland had begun in prison, and both plates were issued for the benefit of the widow and children. Later on Mrs. Ryland opened a print-shop and conducted a business which seems to have been fairly successful; anyway it was still in existence in 1791,

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when the stock of plates and impressions was sold by public auction.

The newly-married arts of stipple-engraving and printing in colours remained under the protection of Francesco Bartolozzi, who personally superintended their triumphant career.

The works of Ryland in colour that have survived are very various in quality both of engraving and printing. In every case the earliest impressions are infinitely the best (I am speaking only of the colour-impressions), and the reasons for these great variations in workmanship have been already discussed.

The following may be said to comprise his principal engravings after Angelica Kauffmann. "Lady Hester Stanhope" under the title "Morning Amusement," "Mary, Duchess of Richmond," "Laudit Amabiliter," "Cupid and Aglaie," "Venus presenting Helen to Paris" and "The Judgment of Paris," "Olim Truncus," "Dormio Innocuus," "Juno Cestum," "O Venus Regina," "Cymon and Iphigenia," "Patience and Perseverance," "Telemachus Reduse," "Telemachus in Aulâ Spartana," "Eleanora and Edward I.," and "Lady Elizabeth Grey and Edward IV."

Several of these were included in a series of eighteen issued under the generic title of "Illustrations from Horace."

"Marianne," and the head of a boy, both after his own design, are strong and characteristic engravings.

CHAPTER VII

The state of manufactures in England previous to the introduction of machinery—Furniture, China, Paper—The prosperity of the middle classes and their desire for the beautifying of their homes—The art of Stipple-Engraving explained—The art of Colour-Printing Stipple-Engravings described—The existence of Colour-Prints in proof state queried and confirmed.

BARTOLOZZI's is the figure that looms largest in the public eye through the twenty years of stipple-work that ended the eighteenth century. In an interesting monograph the late Mr. Tuer endeavoured to endow the industrious Italian with the qualities of a great Master. He extended the meagre details of his life over two sumptuous volumes, and compiled a list of his engravings including nearly 2000 plates.

But in truth Bartolozzi represented rather a firm than an individual, rather an industry than an artist. He was nevertheless a great stipple-engraver, in the same sense that Wedgwood was a great potter, Chippendale a great carver, Robert Adam a great architect. All four men were in the forefront of a great decorative movement, coinciding with, perhaps pioneering, the strong impetus that was given to British trade in the

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pregnant interval which divided the American War of Independence from the French Revolution.

A momentary glance at the conditions that governed the state of manufactures generally will demonstrate this. The marvellous increase of commercial activity coincident with the invention of the power-loom, with the added facilities of communication offered by the new canals, marked the spirit of, what I will call, the higher civilisation, the desire for personal and communal luxury, and for the consequent ornament. It was the final effort, the back-wash of the art-wave that had swept over our shores; it had spent something of its vigour, perhaps, before then, but it did its freshening work. Fortunately, notwithstanding Watt and Cartwright, hand-work was still the order of the day.

No one who has studied the debased and hideous work of the early Victorian Era, can shut his eyes to the evil effect which the first introduction of machinery had upon the craftsmen in every branch of manufacture. All those four men I have mentioned were artist, artisan, and master in one; a condition of affairs of which the possibility vanished with the employment of steam, and all it brought in its train. It was the purely personal element in the production of articles for daily use that made for beauty; it was the purely personal element in the more directly utilitarian crafts that made for strength and value. Wonderful legacies in

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stone and in brick, in earthenware and metal, in mahogany and satin-wood, that have come down to us from that age of individualism, bear eloquent witness to this truth.

The great years of English furniture, of English china, and of hand-made English articles generally, were also the great years of colour-printed stipple-engravings. And there is one industry which so directly affected their value that it is worthy of a momentary consideration from this point of view alone. I allude to the industry of paper-making. Up to the year 1798 all paper was hand-made, and the tone and texture that collectors so justly value as the foundation of their prints owe something of their quality to this fact. In the year 1798 the paper-machine, which led to the degradation of the material on which engravings were printed, was invented by Louis Robert, a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Didot, of the celebrated Essones paper-mills.

The first mills which were erected in England for the manufacture of paper were the Frogmore Mills at Boxmoor, Herts, established by Messrs. Fourdrinier, with the assistance of Bryan Donkin, the engineer. A happy bankruptcy delayed the process some years longer, after which machine-made paper and a pitiable deterioration in the art of engraving made an almost simultaneous appearance. It is not too much to affirm, as I do, with the assent of practical paper-makers, that had these fine prints of Bartolozzi and his

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school, to say nothing of those of the great early Dutch and Italian Masters, been taken off on the machine-made paper to which modern custom has almost reconciled us, eighty per cent would have ceased to exist, would have absolutely crumbled and decayed past preservation or recognition.

Such a misfortune, however, the twentieth century will bear with equanimity when it shall inevitably affect a very large proportion of Victorian engravings !

I have spoken of fine prints and Bartolozzi in association, and may justly leave the words as they are written. But it is indisputable that he, and the large school that he founded, enjoyed a contemporary consideration with the public somewhat disproportionate to deserts, and greatly to the indignation of many of the art-critics, and brother artists. Horace Walpole alludes more than once to "Bartolozzi and fan mounts" when condemning *in toto* the Boydell Shakespeare scheme, and Sir Robert Strange spoke contemptuously of his Italian rival as "only fit to engrave benefit tickets." It must be admitted that Sir Robert had a large measure of provocation. He had fine taste and feeling for his art, yet he was neglected, passed over, and ignored, whilst "praise and pudding" were dealt out with lavish hand to the creator of a multitude of winged Cupids with strange anatomy, and miniature Venuses with monotonous features. That Bartolozzi was capable of

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better things he proved by his magnificent line-work—work not inferior in strength to that of Sir Robert himself, and superior to it often in sweetness and delicacy.

But Bartolozzi was tempted to a great output by the public appreciation of his stipple-work. He yielded to the temptation, and imperilled a reputation that should have been unrivalled. The cause of his popularity is not far to seek. It was, as I have shown, an age of applied art. The middle class was growing wealthy through the increase in commerce. Unlike the French peasants, they did not want to accumulate mere money, or to benefit the public funds. They wanted to emulate that which they found most admirable in the aristocracy that governed them; they wanted to add to the comforts of their homes the luxury of beautiful ornament. Taste was growing, but was undeveloped. The Court, plebeian in personal habit, more anxious to patronise than capable of bestowing patronage wisely, encouraged Benjamin West and allowed Wilson to starve. There was nevertheless a distinct artistic development, though in the land of freedom all the boundaries were undefined. What has been called the “English Renaissance” lacked just that purity, just that classicism necessary to form a standard. It was a bastard birth, half Italian and half Chinese, driven hither and thither, now protected and now ignored; it took lurid colour from the east and strange decoration from the west; it educated itself outside the

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discipline of a school, and this notwithstanding, or, perhaps, because of, the existence of a Royal Academy, and the generous ushership of a Duke of Richmond. Under such circumstances, an art-revival without an art-education, it is not surprising that much of the public demand was for the merely "pretty," whilst those that had a higher ideal were fed, if not satisfied, by the sham magnificence of the Boydell enterprise.

Certainly an English art-school grew up. The life and the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds did not spend themselves in vain. But, outside the school, dominated by the conditions that governed, not Art but Commerce, Bartolozzi set up his manufactory of stipple-engravings, and superintended the production of colour-prints as seriously as if he knew no better. That in such hands this happy combination of two little arts produced results almost equal to a great one, it is the object of my book to prove. But nothing is to be gained by exaggerating the powers and possibilities of stipple-engraving; it lacks the grandeur of line-engraving and the poetry of mezzotint. The union with colour made its strength; a union that would merely have destroyed the dignity of its superiors.

The process of stipple-engraving in its eighteenth-century development ought, perhaps, to be described before the process of printing in colour is fully gone into. It is a simple process from start to finish.

An etching ground was laid on a copper-plate

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and the subject transferred to it as in an etching. The outline was laid in by means of small dots made with the dry etching-point, after which all the darker parts were etched likewise in dots, which were larger and laid closer together for the deep shades. The work was then bitten in, the engraver taking care not to let the aquafortis remain too long on the middle tints. When the ground was taken off the plate, all the lighter parts were laid in with the stipple-graver. The stipple-graver was an ordinary engraving-tool differently placed in the handle to give a facility for dot-making. Not only were the lighter parts in a good stipple-engraving laid in with the graver, but the middle tints also, if they had been but faintly bitten in, were deeper and softer when worked up with the graver. When the dark shadows were too faint they were often deepened by laying a re-biting ground, which accounts for a certain harshness of effect in some stipple-prints.

The so-called "chalk manner" is a form of stipple in which the strokes of chalk or crayon on a granulated surface are imitated by a succession of irregular dots so arranged as to give an exactly similar result.

It is not necessary to tell any one who knows anything of line or mezzotint work how infinitely quicker and simpler it is to get a result from the above means than from either of the others. It was this very ease and simplicity that made its great temptation. Bartolozzi was a very quick

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worker in line, but with all his speed he could not have done in line what he did in stipple, and, long before poor Ryland's judicial murder had put an end to the experiments at 159 Strand, his successor had discovered the value that fine colour-printing gave to his hurried work. The colour-printers were exposed to the same temptation as the stipple-engravers, and the art decayed almost as rapidly as it had arisen. Like some rare tropical plant of fabled fame, it grew for nearly 300 years before it flowered. Twenty years it was in bloom, and now, although the vigorous tree remains, its exquisite efflorescence is but a memory. Unfortunately, to print a copper-plate in colours, once the cameo method had been finally discarded, *seemed* so simple that as time went on and the public demand, indiscriminate and clamorous, overtook the supply, the work was put into the hands of men who had not the right eye for colour, nor the right manipulation, delicate and wary, for producing pictures. Over-production induced inferior workmanship; public disappointment was followed by public disgust; lithography came in with its smooth and even result; and stipple-engraving and copper-plate colour-printing, after a few final struggles, died a natural death.

Even a superficial consideration of the art will show how necessary an ingredient was Time in its acquisition, and Time was the one wage the employers of both engraver and printer were unwilling to give.

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A successful copper-plate printer in colour should have been a capable monochrome printer, and even now it is considered that a man must have passed a seven years' apprenticeship to the press before he achieves that distinction. He should have had an eye for colour; the eye of an artist rather than an artisan. He should possess untiring patience and a steady hand. And even then he would obtain varying results. He was working, as I will show forthwith, practically in the dark, relying on instinct, on feeling, rather than on rule. The press would play him strange tricks, the paper would give uncertainty to his most carefully prepared tints. The day's work would offer him all the variety of the changing hours. He must for ever consider the light, as morning gave way to noon, and noon to evening. And when he had given all this consideration and allowed for all possibilities, the lapse of a few hours would find the colours dry on his palette, the linseed oil for mixing them—the printers burned it themselves in the early days—more or less brown, and differing in strength according to individual idiosyncrasy, and, almost as a matter of course, the proving would have to be done afresh every day. And then other little matters would present themselves. The wear of the unsteeled copper-plate, for instance, might baffle him for a time, and render the consequent strengthening of the colours necessary where this wearing and weakening occurred.

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For those to whom the art of printing copper-plate engravings in colour is completely unknown, I give a simple description. It may seem bald to those who are experts, but I have purposely avoided technicalities, and have used the terms that seemed to me to describe most exactly the methods employed, rather than those in general use in the workshops. That I am able to give this description at all is due to the fact that copper-plate printing seems to be as hereditary an art as the art of acting. Two of the firms now engaged in printing in colours from copper-plates have been continuously trading for over 100 years. In both cases tradition and the system of apprenticeship have kept alive the methods of working, and by dint of indefatigably questioning the oldest members of these firms, and their workmen, and making practical experiments to test the oral traditions of great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers, I have arrived at the following, and personally am satisfied as to its correctness.

In addition to the testimony of these two firms, I have the description given by Minasi, who worked with Bartolozzi, and died in 1865 at the age of eighty-nine. Retaining his senses to the last, he was wont to talk freely about the great days of copper-plate printing in colour, to a coterie of interested friends, of whom my grandfather, his neighbour, happened, fortunately, to be one.

A copper-plate, engraved and ready for print-

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ing, was given to the workman, together, as a rule, with a water-colour drawing for a guide to the colours. I have seen many of these water-colour drawings by Harding, by Downman, by Hamilton, by Bartolozzi, and more recently by Adam Buck. It was not at all unusual for the engraver, and not the artist, to make this water-colour drawing. Comparing these drawings with the prints, I should say that the instructions were to get as nearly as possible the general effect, not to consider detail of shade or colour. I incline to this theory because in the prints I have seen with the drawings, the artists have signed proofs as being satisfactory, which, whilst conveying the effect of the drawings, differ very much from them in many particulars. A few sets of these drawings with the prints are in the British Museum. The only "unknown quantity" that may invalidate this argument is, that time may have altered the printed colours, and left unchanged the drawings; a perfectly conceivable possibility dependent on the fugitive nature of certain colours when mixed with burnt oil—blue, for instance.

The printer having the plate, which he carefully cleaned with turpentine, and the colour-scheme, which he closely studied, commenced by selecting the ground-tint. He noted the prevailing tone, generally a brown, or black, or grey of greater or lesser strength, and with this he inked or filled in the work over the entire plate, as if he were preparing for monochrome.

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But instead of wiping the ink lightly *into* the lines or dots, as he would have done in that case, he wiped it *out* of them ; that is to say, having inked the plate, he went over it with the muslin in the endeavour to get it as nearly clean as possible, leaving only the tone or neutral tint on which to build up his picture. Slight as this tone was, little of it as was left on the plate, the preparation and consideration of this stage of the proceedings were more uncertain, and required more knowledge, than almost any of the others. This slight tone dominated the picture, lightened or deepened the plate, changed the relation of all the colours, and affected the ultimate result in every detail.

Having thus secured the ground-tint, the next point was to select the brighter colours in the picture, the blues and reds, the mauves and greens. This was where, to a certain extent, the printer worked in the dark, at least as far as proving the plate was concerned. The plate with its dull tinge of ground was on the printing-table before him ; his palette was prepared ; the colours mixed in accordance with the pattern. But there was a grand uncertainty in the action ; the blue, which had exactly matched the pattern while it was on the palette, might print lighter or darker as the ground-tint modified or rejected it ; the engraving, strong or faint, might hold the red or throw it off. All this could only be seen definitely after the press had done its work.

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The printer had to experiment, had to bring his experiences and patience to bear, whilst in the meantime, with brush, *poupée*, or stump, he inked in the hat or the ribbon, the dress or the drapery, with the colour he had prepared. This inking had to be very neatly, very accurately done, and the outlines kept clear. The difficulty can be understood when the size of some of the figures is considered, as well as the fact that it was not enough to paint the *surface* ; the colour had to be rubbed into the engraving in such a manner as to fill in the line or stipple completely.

When the principal colours had in this way been painted or inked in, the application of the flesh-tints, which were always left to the last, was a formidable task still to tackle. As a general rule, though there were many important exceptions, the ground had to be completely wiped out of the engraved work, and a fresh ground put in, wherever there was a flesh-tint to be dealt with. It had to be wiped off because it would make the result dull, or muddy ; a fresh one had to be put in because, otherwise, the modelling would be lost ; there would then be nothing that would print. Over this new ground, therefore,—a ground of carmine and white, or carmine and burnt sienna, or carmine alone, or blue and white, or a hundred other combinations, the effect of which had to be laboriously sought,—the flesh had to be built up, the features, eyes and brows, shadows and lips, painted into the plate, and all the accessories

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cared for. And when all this had been done, the plate was still not ready for printing. All the colours were there in their right places, but they had to be adjusted, blended, and again toned. Shadows were put in the second time with the ground-colour or some other. High lights were wiped close, so as to give the paper a chance, or added in whites or yellows. Eyes were accentuated, hair relieved, and the whole fused or blended with the muslin. It was in this fusing or blending that the born colour-printer revealed himself. It needed care, precision, and knowledge. And all these were valueless without just that little gift, as rare as it is valuable, which is as impossible to describe as it is to impart. This is the "personal element" which accounts for so much that is puzzling in the various states and impressions of old colour-prints.

There were two or three tricks or artifices, besides the foregoing, essential to ensure a completely successful result.

The plate was kept slightly warmed in printing. It was then that a certain amount of *retroussage* and, to use the expressive word of the workshop, "tickling up" was resorted to in order to bring forward shadows or deepen distances. *Retroussage*, or dragging, as far at least as the word is concerned, is a modern invention, but there is a large amount of evidence as to the employment of an analogous process on the eighteenth-century colour-prints. It was at this

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stage also that dry colour was dusted on, to heighten a complexion or accentuate the fold of a drapery. This dusting over the slightly moist colour was first done by Johannes Teyler in the seventeenth century. In many instances the necessity for this was due to the engraver, who had not specially prepared his plate for colour-printing, and had made no allowance for the brilliancy that was to take the place of depth. *Apropos* of brilliancy, there was another point the ubiquitous printer was bound never to lose sight of, and that was the warming of his plate. The inking-table was iron, and had a lamp underneath it, so that the colours kept moist during the working. The printer worked with two tables in front of him, one with this lamp or candle underneath, and the other cold; in modern workshops the cold table is of wood. He painted on the cold table, moving the plate now and again to the other, as it were for refreshing. This method ensured the most brilliant results, but the printer who employed it required with his other talents something of the instinct that distinguishes the *chef de cuisine*, for if the plate were over-done or under-done, over-warmed so that the colours became smudged, or under-warmed so that they failed to give their full value of tone in the printing, the dish was spoilt and the palate disappointed.

The whole of the foregoing work had to be done afresh for every impression that was produced !

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Briefly summarised, the above is the art, which, long sought for, and nearly discovered in the first half of the eighteenth century, finally arrived at a beautiful maturity under the exceptional circumstances that distinguished its final years.

That, notwithstanding the knowledge of "how it was done," no modern work equals the old is due to some of the factors mentioned in the Preface. Time, which has subdued and softened the colours, and the tint and texture of the beautiful old hand-made paper, are pre-eminent amongst these. Others are the use of photogravure instead of stipple-engraved plates, and the loss of certain combinations of printing-colours.

Among the questions which amateurs of colour-prints are constantly asking the dealers and each other is one as to the existence of *proofs* in colour. I can only put forward a personal theory which grows constantly more defined. This is, that the very earliest proofs of the finest stipple-engravings were hardly ever in colour, and that, when so-called proofs in colour were issued, that is impressions before lettering, such issue was due to some accidental circumstance, some weakening in the plate or feebleness in the engraving which was concealed by the help of colour. Constant study of old stipple-prints, with the continual practice of comparing impressions, has led me to this conclusion. It only refers absolutely, however, to the finest

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and most elaborate stipple-work, executed and signed by its legitimate creator. The light and fanciful neoclassic designs emanating from the School or Factory that supplied this class of print come under a different category. These were in many instances engraved for colour, and for colour only, and the later monochrome impressions are generally feeble and valueless ; their colour was their only *raison d'être*.

A purchaser of colour-prints or a collector of stipple-engravings, who is tempted by the word "proof," would be well advised to study carefully any given print in its various issues and sets, in colour and in monochrome, when I have little doubt he will arrive at the same conclusion as I have.

As long as the use of steel facing was unknown, a very limited number of impressions taken off a copper plate was sufficient to cause it to show signs of wear, not perhaps to the same extent as a mezzotinted plate, but still quite sufficient to prove the matter in dispute. A proof, or early impression, is distinguishable not only for its brilliancy but for its sharpness of outline, not only for its strength but for its softness. With the thousands of stipple-engravings that have passed through my hands—I am not exaggerating—I have not seen a dozen engravings of any importance, in colour, which I could not match by a stronger impression in monochrome. Nineteen out of twenty proofs in colour that have been shown to me have been impres-

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sions taken off, perhaps before lettering, but certainly after a considerable number of earlier proofs have first been pulled. This is an important matter which every amateur must decide for himself, but it is further my opinion that the plate was *improved* for colour-purposes by the practice of first taking off a certain number of proofs in monochrome ; by this means the sharpness and hardness are toned down, but the delicacy and softness remain, and colour more than compensates for the little that is missing. A real first proof in colour from a strongly engraved copper-plate would be coarse and heavy, like the well-known "Duchess of York" by Knight ; it would need a large admixture of white in the ground to bring it down to beauty point. Those old colour-printers knew their work too well to resort to this admixture when, by taking a dozen or so proofs in monochrome, the plate would, as it were, by a natural sequence, attain the delicate quality from which they could obtain their best effects. The exceptions to the rule were, as I have primarily said, engravings specially made for colour, in which the second biting had never been resorted to, and the graver had been used not only for the lighter parts but also for the shadows.

A reference to a number of catalogues of sales, by auction, of copper-plates and impressions between 1793, the year when Dickinson's stock and plant were sold, and 1815, when the Molteno sale took place, again confirms me in

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my views. In these catalogues, with a single exception, the engravings are placed under three headings: "proofs," "impressions in colour," "prints"; there is no mention at all of proofs in colour. In the one exceptional catalogue the engravings are classed under four such headings, the first being "proofs in colour." There were 147 lots at this sale (the goods of Mrs. Diemar, at Christie's, 1799), and the fourth heading, "proofs in colour," has only three entries! The same thing occurs when the copper-plates are sold. "Proofs," "impressions in colour," and "prints" follow each other regularly; but "proofs in colour" is an item that does not exist.

Whilst on the subject of these catalogues, it is interesting to note that at the beginning of the last century many engravings were sold at public auction under the description "printed in colours, *ready for finishing*." When the great Boydell collection was dispersed the prints in colours sold separately as "finished" or "unfinished." But this was in 1819, when already the workman had lost pride in his work, and was content that his crudely-painted, quickly-printed plate should receive its final touches at other hands. The earlier colour-printers were more ambitious; and to secure their work, and theirs only, should be the aim of the collector.

CHAPTER VIII

Bartolozzi—His character as a man and its effect upon his reputation as an artist—Some representative prints described and a short list given of other desirable specimens of his Colour-Printed stipple-work.

IN the final chapter I intend to catalogue briefly the most prominent of those of the stipple-engravers who were in the habit of employing the colour-printers. In this and the following chapters will be found a short account of those men who may fairly be considered, at least, as amongst the most successful of the workers under the allied flags, and who sufficiently exemplify, if they do not absolutely define, the scope of the alliance.

I have not attempted to give a complete list of the works of any one artist; for the value and interest of such a list would in no way be commensurate with the expenditure of time and labour it would involve. It is not within the scope of my limited ambition to become the Challoner Smith of stipple-engravings.

The public demand for coloured engravings during the twenty years from 1780 to 1800 so far outstripped the powers of the men best able

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to cope with it, that there was not one amongst them but was guilty, at one time or another, of falling below, in some cases infinitely below, the high-water mark of his talents. I have contented myself, therefore, with merely indicating, for the benefit of my brother and sister collectors, the directions in which they should look for an increase of their treasures. When they have secured a collection of those incidentally mentioned in the foregoing and following pages; and have added a complete set of "The Cries of London," a complete set of "The Months," after Hamilton, and a few carefully selected specimens after Buck's unequal work, produced early in the nineteenth century, which they will have come across in the course of their search for those prints already mentioned, they will probably know quite as much as, or more than, I do of the subject they are pursuing, and they will be able to cover the rest of the ground without assistance.

They will then, probably, send the greater part of the contents of their portfolios to the salerooms, and yearn to diversify their walls with mezzotints, after Reynolds, Romney, and George Morland, printed in monochrome!

I take the engravers in alphabetical order, as being simpler for reference than had I arranged them chronologically.

BARTOLOZZI (Francesco), 1727-1815, to whom the place of honour justly pertains, although he was the pupil, and not the pioneer of Ryland, was born in Florence. He was the son of a

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goldsmith, and was a student at the Florentine Academy under Ignatio Hugford, an historical painter of little repute. Cipriani was his fellow-pupil and here their lifelong friendship commenced.

Bartolozzi learned engraving in Venice under Joseph Wagner, with whom he remained six years. At the end of his apprenticeship he married a lady of good family and removed with her to Rome. Apparently not history, romance, nor contemporary gossip, not Tuer in his biography, nor Nicholls in his *Literary Anecdotes*, not Bryan, Redgrave, nor Rose, could find anything good about this lady except her family. Anyway, they all maintain a discreet silence as to the married life of the subject of this slight memoir. It may be that the list of Madame Bartolozzi's advantages actually ended with the social position of her family ; it may be that the biographers endeavoured to veil the neglect of her husband by omitting to relate how far she was wronged. But Bartolozzi, when he came to London on the invitation of Dalton in 1764, left his wife discreetly behind. Bartolozzi, no less than Romney and Ryland, seems to have looked upon the partnership involved in marital ties as one to be dissolved at pleasure. He never rejoined his wife, never, so far as we know, suggested her joining him in London. Gaetano, the only son of the marriage, when he had arrived at the age that should have brought discretion, followed his father to London ; and he

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succeeded in obtaining, if not the parental love, at least the substantial advantages of his father's name, to which he added no lustre, and the privileges of his father's purse, which he seriously depleted.

An analysis of Bartolozzi's character, with the materials at command, is difficult, if not impossible; an analysis of his work with discretion and fairness is hardly easier. He has become obscured by reason of a variety of circumstances which, united, spell contradictoriness; a long and awkward combination of syllables for a commentator. Sir Joshua Reynolds paints him young, handsome, and attractive. Lord Ridesdale, in almost the same year, tells an anecdote of him that shows him middle-aged, drunken, and objectionable in his personal habits. Among the specimens of his stipple-work hereinafter described, and which have been selected for description with the idea of being honestly representative, are the charming study of "Lady Elizabeth Foster," and the feeble little "Venus Sleeping." We know that he engraved "Clytie," but his magic name is also at the bottom of that truly lamentable print of Prince William Henry, after West. We note the desire for gain leading him to the commission of the unpardonable artistic crime of signing work which it is impossible he could have executed, combined with a lavishness of expenditure that lands him eventually, if not in beggary, at least in the position of a poor suppliant for a poorer pension.

In order, therefore, for the character and

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position of Bartolozzi to stand out clear and sharp against the confusing shadow-curtain of time, it is necessary to focus him steadily in the light, the only one obtainable, of a personal standpoint. And, having collated and marshalled conflicting evidence with every possible care, to me, at least, the portrait by Reynolds appears an idealisation, as are so many of the portraits of the great English painter, while the anecdotes of Lord Ridesdale and Angelo are definitely illustrative of an individuality with little to charm and much to repel. The man who could allow Sir Robert Strange's famous attack upon him to pass uncontradicted must have been singularly phlegmatic, the man who thought so little of his reputation that he had no more scruples in lending his name than other men had in lending a crown, was surely rather obtuse than generous, rather dull than deserving.

Bartolozzi seems to have had none of the Italian fervour, none of the Italian passion. He was more dexterous than imaginative, more fortunate than discriminating. The times were with him. There was a demand, and he supplied it without endeavouring to raise the standard of taste. The patrons of Art were of the type of Mrs. Delany, who found Gainsborough "an impostor," and would "have been sorry to have any one she loved set forth in such a manner." The Society of Arts that elected him a Member, and the Royal Academy that confirmed the selection, were the same institutions that snubbed Romney,

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offended Joseph Wright, and suggested to Wilson to change his style in landscape to that of Zuccarelli !

That Bartolozzi was generous seems to have been proved by his many benefit tickets executed without payment, but that he understood their value better than the public is a point of which we need not lose sight. That he was kind-hearted may be accepted on the evidence of the plate he finished for Ryland, although when we remember what he owed to that unfortunate man it does not seem a great repayment. But that, even if good-natured and kind-hearted, he was something less than honourable, and something more than unscrupulous, we may gather with equal certainty from stronger evidence. That he deserted his wife, that he took pupils at high figures and used them to "forward" his plates, a generic term often implying "execute," as well as to perform menial household duties, is indubitable. We have not only the flight of Benedetti, who eloquently dilates on the reasons that led him to this step, to confirm it, but also the criticisms of his more celebrated pupil Minasi. That he drank to excess has been considered as a natural tribute paid to the habits of the country that harboured him. But, in very truth, it was a sign of the same weakness of character that permitted the vagaries of his son Gaetano to pass unchecked, until idleness had come to a climax in debauchery, and debauchery had inevitably led to disease.

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Accepting then, as I cannot avoid, the character of Bartolozzi as that of a man, who, without ambition, without desire for distinction, disregarding domestic ties, and ignoring alike the duties of a father and the privileges of a citizen, lived a life of animal ease, content to provide each day for each day's need, a man so featureless, so characterless, so insignificant, that he neither excited enmity, beyond the mild contempt of his apprentices, nor friendship, other than that of his countryman and fellow-exile Cipriani ; all that remains to be done is to consider the definite importance of his work in the history of Art-movements.

The scope and volume of Bartolozzi's work must be first taken into consideration. And this because, although it is quite impossible that he could have done all, or nearly all, that was attributed to him, there is a certain definite quality about those plates that legitimately bear his signature which, being peculiar to this engraver, and a copyright with which he could not part, entitles him to special recognition. As an historical engraver the faults in his character become apparent. That he could not or did not translate honestly, the celebrated set of Holbein heads are witnesses, notwithstanding Mr. Tuer's amiable endeavour to fasten the blame for the alterations on to the publisher. An engraver of character, of high integrity, would not have offered such a fraud to the public. As well might we picture a Sharp or a Strange adding a head-dress

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to a Rubens, a jewelled pendant to a Murillo; or a Valentine Green changing one of Sir Joshua's elegant society ladies into a Contadina or a Vivandière. Honest engravers realise that their mission is to translate and not to alter. This dishonesty of Bartolozzi's was one of his weaknesses that made special appeal to the indifferent draughtsmen and designers of the day. It was a sin-stone cast into artistic waters making muddy, ever-widening circles. It became recognised that the engraver should alter or improve the designs submitted to him. The habit of the Bartolozzi atelier became a tradition that his pupils carried on consistently. The practice was directly responsible for an enormous quantity of very bad workmanship, and for an encouragement of amateurism and Henry Bunbury contributing directly towards the disrepute into which stipple-engraving ultimately fell.

But although Bartolozzi had these faults of character, faults that justly earned him half a century of contempt and neglect, and puts him, as an historical engraver, outside the region of serious criticism, he has left ample proof that character, and not capacity, was to blame, and that although his influence and teaching were bad, these might very easily have been not only good, but invaluable. As a delineator of female beauty, as a decorative artist, pure and simple, he was unrivalled in his *métier*. He taught speed, carelessness, indifference, but he knew beauty and grace and sweetness. Proofs of this

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knowledge are to be found in his line-engravings, even in his etchings, certainly in every piece of stipple-work for which a generous licence of imagination can accept the name with which it is signed. The quality that was pre-eminently his own, the copyright with which he could not part, was a certain sweetness or delicacy, a refinement and softness, which, although it might easily become, as indeed it did become, monotonous, has placed his work beyond that of his competitors, and proved him an engraver of personality. That, in addition to this sweetness, and as a preservative of it, he was capable of strength, his best work abundantly showed. His earlier translations of the great Italian Masters prove his capacity before he degenerated into a manufacturer of stipple-engravings, and lost the artist in the tradesman. It was after he had done his best work that he became the master of a school, and it is unfortunately in that capacity one finds him peculiarly inefficient; comparing so unfavourably with Josiah Wedgwood, with Sheraton and Heppelwhite, and other master craftsmen.

It would not be difficult to find a hundred stippled engravings by Bartolozzi, printed in colours, all fine and rare and completely justifiable. But they would not be fairly representative of his work in this field, and representativeness, if nothing else, is what I have sought for in the prints I catalogue; and which I suggest as the nucleus of a collection.

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The following may not, perhaps, be representative of Bartolozzi at his absolutely best, though "Lady Betty Foster" has certain claims to that distinction, nor at his absolutely worst, although his "Venus Sleeping" is within sight of that possibility, but they are fair examples of the work with which he and his pupils were associated in the public mind in the great days of stipple-engraving. It would be more difficult to find an equal difference in the work produced under a common name by any artist in wood or plaster, bronze or clay.

Thus, what Bartolozzi could do in stipple-work is shown by "Lady Betty Foster," "Lady Smith," by the "Countess of Harrington," the "Duchess of Devonshire," "Lieutenant Riddell." What Bartolozzi should never have done is exemplified by the "Venus Sleeping" and "Diana and Nymphs Bathing"; what neither Bartolozzi nor any other engraver need have troubled to do is seen in "A Sacrifice to Cupid" and "The Triumph of Beauty and Love"; what no one but Bartolozzi could have done as well asserts its charm in "Contentment" and "Friendship." Reference to these will give material to the student on which to form his own opinion of this engraver.

The Colour-Printer played an important part in the popularity of all these engravings. It is not too much to say that the fancy subjects, the more peculiarly decorative prints, almost owed their existence to him. He made the worst and

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feeblest stipple-work possible, and the best completely beautiful. He masked poverty of invention, and inadequateness of execution. He added a hundred attractions to a process which, in the hands of a dullard, had little more artistry than a modern photograph.

And because Bartolozzi and his school supplied and patronised the atelier of the colour-printer, because Bartolozzi was the master who read the marriage service over the alliance, even if he were not the man who first encouraged the engagement, a debt of gratitude is due to him, which, with the compound interest accumulating in a hundred years, may be liberally reckoned as sufficiently large to cover the defects in his character. No honest critic, with a fine example of stipple-engraving printed in colours in his hand, and the same stipple-engraving printed in monochrome, could fail to admit the importance and value of the alliance ; just as the very same test applied to a mezzotint, will assure him of the contrary.

It is the history of the courtship and marriage of stipple-engraving with colour-printing, that I have endeavoured to tell in the foregoing pages. The recognition and identification of the legitimate offspring will plead more eloquently than the historian for a post-nuptial benediction.

It can be easily understood that, out of the two thousand and odd plates engraved or signed by Bartolozzi, a very long list of desirable engravings could be collated. A reference to Mr. Tuer's

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catalogue can always be made, however, by any collector who wishes to be complete rather than exclusive. The few I append are merely an arbitrary selection, but are all beautiful prints, when in good condition and early state.

"Cupid making his Bow," after Correggio ; "Countess Spencer" ; "Hope Nursing Love" ; "Miss Bingham" ; "Portrait of the Honourable Leicester Stanhope" ; "Simplicity" (Miss Theophila Gwatkin) ; "Venus chiding Cupid" ; "Lord Burghersh," after Sir Joshua Reynolds ; "Countess Spencer," after Gainsborough ; "Miss Farren," signed by Bartolozzi but engraved by Knight ; "Princess Amelia" and "Lady G. Bathurst," after Lawrence ; "Lady Ashburton," after Downman ; "Letitia," after Morland ; "The Birth of Shakespeare" ; "The Tomb of Shakespeare" ; "The Shepherdess of the Alps" ; "Griselda" ; "Damon and Delia" ; "Damon and Musidora" ; "Hebe" ; "Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi" ; "Zeuxis composing the Picture of Juno" ; "Psammetichus in love with Rhodope" ; "Eurydice" and "Cordelia," after Angelica Kauffmann ; "Viscountess Bulkeley" ; "Mrs. Abington," after Cosway ; several miniatures after Sam Shelley, notably "The Family of the Duke of Marlboro'" ; "The Libertine Reclaimed," and "The Prelude to Matrimony," after Harding ; "Mrs. Crouch," after Romney ; "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," after Wheatley.

There are also a very large number after

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Hamilton (Bartolozzi was peculiarly successful with the small children subjects after this painter), and an even larger number after Cipriani, of mythological tendency, of which the following are not the least attractive : "Lais" ; "Hector and Andromache" ; "The Parting of Achilles and Briseis" ; "Chryses restored to her Father" ; "Nymph of Immortality crowning the bust of Shakespeare" ; "Fortune." He also executed "A St. James's Beauty," and "A St. Giles's Beauty," after Benwell ; and some charming prints after Singleton.

"Lady Jane Dundas," after Hoppner, is good. "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," and "Isabella, Duchess of Rutland," after Nixon, are two miniatures that no collector could afford to be without.

With certain painters Bartolozzi was particularly happy, but he never could translate or comprehend Peters, and Morland's idiosyncrasies hardly suited him better. Some of his most charming colour-prints are from his own designs ; and he also seems to have excelled in making water-colour "extracts" from the works of contemporary painters for the guidance of engravers and colour-printers.

CHAPTER IX

The Stipple-Engravers and their works—Burke, Cheesman, Collyer, Condé, Dickinson, Gaugain, Hogg

THOMAS BURKE

BURKE (Thomas), 1749-1815, was, in the opinion of many experts, a stipple-engraver second only in value and excellence to Bartolozzi. As a matter of fact, Angelica Kauffmann has left it on record that she preferred his translation of her pictures to that of the popular Florentine. Burke was an Irishman, and possessed the national versatility. He had two distinct styles in stipple, and he also engraved in mezzotint, which he had studied under Dixon. It was apparently through his studies in mezzotint that he learned to use the stipple-point in such a manner as to produce almost the velvety effect of the finer art. His dots are very close together, and his prints have an exceptional richness and depth that make them almost independent of the colour-printer. In red, in bistre, in black, they have alike depth and tone. "Lady Rushout" and "Rinaldo and Armida" are the two of his works that contem-

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porary experts considered to be his masterpieces in this branch of the art. Like the majority of so-called pairs, they were issued separately, and their connection was merely arbitrary. Dickinson published the first, and Thomas Macklin the second, but finally Dickinson acquired both plates, and they were sold together in 1794 (when he gave up business and disposed of his stock by auction), "Lady Rushout" realising £9 : 15s., and "Rinaldo and Armida" £15 : 15s., which were very high prices for worn plates in those days. It was after this sale that the former plate was altered and the title "Contentment and Innocence" substituted for "Lady Rushout and Daughter." These two beautiful prints are, perhaps because the best known, still the most highly esteemed of Burke's stipple-engravings. But they are equalled, if not excelled, by two others entitled "Cupid and Cephisa."

"Cupid and Ganymede" and "Jupiter and Calisto" are a pair exceedingly rare in colours, but almost as beautiful in bistre, particularly in the proof state.

No collection of stipple-engravings is complete without specimens from the work of Thomas Burke, and it is impossible to have too many of them. The four miniatures of "Lady Rushout" and her three daughters, after Plimer; "Una," and its companion "Abra"; "Cupid disarmed by Euphrosine"; "Cupid binding Aglaia"; "Alexander resigning his mistress Campaspe to Apelles"; "Cleopatra throwing herself at the

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feet of Augustus"; "Henry and Emma" (an illustration from Prior's well-known poem, and a favourite subject with the engravers of the day); "Conjugal Love"; and "Angelica and Sacriponte," are all from Angelica Kauffmann's designs.

"The Duchess of Richmond," after Downman; a charming "Cupid" after Bartolozzi, and another after Reinagle; a portrait of "Mrs. Billington," after De Koster; one of "Mrs. Siddons," after Bateman; and "George, Prince of Wales," after Cosway, are other interesting engravings by Burke. I have also seen a charming, and certainly rare, proof in colour of "Louisa, reigning Landgravine of Hesse-Darmstadt," after Schroeder, which is thoroughly worthy of a collector's attention.

The print described as "Lady Rushout and Daughter" depicts Rebecca, Lady Rushout, whose husband was created Lord Northwick in 1797. She was the daughter of Humphrey Bowles of Wanstead, brother of the "George" to whom so many of the Kauffmann prints, including the one under consideration, are dedicated. The "daughter" is Anne Rushout, who died unmarried in 1849. Lady Rushout's eldest son and heir carried on worthily the traditions of his family, and became a notable art-patron and collector. He was the second Lord Northwick, and, when still in early manhood, he attracted the liking of that fine old connoisseur, Sir William Hamilton of "Emma" fame, from whom

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he seems to have acquired both taste and desire. He lived until 1859, and in that year the sale of his collection at Christie's was *the* art event of the year.

Lady Rushout was one of the beauties of her day. Cosway painted her with long ringlets, in a white dress and cap, a neckerchief at the throat with a frill above it, the dress being cut in a V. Plimer, Cosway's great rival, also painted her at the same time that he executed the celebrated pictures of her three daughters. She is more matronly in this miniature, but hardly less beautiful, wearing a black dress and powdered hair.

The first state of the print is before all letters ; but I have never seen it in colours. The next state has Angelica's name without the "n," and this is colour-printed. There were several other states, as the plates were popular, and went on printing, with various alterations and re-touchings, right into the nineteenth century.

Collectors who have a passion for identifying the subjects of their prints will be interested to know that the Burke engraving entitled "Rinaldo and Armida" has often been alluded to as "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson." But, although Armida is decidedly reminiscent of one of the most celebrated Romneys, there is no resemblance to be found between Rinaldo and the hero of Trafalgar.

The story of Rinaldo, the Christian knight, and the sorceress Armida, the niece of Idraotes,

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Prince of Damascus, and famed as the most beautiful woman of the East, is, of course, the well-known story from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The moment chosen for illustration is when Carlo and Ubaldo, the two knights whom Godfrey has despatched in search of Rinaldo, find him in the arms of his enchantress.

Unmoved and calm proceed the noble knights,
Steeled 'gainst the spell of this surpassing Fair.
But where an opening the thick branches leave
They turn their eyes and see . . .

Her parted veil betrays her breast to view,
Her fair hair wantons in the summer air,
A sweet smile glistens in her soft'ning eye.
With witching grace she o'er him bends,
He 'gainst her knee the while, pillows his head
And lifts to hers his face . . .

This story was the theme of Handel's opera *Rinaldo*, produced at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket in 1711. It had a phenomenal run, initiated its composer's fame in England, and excited a passion of enthusiasm in the town. *Rinaldo and Armida* is also the title of the play founded on Tasso's story by John Dennis, performed in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1699. But there is no doubt, and I think the quoted verses prove it, that it was direct to the poet that Angelica Kauffmann turned for her subject-matter. This engraving is apparently the natural pair to "Lady Rushout and Daughter," although the Dickinson print of the "Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon" is sometimes sold as a pendant.

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The earliest proofs were in bistre, but the plate was colour-printed without any alteration having taken place in title or inscription.

THOMAS CHEESMAN

CHEESMAN (Thomas), 1760 to about 1834. He was one of Bartolozzi's apprentices, and very successful in engraving for colour. Cheesman seems to have been of a restless disposition, for in the course of a very few years his address is noted as 40 Oxford Street, 72 Newman Street, and 28 Francis Street. He published from each of these addresses, and issued the works of various engravers. He also seems to have practised as a painter, for his name occurs as an exhibitor with the Society of British Artists as late as 1834. He executed several portraits for the *Thespian Magazine*.

Among his best works, perhaps, may be reckoned "Adelaide," "Content," "Maternal Affection," and "Love and Beauty," from his own designs; Lady Hamilton as "The Spinster," Miss Vernon as "The Sempstress," both after Romney; and "Lord Grantham and his Brothers," after Reynolds.

"The Spinster," "The Sempstress," and "The Reverie" have proved popular modern reproductions. "Mrs. Mountain," "Mrs. Humphreys," "Miss Waddy," and "Miss Bloomfield," after Buck, are constantly to be met with. A portrait of "Hugh Henry John Seymour," a miniature

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after Cosway, is a charming print. "Hannah, Marchioness of Townshend," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a very attractive portrait.

Other prints by Cheesman frequently to be seen are several of the Holbein Heads, "Perdita" and "Beatrice" after Westall, "Venus and Cupid" after Titian, "The Lady's Last Stake" after Hogarth, "Prince Octavius," Miss O'Neill as "Isabella," "Mrs. Sharp," "Mrs. Gibbs," "Spring" and "Summer," "Plenty," "Erminia," and "Nymphs Bathing."

"Maternal Affection" is from his own design, and was published by himself at his Newman Street establishment. The dress of the mother is red in the early impressions, but I have seen it in green and in blue. The same date is on them all, but the finest are undoubtedly the red ones. The earliest proof-state known is in colours. "Maternal Affection" was a popular title, and many contemporary prints were published under this description. While on the subject of titles, it is worth noting that a very large proportion of these were borrowed from the poems or extracts in the *Cabinet of Genius*, and that the poets who figured most largely in the pages of that compendium contributed in the same proportion to the inscriptions to the prints.

JOSEPH COLLYER

COLLYER (Joseph), 1748-1827. He suffered under the disadvantage of being a pupil of

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Anthony Walker, a printseller's hack with a heavy hand, who assisted Woollett in the figures of his "Niobe." Anthony Walker was a voluminous engraver who enjoyed a contemporary renown that posterity is far from endorsing. Fortunately, Collyer soon emancipated himself from pupilage, but, with much that was wholly admirable, he unhappily retained throughout his work in life a tendency to the same want of delicacy that distinguished his master. Even in his "Mrs. Fitzherbert," which is popularly supposed to be his best plate, he shows some traces of this defect. In "Miss Farren," however, he becomes more worthy both of himself and of the charming artist whom he translates. Briefly summarising, I should say that strength and vigour were the predominating virtues of the Collyer stipple-prints, and a tendency to coarseness their most prominent fault. But, as there are several exceptions to the latter, and none to the former, I feel justified in giving Joseph Collyer a very high place amongst the engravers in the stipple manner.

Interesting plates of Collyer's are the following. Portraits of "The Prince of Wales" and "The Princess of Wales with the infant Princess Charlotte," after Russell; "Felina" (Offie Palmer), and another fancy picture of the same lady, and a "Venus and Cupid," after Sir Joshua Reynolds; "George, Duke of Montague," after Beechey; "Sir Charles Grey," after Sir Thomas Lawrence; and "Children in the Wood," after

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Stothard. Collyer also executed a fine portrait of "Dr. Willis" after Russell, and another of "William Whitehead" (the Poet Laureate from 1758 to 1785). A remarkably fine pair of prints by Collyer are "Sir Joseph and Lady Banks," also after Russell. A large plate that he engraved in line, for the Boydells, of the "Volunteers of Ireland," after Wheatley, is peculiarly interesting at the moment, though line hardly suited Collyer's special talents; when working in it he lost his boldness and became feeble, almost inept.

No collector of eighteenth-century engravings will be content without a Mrs. Fitzherbert. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" beat upon the head, unprotected by a crown, of George IV.'s ill-used wife, or pampered mistress. For, that she had the unique distinction of occupying, simultaneously, both positions, there is little doubt to-day. The story of Mrs. Fitzherbert is unique, not to be matched, even in the annals of the Stuarts and the early Hanoverians. She is an interesting character-study, most happily portrayed in Mr. Wilkin's recent book, and in his pages she stands out amidst the storm of calumny, caricature, and invective in a strong and peculiar light.

When the Prince first met her she had already had two husbands, Edward Welch of Lulworth Castle, and Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, Stafford. She should have possessed sufficient experience to guard her from the dangers which

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the fascinations of the Prince's person or position possessed for a *débutante* in the opera *dont le libretto n'est presque rien*. Even in these early days the Prince was recklessly prodigal in his love. But his promises, that afterwards became proverbial, were still accepted as currency. Mrs. Robinson had become bankrupt in fame and fortune through accepting them as such. Her doubly widowed successor was prepared, apparently, to take nothing less than cash. Cash in this instance meant a marriage certificate. Unmoved by all the legitimate armoury of the seducer, passionate protestations, hysterical despair, and attempted suicide, she stood out for her price. The Prince, fully aware that even his cash was counterfeit coin, that he could not legally tie himself to a Catholic and a commoner, paid under protest. It was a sordid transaction on both sides, lacking the romance of the Robinson escapade, and the humour of the Hilligsberg incident. For the original union one can find little sympathy; ambition on the one side and unscrupulousness on the other robbed it of glamour and poetry. But, as in so many untold stories and unwritten poems, the drama of this marriage came after its consummation. Mrs. Fitzherbert was a woman of good parts, of lively intelligence, of fascinating manner. The circumstances of her life, her early marriage, her husband's sudden death, her second widowhood, had taught her the bitterness of the world. She was hard on the outside, but she was soft at the core;

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there was an instinct of womanliness, of motherliness, for which she had had no outlet. She accepted the establishment the Prince offered her. What she did not accept, what she had not bargained for, what altered the whole complexion of her life, and became at once her greatest happiness and supremest misery, was that she began genuinely to love the weak and dissipated boy whom the harsh and unwise training of his ignorant and narrow-minded parents had left so unfitted for the temptations of his high position, and so unarmed against the flatteries of his injudicious friends. She learned to love him with a real mother-love ; the love that induced her in the end to relinquish in his interest all the rights she had once been so eager to obtain. She almost forgave Fox, she made no appeal to the public, and none to the justice of George III., when her royal husband's second ill-fated union was arranged. By that time love had overgrown her ambition and made green and sweet the worn places in her character ; she wanted nothing but any place in his life that he would give her freely, and in which it would not be to his hurt to let her rest. His feelings for her had altered too ; something of his passion was satiated perhaps, but in its place had come respect, appreciation, a desire for her companionship that was independent of her sex, and that lasted until, with his intellect weakened by dissipation and disease, the insidious Marchioness of Hertford, aided by the infamous Countess of

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Jersey, took the dregs of his existence into her hands. There is little doubt that the influence Mrs. Fitzherbert exercised over the Heir-Apparent was the best his misspent days ever knew, and that the esteem in which she was held at Court was justified always by her conduct. She has been unfortunate alike in her apologists and her detractors. To present her character and her story in such a manner as to do her full justice needed a chronicler, if not more honest, at least more sympathetic and imaginative, and less scientific in his methods, than Mr. Langdale. And in Mr. Wilkin she has at length achieved him.

The other famous Collyer print is of Elizabeth Farren (Countess of Derby). Elizabeth Farren was one of the first to find the road, now so well worn, from the stage to the peerage. She was the daughter of an unqualified, unsuccessful, presumably incompetent, Cork surgeon, who had a fancy for low company and a taste for the theatre. I do not think it is unfair to his memory to describe him as dissolute, idle, and drunken. He was very glad when his children were able to relieve him from the burden not only of their support, but even of his own. "Eliza" Farren (the "Elizabeth" came later) played juvenile parts in barns and country play-houses when she was eleven years old. She continued to wander about the country with a strolling company until she was nearly fifteen. She had pseudo-ladylike manners, and a certain air of refinement which eventually led

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to her successful *début* in London. Mrs. Abington was declining in years, and the fickle public was glad to turn to a fresh favourite. Fox, however, who was something of an epicure in these matters, tells us that she played "Nancy Lovel" in Coleman's tragedy of *The Suicide* in tights; and, to Bowdlerise somewhat his phrases, "she betrayed in this costume her great inferiority to her rival." Indeed, neither in the Downman drawing, of which the engraving is a replica, nor in the better-known full-length after Sir Thomas Lawrence, signed by Bartolozzi, but engraved by Charles Knight, does she give the impression of physical attractiveness. Tall, thin, drooping, affected, she might be the Lydia Languish of the stage. The plate of this latter famous print, by the way, of which I give some details in another place, was sold at Jeffrey's sale in 1803. The proofs and prints were sold at three shillings each, and the coloured impressions at nine shillings. At a sale at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson's, in the year 1902, the record price of one hundred and eight guineas was given for a so-called proof in monochrome, signed by Bartolozzi!

The stage was only a halting-place for Elizabeth Farren. She left it in 1797, making her last appearance as "Lady Teazle"; and she married Lord Derby on the 1st of May in the same year, his wife having been dead nearly five weeks. The public apparently was neither surprised nor shocked. The morality of actresses

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was not such a burning question in the eighteenth century as it has become in the twentieth.

This marriage called forth several "memoirs" of the new Countess, one of them a very sneering account of Miss Farren's career by Petronius Arbiter, Esq., which went through at least seven editions, provoking a curious reply entitled "The Memoirs of the present Countess of Derby, rescued by truth from the assassinating pen of Petronius Arbiter, and proving the stage, from the patronage of the most exalted personages, to have been always considered as a school for morality. By Scriptor Veritatis, London, 1797." But the *Monthly Mirror* was Miss Farren's champion, denouncing her detractors, and assuring the public that "the conduct of Miss Farren in private life is perfectly irreproachable; her dutiful and affectionate attachment to her mother is well known, and pronounced the best eulogium on the qualities of her heart." Referring to her marriage, it was quaintly added, "It is meet that virtue and talent should be thus rewarded, and the stage, by her promotion to the Peerage, will gain in ultimate respectability what it may lose in immediate consequence."

Mrs. Inchbald tells the anecdote, so often repeated with variations, of an accident that happened at the theatre some weeks before Miss Farren's final retirement from it. A fire broke out at the Haymarket half an hour before the curtain drew up. One of the supers, a well-known woman of the town, ran in haste from

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her own dressing-room, which was full of smoke, to that of Mrs. Wells. Mrs. Wells, whose establishment with Major Topham was an open secret, was shocked and horrified at the intrusion. She withdrew in haste to Miss Farren's apartment, crying, "What would Major Topham say if I was to remain in such company?" Miss Farren flew out with equal precipitancy, exclaiming, "What would Lord Derby say if I was to be found in yours?"

Gillray and Rowlandson, and all the caricaturists of the day, made merry at the expense of the new Countess. The best-known print, perhaps, is the one entitled "A Connoisseur at Christie's"; she, very attenuated and affected, is gazing through her lorgnette at the walls; the Earl, very short, and stout, and plebeian-looking, is proudly piloting her. She seems to have led a perfectly respectable life after her marriage, and she had ultimately the gratification of being received at Court. Cosway, as well as Sir Joshua, painted her for her doting husband. In the Cosway miniature she is represented in a white dress, with meagre charms very liberally displayed, her hair very curly, and her attitude very affected, her first finger on her chin.

The drawing from which Joseph Collyer produced this fine print was one of a set of four painted for the scenery of the Richmond House Theatre. Richmond House was the rallying-place for all the arts. It was built by the

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celebrated Earl of Burlington, and had been enlarged and altered by Wyatt. It was there that the third Duke of Richmond formed the collection of busts from the antique, which he threw open, under the most liberal auspices, to art-students ten years before the Royal Academy School testified to the necessity for such assistance. He bought a small house adjoining his own, and fitted it up as a theatre, and for two winters, at least, all the aristocracy went theatre-mad, and jostled on each other's heels for invitations to take part in the performances either as players or spectators. George III. was amongst the most eager, and Peter Pindar characteristically celebrates the punctuality of his attendance :—

So much with saving wisdom are you taken,
Drury and Covent Garden seem forsaken ;
Since cost attendeth these theatric borders,
Content you go to Richmond House with orders.

He describes it maliciously as “a pretty little nutshell of a house fitted up for the convenience of ladies and gentlemen of quality who wish to expose themselves.” The revels were brought to an abrupt end by the destruction by fire of Richmond House, 21st December 1791. It was rebuilt, but by the time it was finished, society had found another fad, or another *entourage* for it, and the theatre was not refitted.

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JOHN CONDÉ

CONDÉ (John) worked between 1785 and 1800. Condé is generally reckoned as an English engraver, for it was in England that the greater part of his life was spent and by far the largest proportion of his work was executed. But in an engraving published in 1791, representing the much-discussed Chevalière D'Eon as "Minerva," he describes himself as a French artist, and states that he designed it "as a monument to English generosity and French gratitude." The occasion of the generosity and the cause of the gratitude are alike unexplained.

Condé's principal engravings were after designs made for him by Cosway. He made a speciality of having his engravings printed in pale delicate tints, and he added to their effect by enclosing them in frame-like borders. These borders were called *Glomisages*, and were invented in 1768 by the well-known French engraver Glomy. A somewhat similar border, however, had been used ten years earlier, at the inspiration of Lord Cardigan, and both Horace Walpole and Mrs. Delany speak of the "Cardigan border for prints" with appreciation.

Some of the most charming work by Condé is to be found amongst the miniatures he engraved for the *Thespian Magazine*, and indeed the delineation of the stage and society beauties of the day seems to have had an irresistible fascination for

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him. He executed the well-known miniature of Mrs. Robinson under the title of "Melania," of which a modern engraving, colour-printed, was brought out recently by Messrs. Sabin. The Prince's mistresses were favourite subjects with the contemporary engravers. Perhaps the most notable portrait of Mrs. Robinson, by the way, and certainly one completely characteristic of the taste of the day, was the one entitled "Venus," an undraped full length with cestus, by and after J. K. Sherwin. Even before poor Perdita had solaced her broken heart in the open arms of Major Tarleton, and was pouring out her woes in indifferent verse and worse prose, Condé was engraving her successor for the pleasure of the populace, which followed with avid curiosity the easy tastes of their fickle Prince. His print of Mrs. Fitzherbert, after Cosway, is one of the best known of his works. Whether it is a good likeness or not it is impossible to say, but it differs very materially from the Collyer print. Certainly the first represents her in the late prime of life, whilst the Cosway drawing was executed by command in the first days of her union with "Florizel, the Faithless." Which-ever lineaments are the more faithful, they both differ as much from Mrs. Robinson as they do from Mademoiselle Hilligsberg, the third of the Prince's mistresses who engaged Condé's graving-tool. The trio prove, if nothing else, the eclectic nature of the Prince's tastes. Unfortunately, the plate of Condé's Mrs. Fitzherbert is still in

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existence, and weak modern impressions, monochrome or painted, are always in the market to entrap the unwary and to disgust the connoisseur.

In addition to the above-mentioned intimates of the Prince, other interesting women whom Condé engraved were "Mrs. Jackson," "Mrs. Tickell," "Miss Linley" (Mrs. Sheridan), "Mrs. Bouverie," "Lady Manners," "Madame Du Barry," "Mrs. Bligh," and the "Duchess of York." (The "Duchess of York" is from his own design.) "Minerva directing the Arrows of Cupid" and the well-known "Leda" are all after Cosway; the latter shares with the "Mrs. Fitzherbert" the disadvantage of constant re-issue. "The Hobby-Horse," signed by Cosway, but probably executed by Maria, though prettily coloured, is woefully defective in drawing. A portrait of "Baron Wenzel," the oculist, shows that it was not only female beauty that Condé was capable of treating; it is a wholly admirable production in both the engraving and the printing. That he was also successful with children is proved by his plate of "Mr. Horace Beckford." An engraving that he executed from an original drawing by Mrs. Jockell, entitled "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament," is rare and curious.

WILLIAM DICKINSON

DICKINSON (William), 1746-1823, was perhaps better known as a mezzotinter than as a

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stipple-engraver. Dodd mentions him as a "follower of the style of James McArdell"; and Chaloner Smith, in his *British Mezzotinto Portraits*, gives a list of ninety-five by William Dickinson. But, whether mezzotinter or stipple-engraver, Dickinson was always above the average of his contemporaries. He started his professional life as a caricaturist, in which genre "The Long Minuet at Bath," "Billiards," and "The Chop House," after Bunbury, are good examples. It was only after having gained the premium of the Society of Arts for a mezzotint portrait in 1767 that he abandoned the humorous, and became a serious professional engraver and publisher. In this latter capacity he becomes somewhat of a puzzle to a chronicler. Whether he preferred fortune to fame, or fame to fortune, is obscured by the fact that not only did he permit Bartolozzi or any other popular engraver to sign the plates that he engraved, but he himself signed indifferently those of C. Knight and others. A prominent example of Dickinson's irregularity in this respect is the famous "Bunbury" print of "The Gardens of Carlton House with Neapolitan Ballad Singers," 1785. This print is supposed to portray the first meeting of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert. The event was in 1784. The print was published 1785. She is in widow's dress, and he is shading his eyes as if dazzled at the sight of such exquisite loveliness. It is a very interesting print, and a great favourite of mine, but there is the

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strongest internal evidence of its being the work of Charles Knight and not of Dickinson. In many old sale catalogues, however, it is given as by Bartolozzi !

In addition to the unacknowledged partnership in his engravings, Dickinson had at various times two business partners, and both of them were notable men : Thomas Watson the engraver, and William Austin, the Royal drawing-master. But either his disposition was cantankerous, or his business abilities were less than his business ambitions, for in 1794 he sold his stock of pictures and removed to Paris, where he remained until his death in 1823.

Among other stipple-prints which must be attributed to Dickinson are "St. Cecilia" (Mrs. Sheridan), "Perdita" (Mrs. Robinson, with a large hat and feathers), "Maternal Affection" (Lady Melbourne), after Sir Joshua Reynolds, "The Country Girl" (Miss Horneck), "Of such is the Kingdom of God," "The Spirit of a Child" (these two are monstrosities both in colours and in monochrome), and "Lydia" and "Sylvia," after Peters,—both great favourites of mine—"Andromache weeping over the Ashes of Hector," after Kauffmann, and a miniature of "Isabella Stanhope" (Countess of Sefton), after Cosway.

The print of the "Duchess of Devonshire and Viscountess Duncannon" is perhaps the most popular of Dickinson's stipple-engravings. Lady Duncannon, afterwards Countess of Bessborough,

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was always overshadowed by the superior charms of her celebrated sister, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Her portrait is amongst the six drawn by Downman for the scenery of Richmond House Theatre, and a very charming print it has made.

THOMAS GAUGAIN

GAUGAIN (Thomas), 1748-1809.—Thomas Gaugain was born at Abbeville in France. He came to England with his family and studied painting under Houston. He exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1778 to 1782, but he started engraving in stipple in 1780, lured by the success that Ryland was achieving. Finding it more profitable than painting, he finally abandoned the brush for the stipple-point a year or two later. He experimentalised with colour-printing in many ways; first in the old chiaroscuro method, which he applied to stipple-engravings. "Hudibras and Sidrophel," after Hogarth, which he published in 1782, was one of the earliest and, for some reasons, most interesting of these experiments. "Venus lending her Cestus to Juno," after Angelica Kauffmann, was another. These were printed from four plates. In the same year he engraved and printed from his own design "January and May" and "The Wife of Bath": both of which he printed from two plates. These by no means exhaust the variety that he attempted to bring

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into the already established industry of printing in colours from one plate. In "The Amorous Buck," for instance, he used etching, mezzotint, and aquatint on one plate. Altogether he, and his brother P. GAUGAIN, deserve the closest study from any one interested in the work of the period, because they refused to accept the method that Ryland had introduced, and Bartolozzi and Seigneuer were practising, and by traversing in a roundabout way much of the road that had been travelled before, arrived ultimately at exactly the same point.

While speaking of "The Wife of Bath" and "January and May," it may be of interest to note that when they are found with margins, two curious marks are generally to be seen on the paper. These are really register marks, but as I have heard various explanations given of them by dealers, and in salerooms, the point seemed worthy of note.

Gaugain published at 4 Little Compton Street, Soho; 3 Denmark Street, Soho; and Manor Street, Chelsea. When the vast over-production of these colour-printed stipple-engravings conduced to the many sales of stocks and plates that began to take place in 1793, Gaugain was among the first to announce himself as leaving off print-selling, and to put his stock up by auction. It was sold by Gerrard of Litchfield Street, Soho, and much curious information is to be gathered from the catalogue.

Amongst the earliest colour-prints issued by

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Gaugain were "Annette" and "Lubin" (illustrations from Marmontel's *Moral Tales*, ovals from his own design), which were exhibited at the Free Society of Artists in 1783. His brother, P. Gaugain, was for a short time associated with him in business. A certain number of impressions of the celebrated "Dancing Dogs" and "Guinea Pigs," after Morland, which he engraved, have at the foot "Printed in colour by P. Gaugain." This is worth noting, as the instances are comparatively rare where the colour-printer is allowed this well-deserved recognition. At Gaugain's sale in 1793 the plates of these two with 52 proofs, 59 prints, and 13 in colours of the first; 52 proofs, 78 prints, and 20 in colours of the second, realised £127. The original drawings fetched £20. These plates had immense success with the public, 500 copies being sold within the first few weeks of their issue. P. Gaugain engraved, and subsequently became a printseller, on his own account. All the following works, however, are attributed to Thomas, who was incomparably the superior artist.

Perhaps the most admired stipple-engraving of Gaugain is "An Airing in Hyde Park," after Dayes, published in 1793, a proof from which easily fetches £50 to-day. The pair to it is engraved by Soiron, and entitled "The Promenade in St. James's Park." Beyond "An Airing in Hyde Park" and several small children-subjects after Hamilton, the two prints of

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“Louisa,” after Morland, are now amongst the most sought after of Gaugain’s work. They illustrate “The Tale of Louisa” in the poems and essays by Miss Bowdler of Bath. Among my own favourites, however, are the small oval, “Childish Impatience,” after Cosway, printed in two colours, and the two circular prints “Youth” and “Childhood,” after Prince Hoare; “Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland,” after Sir Joshua Reynolds; “The Lass of Levingstone,” and “How Sweet’s the Love that meets Return” (a pair of ovals after Morland, illustrating a song of Allan Ramsay’s).

The latter of these prints, in the first state, was called “Jenny and Roger.” At the sale before alluded to, the plates with 22 proofs, 102 prints, and 31 in colours of the first; 22 proofs, 113 prints, and 33 in colours of the second, fetched nineteen guineas, whilst the original drawing was sold for two guineas. “Courtship” and “Matrimony,” companion prints from designs by Milbourne; “Rural Music,” “Rural Contemplation,” after Westall, and “The Sheltered Lamb,” after Hamilton, have had their admirers.

Other well-known stipple-engravings by Gaugain are the set of ten after Northcote, executed by him in conjunction with Hellyer, entitled “Diligence and Dissipation,” “A Girl returning from Milking,” after Westall; “The Showman,” “The Bird Catcher,” and “The Kite Completed,” after Barney; “An old Woman opening a Gate,” “A Lady with her

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Children in the Garden," from his own designs ; "Boy Mending Net," after Westall ; "An English Fruit Girl," and "An English Milk Girl," after Northcote ; and "Cakes," and "Finery," after Artaud.

Two interesting prints in Gaugain's earliest manner, that is to say, a mixture of aquatint and stipple, are "Diana and her Nymphs" and "The Shepherdess of the Alps." Two of his best-known plates after Bigg had a large contemporary sale and were very popular. They are the "Shipwrecked Sailor Boy" and "The Sailor Boy's Return." "A Birthday Present to Old Nurse" and "Health and Sickness" still command prices in excess of their merits.

"Summer's Amusement" ; "Winter's Amusement" ; "How Smooth, Brother, Feel Again" ; "The Castle in Danger," are four plates that have a varied history. Gaugain published them first in 1789, from 9 Manor Street, Chelsea. The proofs were monochrome without titles ; in the second state they have the title added ; in the third state they are printed in colours and the plate has been strengthened with the graver. At Gaugain's sale they were purchased in this state by Messrs. Harris, who issued them, as far as I can ascertain, with the same line of publication. Molteno bought them from Messrs. Harris, and at Molteno's sale in 1819, 20 pairs prints, 18 proofs, and 17 pairs in colour, sold for £1 : 8s. The presumption is that by this time

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their popularity had had the usual effect and the impressions were poor and worn. The last issue is published by "Molteno, Colnaghi & Co. & Wilkinson, London." I have referred to Messrs. Colnaghi, who have no information as to what became of the plates. They were re-engraved in reverse, and I have seen yet another set with "Bartoli" as engraver, but no line of publication. I believe there are also some modern chromophotogravure reproductions.

JAMES HOGG

HOGG (James) worked between 1784 and 1800. Hogg was never more than a respectable stipple-engraver, although he had the advantage of designs from Angelica Kauffmann, Peters, Kirk, and Wheatley. His "Rinaldo and Armida," after Kauffmann, and "Erminia," published in 1784, are chiefly interesting as showing how infinitely superior an engraver was Burke. A portrait of Maria Cecilia Louisa Cosway as "A Milk-maid," after R. Cosway, published by J. R. Smith; "The Power of Music," after Kauffmann; "Adelaide," and "Sylvia," after Wheatley; "The Count de Belemire," after Rigaud; a portrait of "John Henderson," and an engraving of "Queen Margaret with her son the Prince," after Antoine Borel, are all, if not more than all, that are worthy of mention amongst the works of Hogg. But the Rev. W. Peters was a painter so exceed-

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ingly popular, that "Sophia," painted by him and engraved by Hogg, is quoted as having reached the "record sale of any print brought out this year."

Hogg engraved a considerable number of plates for the small Shakespeare series brought out by the Boydells, but these were in line.

This "Sophia," by the way, is the younger sister of "Olivia." I rather fancy the transcript is supposed to be from the celebrated picture painted in rivalry to the one of "Farmer Flamborough's Family." The description of that picture aroused the envy of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife. The Vicar tells us: "As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, in composition, in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style."

The limner charged 15s. a head, and the "brighter style" included "the Vicar's wife as Venus, the two little ones as Cupids, Olivia as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers dressed in a green joseph, largely laced with gold, and a club in her hand. *Sophia was to be a Shepherdess.*" This character of the "Shepherdess" seemed to be one appropriately chosen for Sophia, for, earlier in the same immortal classic, when the Vicar was called out with his family to help at saving an aftergrowth of hay, the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting Sophia, and his admiration of her in this guise was noted

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with mingled uneasiness and satisfaction by her proud and loving father.

Hogg was the publisher as well as the engraver of "Sophia," which may account for the above quotation from his trade circular. Contrary to custom, the first issue was in colours.

CHAPTER X

Jones, Knight, Marcuard, Nutter, Schiavonetti, J. R. Smith, Thew

JOHN JONES

JONES (John), 1745-1797.—Jones was an interesting man for several reasons. He was a mezzotint, as well as a stipple, engraver, and he was the father of George Jones, R.A., the painter of battle-pictures, who was one of the executors of the wills of Chantrey and Turner, and filled the offices of Librarian and Keeper of the Royal Academy, of which he was for a short time acting President. Of the two artists, father and son, however, it is the works of the father that to-day command the larger prices, and have achieved the greater reputation.

John Jones was engraver to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. He exhibited at the Incorporated Society of Artists from 1775 to 1791. His mezzotints are powerful and artistic, but occasionally they suffer from over-accentuation; they are too black for beauty. He was very successful as a stipple-engraver, and is among the half-dozen workers in this *métier*

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who have left really valuable proofs in colour. Amongst them are "Robinetta" (a portrait of the Hon. Anna Tollemache when Miss Lewis) and "Muscipula," "Collina" (Lady Gertrude FitzPatrick), "Sylvia" (Lady Anne FitzPatrick), Lord Henry and Lady Charlotte Spencer as "The Fortune Tellers," and "The Sleeping Girl." These are all after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Northcote, in his *Life of Sir Joshua*, speaks of "The Sleeping Girl" as one of Sir Joshua's "richest" performances. The picture is at present in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne. There was an edition of this print brought out in 1826.

Jones's stipple-engravings after Reynolds include some very fine men's portraits, notably those of "The Duke of York," "The Earl of Moira," "The Earl of Mansfield," and "Lord Sheffield." His engravings after Romney are equally successful. "Erminia" and "Serena" (Miss Sneyd), and a small oval of "The Duke of Gloucester," are perhaps the best-known. The Miss Sneyd who sat for this portrait was Honora, the step-mother of Maria Edgeworth. At her death, Edgeworth married her sister Elizabeth, who was thus his third consort, and he lived to indulge in yet a fourth! A small replica of the engraving of "Serena" was the frontispiece to one of the many editions of Hayley's much-admired, but very indifferent, poem, *The Triumphs of Temper*, for which it was printed in colour. Another very fine specimen of stipple-engraving

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by Jones is "Elizabeth Farren and Thomas King" in their characters in Burgoyne's comedy of *The Heiress*—it is after Downman. The head of Miss Farren has been vignettied out of this picture, and re-engraved in stipple by a modern artist. But it is very poor in comparison with the original. Another engraving by Jones, which is pretty in colour, but suffers from the eccentric anatomy of the figures, is "Lord Dungarvan, eighth Earl of Cork, the Hon. Courtenay and the Hon. Charles Boyle"—three children with a swing, from a design by Maria Cosway. Jones scraped a mezzotint plate of Fanny Kemble after Reynolds, in addition to the one he brilliantly executed in stipple after Downman; and another very fine one of Mrs. Jordan as "Hypolita," which he also first attempted, apparently less successfully, in stipple. The plate of this was sold at Dickinson's sale, 1794, with the remark "never been published," and I have never met a print from it, nor any further record of its fate.

"Emma," both in beauty and interest, comes first among the most highly prized stipple-prints by John Jones. The history of "Emma" is so well, and so variously, known that it is hardly worth while to attempt to throw any illumination upon her figure in the space of a short paragraph. Her biographists and her apologists have been as numerous as her engravers. Whether her original name was Hart or Lyon, how many illegitimate children she had before Mr. Greville took her under his protection, how many she

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had after Sir William Hamilton purchased her from his nephew and made her his wife, notwithstanding numerous controversies and much documentary evidence, remains almost as doubtful as the identity of the "Man in the Iron Mask."

That she was once a servant and afterwards an ambassadress, that she stood for "The Goddess of Health" in order to elucidate the lectures of a notorious charlatan of the day, Dr. Graham, and that from this position she became the one legacy that Lord Nelson left to the gratitude of his country, which incontinently declined it, are, however, facts beyond dispute. Her beauty, unlike that of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, or Miss Farren, has never been questioned. Even Smith, after many years' exposure to the dried-up atmosphere of the British Museum, bursts into eloquence when he mentions her name. "When I showed her my etching of the funeral procession of her husband's friend (*sic*), the immortal Nelson, she fainted and fell into my arms. Believe me, reader, her mouth was equal to any production of Greek sculptor I have yet seen."

Romney never tired of painting her, and several of the most celebrated engravers of the day were always reproducing her features in one form or another. She engaged the caricaturists also, but never to the same extent as other ladies whose rise in life had been equally meteoric. The fact is that Emma never aroused enmity by forgetting the lowliness of her origin. To the day of her

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death she kept not only the old relative who had helped her through her first "accident," but the nurse who subsequently reared the result.

The second state of this plate is the coloured one. In July 1898, a fine copy of it realised £80 at Sotheby's, but I believe this record has since been considerably exceeded.

The first state has the artist's name and the title in open letters scratched in.

Another popular Jones print is that of "Fanny Kemble." She was the sister of Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble. Apparently her acting was of a mediocre character, and the critics of the day were very much excited at the thought that her brother and sister should have endeavoured to foist her on the town. That she was assailed by the critics, however, seems to have given the excuse to George Steevens to become her vigorous champion. The controversy as to her merits or demerits was fought out in the papers in the most virulent fashion; Woodfall on the one hand speaking of her as being received with "an uncommon indulgence of which she had scarcely any appreciation," while Steevens injudiciously dilated upon her transcendental merits, and compared her to her sister, to the disadvantage of the latter! But Steevens's championship had excellent excuse, he had fallen in love with her person; skill in miming had little to do with his admiration. He wearied his friends in the effort to get notices

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for her, and both Hayley and Johnson were at one time or another approached to this end. But Hayley coolly said that if she was not content with the praises that flowed from Steevens's pen, she would ill deserve the panegyric of any other encomiast; while Johnson gave the Club the benefit of his contempt for George Steevens and his opinions, and grunted out his intention of doing nothing at all in the matter. Presently the rumour got about that Steevens and Fanny Kemble were to be married: a family council, hurriedly called, protested vigorously against this step. Mrs. Siddons spoke of Steevens's violent temper, John Kemble gloomily expressed his disapproval. There was little doubt that both of them had been hurt in that sensitive, excitable *amour propre* that the evil fairies leave as a gift in the cradles of successful artists. The weak and gentle spirit of the girl was no barrier to the imperious wills of those spoilt favourites of the public, the overbearing King and Queen of Tragedy. She even obeyed their mandate to engage herself to their partisan, Horace Twiss, that critic, "thin, pale, stooping, quaint in his phrases, very dogmatic, a Dr. Johnson without his talents," whose "eyes have an ill-natured cast of acuteness in them," and who was the last figure in the world to distract the fancy of a girl from burly George Steevens. She wept all through her wedding-day; a spectator tells us she looked as if she were equipped for the part of "The Mourning Bride," and playing it

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better than she ever played anything in her life before.

Mr. and Mrs. Twiss left London and settled in Bath, where, the gentleman's literary labours not proving sufficient for their maintenance, she opened a fashionable Girls' School at No. 24 Camden Place. Her advertisement runs that: "Mrs. Twiss receives young ladies from the age of fourteen to twenty. Board one hundred guineas a year, entrance five guineas. The young ladies will be introduced into the best company, and the utmost attention will be paid to their morals, conduct, and manners."

Before she had removed to Bath, however, her portrait had been painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1783. This picture was sold at Christie's, at the sale of the Hon. G. A. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, for 2640 guineas.

There are several states of this plate. First state, the etching; second state, proof before letters; third state, artist's name, title, a verse from Milton, and line of publication in stippled letters. In addition to the above there are three progress proofs in the British Museum collection. The third state is the earliest I have seen in colours.

CHARLES KNIGHT

KNIGHT (Charles), 1742-1827.—Knight was a pupil of Bartolozzi, and was first employed on indifferent works, such as Harding's *Shakespeare*

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Illustrated and the *Memoirs of Grammont*, but he subsequently became one of the most important and valuable of the stipple-engravers, and, as was usual with the best pupils of Bartolozzi, was permitted to put everything but the signature to several of the plates on which the fame of the master rested. The much-admired and much-debated full-length of "Miss Farren" published by Jeffreys, and signed by Bartolozzi, has been, by other connoisseurs, credited to Knight; and I have myself seen a trial proof of it, in which the face was completely finished, and the adjuncts etched in, whilst the imprint at the bottom was "Charles Knight, Sculp." There are two such "proofs" in the British Museum. A small replica of this print, to the waist only, was engraved by Knight for "La Belle Assemblée."

Knight engraved after Bunbury, Angelica Kauffmann, Wheatley, Stothard, Hopper, J. R. Smith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, etc. He was one of the governors of the abortive Society of Engravers, founded in 1803.

Another celebrated print, "The Gardens of Carlton House with Neapolitan Ballad Singers," usually ascribed to Dickinson, but sold as "by Bartolozzi" at Christie's and other sales in 1794 and the early part of this century, is attributed by Dodd to Charles Knight, to whose hands I am personally inclined to credit it, judging from various significant details of the work. Knight lived in 1781 at Berwick Street, Soho, and in 1792 in Brompton.

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In addition to these, Charles Knight was responsible for some really charming work, indisputably his own; and he thoroughly understood the requirements of the colour-printer. It is a little difficult to select a few out of the many excellent plates that he engraved. "British Plenty" and "Scarcity in India," after Singleton, realise high prices to-day, but they are not among my favourites. These are "Lady Louisa Manners," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lady Hamilton as a "Bacchante," after Romney, and the children's set after Stothard, entitled respectively "The Fifth of November," "Feeding Chickens," "The Dunce Disgraced," "The Scholar Rewarded," "Coming from School," and "Buffet the Bear."

Unhappily they were greatly appreciated by the public, the plates were printed and reprinted until they were quite worn out, they were then re-engraved by an inferior engraver, and they have been extensively reproduced recently both by photogravure and lithography.

"Tom and his Pigeons" and "The Favourite Rabbit," after Russell, are much less admirable. But two illustrations of "Roderick Random," after Anne Trewingard, were exceptionally well colour-printed; they represent the scenes where Narcissa finds the miniature, and where Roderick discovers himself to her. "Pyramus," after Hoppner, is also a nice piece of engraving, and stands well the comparison with the pair to it, "Thisbe," by that admirable artist, Nutter.

A pair of small prints, "Cupid Disarmed"

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and "Cupid's Revenge," after Benwell, are also charming in their early states; both were popular, and suffered accordingly. Poor copies of the same pair exist, signed "Bartolini"; and Giuseppe dall' Aqua also executed two plates from the same design under the titles "Love Triumphant" and "Love Repentant."

"Cornelia" (Mrs. Elizabeth Ruspina and child), a miniature after Sam Shelley, is another very desirable little print; so is "Idleness," after Morland, although the plate was only printed in colour in a very worn condition. One of the Hoppner pictures that Knight engraved was "Nature" (a young woman leaning out of a window). "Comic Readings" and "Tragic Readings," after Boyne, "Rosina," "Flora," and "Runaway Love," after Stothard, deserve mention.

Knight engraved "Damon and Musidora" and "Palemon and Lavinia," after Angelica Kauffmann. But I should not consider him as among the best of the translators of this painter's pretty designs. "The Valentine" and "The Wedding Ring," after Ansell, are deservedly popular. "The Duchess of York," after Beechey, is one of his most solid works. "The Landlord's Family" and "The Tenant's Family," after Stothard, are two other familiar prints. "Blind Man's Buff" and "See-Saw," after Hamilton, are very pretty children-subjects, of which the original drawings are in the British Museum.

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Knight was perhaps at his happiest in engraving Stothard's works, and very many book-illustrations, in addition to those already mentioned, prove how well he understood his master's moods. "Sweet Poll of Plymouth" is a charming print, the subject taken from an old eighteenth-century ballad. As the ballad is inaccessible, and has a pretty lilt, I reproduce it for the benefit of my readers :—

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
When forced from her to go,
A-down her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
My heart was fraught with woe ;
Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
The land we left behind :
My tears then swell'd the briny flood,
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep ; and now between
Us lay the ocean wide ;
For five long years I had not seen,
My sweet, my boney (*sic*) bride.
That time I sail'd the wide world around,
All for my true love's sake ;
But press'd as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,
To let me go on shore.
I long'd to see my Poll again ;
But saw my Poll no more.
" And have they torn my love away ?
And is he gone ? " she cry'd,
My Polly, sweetest flow'r of May :
She languish'd,—droop'd,—and dy'd.

The verse generally to be found on the print differs slightly from the original. The first state of this print is to be met with, in colours.

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“The Match Boy” and “The Primrose Girl” were first issued in red monochrome, with title and artist’s name. The second state is in colours, and has the following verses :—

Cupid’s dull matches, made by chance,
Are damped by tears and sighs ;
Mine kindle at each anxious glance,
Prepared with open eyes.

To welcome in the blooming spring,
Behold the earliest flower I bring.
Emblem of youth and innocence,
With this Life’s gayest scenes commence.

The matches the boy has in his hand are the sulphur-tipped splints of wood known as “spunks,” and sold with tinder-boxes, flint, and steel. They were also called “dipping matches.” These two prints were both issued on the same date, 7th July 1785, from designs by J. R. Smith. They are rare in colours, and fetch high prices even in monochrome.

ROBERT MARCUARD

MARCUARD (Robert Samuel), 1751-1792, was a pupil of Bartolozzi and worked entirely in stipple, producing between 1778 and 1790 very many excellent plates after Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, Hamilton, Peters, and Stothard. He had a peculiar practice of combining the etching-needle with the stippling-tool, of which Dodd makes special note, and his work seems to have been greatly esteemed at the time of its produc-

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tion, for, at a sale by auction in 1785, two plates by him, "Children with Mouse Trap" and "Children with Bird," after Hamilton, fetched, with a few impressions, the then extraordinary sum of £17.

Whether his peculiar way of combining the use of the etching-needle with the stippling-tool conduced to the wear of the plate, or from some other cause, comparatively few prints by Marcuard are to be met with. He was invariably successful with men's portraits. "Ralph Milbank," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Viscount Keppel," and "Cagliostro" are amongst those that survived their contemporary popularity. Other prints in colour which have merit are "Friendship" and "Innocence," two oval miniatures of young girls, one with a bird and one with a lamb, after Angelica Kauffmann; yet another, "Henry and Emma," after Stothard; "Lubin and Rosalie," after Beechey; "Edwin and Angelina," after Flaxman; "The Studious Fair," from his own design; "Orgar and Elfrida," after James Jefferys; and the companion print "Elfrida's Vow," after Stothard; "An Italian Fruit Girl," after Peters; "Beatrice," after Harding; "Adelaide and Fonrose" and "Fonrose and Adelaide," after Hamilton; "Hebe," "Summer Amusements" and "The Bathers Surprised," "The Mother's Darling" and "The Mother's Care," after Bartolozzi. "Charlotte at the Tomb of Werther," after Saunders, is one of hundred illustrations to this gloomy idyll.

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The picture of Bartolozzi from which Marcuard engraved his best-known print was painted in 1771, and is, I believe, now in the possession of the Earl of Morley. It was exhibited in the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at the New Gallery in 1901. The print exists in various states, and these have even more interest than is usually to be found in the consideration of this point in stipple-engravings.

The first state is the etching. A graver is in the right hand.

The second state is before all letters. The graver has been taken out and there is nothing in the hand.

In the third state a porte-crayon has been substituted for the graver. The artist's name is in stipple, the title and line of publication is in scratched letters. A few impressions were taken off in colour in each state.

The fourth state is printed in colour, and after the title appears "*Ex Academia regalia Artium Londini.*"

There are later states than any of these, but these are all that are worthy of consideration. The publication line in all instances is "J. Birchall, 473 Strand."

WILLIAM NUTTER

NUTTER (William), 1759-1802.—Nutter was originally apprenticed to Joseph Strutt, but later on he had the distinction of being a pupil of that

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brilliant *bon viveur* J. R. Smith. His works were few, and his death was premature. Perhaps he learned something more than engraving from his genial master, and fast living in the latter half of the eighteenth century needed a strong constitution. Anyway, he died at the age of forty-four, and was buried in the graveyard of Whitfield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road.

Some of his most admirable work, of quite exceptional excellence, is shown in miniatures after Sam Shelley. It is hardly necessary to specify these, for they are nearly all good, and in colour they are beautiful. Nutter seems to have also tried his hand at painting, for in the Royal Academy Catalogues of 1782-1783 he appears as the author of some allegorical designs. Apart from the above-mentioned miniatures, a quite considerable number of Nutter's works are held to-day in high esteem. The "Lecture on Gadding" and "The Moralist," after designs by J. R. Smith, although the plates with thirty impressions and eight in colour only realised £1:11s. in 1791, would be considered cheap to-day at fifty times that sum.

A complete contrast to Nutter's miniatures after Shelley is to be found in his well-known portrait of "Captain Coram," after the celebrated picture by Hogarth, which adorned the Foundling Hospital. "The Farmer's Visit to his Daughter in Town," engraved by Bond, is the pair to "The Visit Returned in the Country," engraved by Nutter. Dickinson published them

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both in 1789; the coloured impressions being the first state after the proof.

Apart from the wholly admirable engravings after Sam Shelley, of which, perhaps, I might distinguish "Mrs. Bryam and her Children," a small square, and "The Hours," engraved for the *Cabinet of Genius*; the following are to be found among Nutter's most successful prints in colour:

"The Seasons," after Hamilton (White and Ogborne assisted in the completion of the set); "Bacchante" (Mrs. Hartley and child), after Sir Joshua Reynolds (there is a mezzotint of this by Giuseppe Marchi); "The Ale-House Door" and "The Farm-yard," after Singleton; "Saturday Night" and "Sunday Morning," after Bigg; "Martha Gunn" (Bathing Woman); "The Peasant's Little Maid," after Russell; "Just Breech'd" and "The First Bite," after Stothard; and "Strangers at Home," after Morland.

An oval print after Westall, entitled "Cupid Sleeping," is interesting for the dedication to "The Duchess of Devonshire," of whom it is supposed to be a portrait. Some stanzas by the unfortunate Mrs. Robinson which decorate the inscription almost exonerate Florizel's behaviour to her! Two other charming prints after Westall, by Nutter, are "The Sensitive Plant" and "The Rosebud." Two pretty little subjects after Hamilton are "Breaking up" and "The Masquerade." "Cecilia overheard by Young Delville," after Stothard, is a faithful reproduction of the painter's faults.

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The picture from which his "Lady Beauchamp, Marchioness of Hertford," is taken is of pathetic interest, as having been the one on which Sir Joshua Reynolds was engaged when he had the first warning of his failure of sight. In his pocket-book of the year 1789, in which Lady Beauchamp's name appears as a sitter, against "Monday, 13th July," is written: "*Sitting prevented by my eyes beginning to be obscured.*"

Isabella Anne Ingram Shepherd was the daughter and co-heir of Charles Ingram, ninth and last Viscount Irvine. She married in 1776 Francis Viscount Beauchamp, afterwards second Marquis of Hertford, who died in 1822. Wraxall tells us that Lord Beauchamp occupied a position of eminence in the ranks of the Opposition, and that whenever he addressed the House he spoke, if not with eloquence, at least with knowledge of his subject. This writer describes his person as being "elegantly formed, above the ordinary height," and his manners as "noble and ingratiating." Isabella Shepherd was his second wife, his first having been the daughter of Lord Windsor.

Lady Beauchamp was one of the beauties of the day, and as late as 1782, when she had passed her first youth, she was still described as being "possessed of extraordinary charms." In 1818, even when nearly sixty years of age, it appears that she was capable of inspiring passion. It was at this age, anyway, that she inspired the Regent with some feeling that eventually led to

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his separating himself entirely from Mrs. Fitzherbert. Whether her influence depended more on her intellectual endowments than on her corporeal qualities is a doubt that Wraxall raises, but contemporary opinion, as gathered from other sources, does not leave the matter in dispute.

There are at least three known states of this print. The first state has the artists' names, the Beauchamp arms, and the title. In this state the face and neck are sometimes printed in colours; in the second state the title and dedication is in open letters; the third state is wholly printed in colours. There is a fine impression of each state in the collection of His Majesty at Windsor.

LUIGI SCHIAVONETTI

SCHIAVONETTI (Luigi), 1765-1840.—Luigi and his twin brother Niccolo Schiavonetti were born in Italy in 1765. They came to London in 1780, and Niccolo died at Brompton in 1810. Benjamin West attended his funeral, and Dodd describes him as “of superlative talent as a delineator of the human figure,” and speaks again of “the exquisite tenderness and facility of his touch.” His brother is, however, the subject under consideration.

It was not as a stipple-engraver that Luigi Schiavonetti first rose in the public esteem, but as an etcher, and secondly as a line-engraver; in

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which manner he illustrated Blair's *Grave*, after designs by Blake, with a portrait of Robert Blair as a frontispiece. He also engraved two large, and four small plates for Boydell's edition of Shakespeare. Among them was "Robin Goodfellow," after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"A Nest of Cupids," after Aspinall, is a well-known stipple-engraving, very charming in its early states, but very disappointing in its modern re-issues, of which there are many constantly to be met with. The plate is still in existence, and still being printed, in a re-worked, re-bitten, much-deteriorated condition.

Amongst the earlier portraits by Schiavonetti are to be found "Caroline, Princess of Wales," "Mrs. Damer" (the celebrated sculptress), "Lady Bayham," "Signor Marchesi," the much-portrayed "Maria Cecilia Louisa Cosway," "The Turkish Ambassador," and a curiously engraved and colour-printed drawing after Edridge of "Lady Cawdor."

"Michal, y Izabella z Lasockich Ogiński" is one of my own favourite examples of Schiavonetti's work. Michal was the nephew, and Izabella was the niece, of Count Michal Ogiński, Pretender to the Crown of Poland, who played so great a part in the revolution of that country, and was virtually king of it for four-and-twenty hours. Walpole mentions him more than once. This print is often to be met with under another name. Its first state is before all letters; its second, printed in colours, with the artists' names,

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and the title of the print ; in the third the plate has been re-worked, re-lettered, and altered by M. Sloane. It is then signed "Engraved by Maicl. Sloane," and the title has been changed to "Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales." The alterations to the figures are very slight, but apparently the engraving did duty with the public as excellent counterfeits of the newly-married George and his unattractive wife ; for it is in this translation that the print had its largest sale, and a re-issue at the beginning of the nineteenth century !

The first and second states are dated 1793, and the third 1797, when it was published by Schiavonetti.

It is perhaps not widely known that the two children in the print of "The Mask" are the Spencer children, the Ladies Charlotte and Anne, daughters of George, third Duke of Marlborough. They form part of the large picture of the "Duke of Marlborough and his Family," painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1777, and still in the possession of the family.

The story is told, *à propos* of Sir Joshua Reynolds's happy art of catching a momentary expression, which served him so well in his portraits of children, that when Lady Anne, then a child of four, was brought into the room to sit, she drew back and, without looking round, clung to the dress of her nurse, crying, "I won't be painted," and thus Sir Joshua sketched the attitude and kept it, and, to account for the

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alarm of the child, introduced the elder sister in front of her, holding the mask before her face. This is the story as told, but the pose, according to the artist, was borrowed from an antique gem.

When the children grew up, by the way, it was the Lady Charlotte and not the Lady Anne who proved wayward and difficult. She eloped with the Librarian at Blenheim Palace, Mr. Edward Nares; whilst her sister, the shy little girl who would not be painted, married Cropley Ashley, sixth Earl of Shaftesbury.

The first state of this print has merely the artists' names with the line of publication. The second has "F. Bartolozzi delineavit" added, and the publication line altered. In the third state "F. Bartolozzi" is erased and the title "The Mask, From the original picture in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough," is added, together with the name of Schiavonetti as publisher. Bartolozzi himself made the design in water-colours for the printer, which is still in existence.

"The Ghost" was engraved as a companion to "The Mask," from a design by Westall. Simpson, St. Paul's Churchyard, published it, March 1791, in black: it had worn a little before it was colour-printed. It is very inferior in every way to its pendant. The first title was "The Ghost,—L'Apparition." The French translation was subsequently erased.

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J. R. SMITH

SMITH (J. R.), 1752-1812.—J. R. Smith was the son of the artist known as Smith of Derby. He began life as apprentice to a linen-draper, came to London in that capacity, and devoted his first leisure to miniature-painting. His next artistic venture was in mezzotint engraving, his first plate being a portrait of "Pascal Paoli," after Bembridge, dated 1769. Very soon after this he engraved a "Public Ledger open to all Parties," the great sale of which induced him to continue to pursue the art of mezzotinting.

J. R. Smith had a varied life, and it is extraordinary that he never found a biographer until I paid him that tardy and inadequate tribute in 1902. There is no history even of his stipple-engravings; only the works themselves, either from his own design or those of his friend Morland, are here to testify to his super-excellent skill in this manner, which he pursued contemporaneously with his mezzotinting.

Among the best of J. R. Smith's stipple-prints, and, perhaps, the best of J. R. Smith's stipple-prints means the most attractive colour-printed engravings that exist, are "Rustic Employment" and "Rural Amusement." The first state of this pair are without titles, and they are to be found in Dodd's Catalogues as "A woman feeding fowls" and "A woman tending flowers": a late state has alterations in the plate itself;

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the costumes are modernised, and high Welsh-looking caps are added. "Delia in Town" and "Delia in the Country," after Morland, and "Thoughts on a Single Life," exist in modern productions.

"Thoughts on Matrimony" was engraved by William Ward, from J. R. Smith's design. The set of "Lætitia" proved so popular that the worn plates were altered in 1811, when a large re-issue was made. From an artistic standpoint, however, the alterations were disastrous; the costumes were brought up to date, as in "Rustic Employment," and the faces suffered even more. Seven shillings and sixpence was the price per print at which the issue was made. Ackermann was the publisher.

Other charming prints by J. R. Smith are "À Loisir," "The Shepherdess," and "The Wood Nymph"; the set entitled "A Maid," "A Wife," "A Widow," "What you will"; "Solitude" and "An Evening Walk," "Black, Brown, and Fair," "Contemplating the Picture," "Belissa," "The Merry Story," "The Snake in the Grass," after Reynolds; "Lavinia," after Sam Shelley; and "Flirtilla" (the pair to "Narcissa"), after his own design. "Narcissa" in its second state was called "The Mirror," but there is another delightful stipple-print by J. R. Smith, published in 1782, which I have seen similarly named; its correct title, however, is "The Mirror, Serena and Flirtilla." It was brought out in the early days of colour-printing, but it

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lacks nothing of the perfection that was reached in the next few years. It contains two female figures, the face of one of them reflected a second time in a mirror that hangs on the wall. It is a very rare print. "Hobbinella and Luberkin," after Northcote, was published in colours in proof-state by J. R. Smith in 1783 ; it has no engraver's name on it, and I only presume it to be his own work. In addition to the stipple-engravings that J. R. Smith executed, he furnished for other engravers, notably William Ward, many designs of singular charm and spirit.

"The Chanters" is a print singular amongst the stipple-works of J. R. Smith in exhibiting the engraver's capacity for translating faithfully, whilst at the same time idealising, the work of any artist that he had before him. This he proved again and again in his mezzotint work. Peters was a difficult master from which to engrave, Bartolozzi himself failed more than once to give even an adequate rendering of his original—see "The Spirit of a Child" for a case in point. But "The Chanters," whilst completely honest, shows at once the manner of the artist, and the quality of the engraver. The first state, before the title, was printed in colours, so I think it may be fairly considered that *rara avis*, a proof in colours.

"Narcissa," another famous stipple-print by J. R. Smith, is of course the heroine of *Roderick Random*, of whom the hero gives the following description :—

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So much sweetness appeared in the countenance and carriage of this amiable apparition that my heart was captivated at first sight, and while dinner lasted I gazed upon her without intermission. Her age seemed to be seventeen, her stature tall, her shape unexceptionable. Her dark hair fell down upon her ivory neck in ringlets, her arched eyebrow of the same colour, her eyes piercing yet tender, her lips of the consistence and hue of cherries, her complexion clear, delicate, and healthy, her aspect noble, ingenuous, and humane, and her whole person so ravishingly delightful that it was impossible for any creature endowed with sensibility to see without admiring, and admire without loving to excess.

The first state of this print is without title ; in the second the title "Narcissa" is added ; in the third it is called "The Mirror." I have seen both the last states printed in colours, and several copies with some brush-work, which is easily accounted for by the fact that, at the Boydell sale in 1818, a large number of impressions were catalogued "Printed in colours" ("ready for finishing").

ROBERT THEW

THEW (Robert), 1758-1802.—Thew's principal works in stipple were the large plates he engraved for the Boydell Shakespeare set. They are among the best and most numerous of that unequal issue. Among his smaller plates are several charming miniatures, notably a portrait of Miss Turner under the title "Reflections on Werther," after Crosse. He also engraved portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Cosway as "Abelard and Heloisa," after Cosway ; "Conjugal Affection,"

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after Smirke ; and "Rustic Courtship" and "Polite Courtship," after Dayes.

"Infancy" is a portrait of Francis George Hare. Francis George Hare was the eldest son of Francis Hare-Naylor of Hurstmonceaux. He died in 1847. The picture was painted in 1788, was formerly in the possession of Sir John D. Paul, Bart., and is now in that of H. L. Bischoffsheim, who purchased it at Christie's in 1872. The print in its first state has the artists' names, title in open letters ; and the publication-line gives it as having been brought out on "February 22, 1790, by R. Thew." In the second state the title is erased, and the line of publication altered to "Published March 25, 1790, by J. & J. Boydell, Cheapside, and at the Shakespeare Gallery, Pall Mall, London." In the third state the title was changed to "Infancy," and it was issued in colours.

CHAPTER XI

Tomkins, Chas. Turner, W. Ward, Thos. Watson, White, Wilkin

P. W. TOMPKINS

TOMKINS (Peltro William), 1759-1840, was actually Bartolozzi's best pupil, although this superlative title was indiscriminately bestowed by their various admirers on many of the great engraver's apprentices. He had most of the qualities of the master, the same delicacy, and the same sweetness; and, were it not for an occasional weakness, and the signature, it would be difficult to decide whether many of his works were to be definitely assigned to the one or to the other. He was the son of a landscape-painter, who painted English scenery, after Claude—a long way after, however.

Although I have spoken of Tomkins as an illustrious pupil of Bartolozzi, he was also a clever and original artist, and designed many fancy subjects. He combined a considerable amount of etching with his stippling, probably in order to save time. He was drawing-master to the Princesses, and this fact is his best apology

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for degrading his really brilliant talents as an engraver to the level of copying the designs made by the Princess Elizabeth and her friends, notably, illustrations to *The Birth and Triumph of Love*.

Tomkins had a shop in Bond Street, where he carried on business as a printseller, and from there he issued Thomson's *Seasons*, a magnificently illustrated volume, of which he shared the honours with Bartolozzi. The plates survive, and there are modern unacknowledged editions of the book in the market, as well as separate prints from the plates, both in monochrome and in colours. Two other fine works projected and brought out by Tomkins were *The British Gallery of Pictures*, the text by Tresham and Ottley, and *The Gallery of the Marquis of Stafford*. These two efforts, however, involved him in heavy financial loss, and he petitioned Parliament to allow him to dispose by lottery of the water-colour drawings from which these engravings had been executed, together with the unsold impressions of the plates. A short Act was passed enabling him to do so. Amongst these impressions were many exquisitely printed in colours. He died in Osnaburgh Street, leaving a large family. His daughter Emma married the well-known engraver Samuel Smith.

It is difficult to make a selection from the colour-prints of Tomkins, difficult, not because fine prints by him are rare, but because the list of his desirable works, like those of Barto-

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lozzi, would be too extensive. The simple enumeration of his book-illustrations, for instance, would require a volume to itself ! However, the following may be found a fairly representative list, as far as quality, if not quantity, is concerned. A collector of taste will put stipple-prints by Tomkins on the same list as those by Bartolozzi, J. R. Smith, Burke, and Caroline Watson, and will endeavour to secure as many as opportunity affords.

“Hobbinol and Ganderetta,” after Gainsborough. (This print has sometimes been attributed to Bartolozzi, and at Macklin’s sale in 1800 it was sold as having been engraved by him ; genuine impressions, however, are always found inscribed “pupil of Bartolozzi.” It is the second plate from Macklin’s *British Poets*.) “The English Fireside” and “The French Fireside,” “The English Dressing-Room” and “The French Dressing-Room,” “The Poor Soldier” and “Arthur and Emmeline,” after Ansell ; “Affection and Innocence,” after Bartolozzi ; “He Sleeps,” “Love Enamoured,” after Hoppner ; four, after designs by A Lady (the Princess Elizabeth), entitled “The Hop Girl,” “The Milk Girl,” “The Wood Girl,” “The Flower Girl.” A second, larger, and very inferior set from the same designs, was subsequently issued by Levilly. “Cottage Girl Shelling Peas,” “Cottage Girl Gathering Nuts,” after Bigg ; “Maria” and “Children Feeding Chickens,” after Russell ; “Children Feeding Goats,” after

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Morland ; "Blind Man's Buff," "The Liberal Fair," "Peleus and Thetis," "Miranda and Ferdinand," "Flora," and "Sylvia overseen by Daphne," after Angelica Kauffmann ; "Marian," "The Girl of Modena," and "The Girl of the Forest of Snowdon," after Bunbury ; "Rosalind and Celia," after Lawrenson ; "The Cottager" and "The Villager," an oval pair after an unknown and probably amateur designer ; "Birth of the Thames," after Cosway ; "Lavinia and her Mother," after Ramberg ; "Lucy Boyd," after Downman ; "Amyntor and Theodora," and a number of others, after Stothard ; "Louisa," after Nixon (a portrait of the Duchess of Rutland) ; "Louisa, the celebrated Maid of the Haystack," after Palmer ; "Marion and Colin Clout," and "Affection" and "Duty," after Julia Conyers. There is a French version of the last two, which is very inferior, but it is unsigned, and frequently sold as the Tomkins pair.

"The Wanton Trick" and "Innocent Play," as well as "Refreshment," are from his own designs, and very charming. They are children-subjects, in which he was peculiarly successful. The above will give some idea of the scope, value, and beauty of the stipple-engravings printed in colour of P. W. Tomkins, but the list could have been double as long without exhausting his work or its diversity.

Two little books, one entitled *My Mother*, and the other, *The Birthday Gift, or the Joy of a*

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New Doll, have a set of plates by him from designs by Lady Templetown, which are very delicate and pretty. About a dozen presentation copies of each of these books were printed in colours, but they are rarely met with. If the list of Tomkins' work had been made with the intention of showing his versatility only, I should, perhaps, have included the portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Cumberland, from a design made four days after her death by her daughter, the Right Hon. Lady Edward Bentinck.

The early proofs of the plate of "Major Edward Topham" are really magnificent examples of pure colour-printing. Edward Topham, journalist, playwright, soldier, and politician, distinguished himself in every field that he cultivated. He was educated at Eton under Dr. Foster, and remained there eleven years, acquiring a local reputation for English poetry, and for having been one of the leaders of the revolution against Foster's rule. From Eton he went to Cambridge, but left without taking his degree. Mention of him occurs in Wordsworth's *Social Life at the University*, as having drawn a wonderful caricature of the under-porter at Trinity! He travelled on the Continent after his abrupt departure from his Alma Mater, and, on his return from his travels, he went to Scotland with Sir Paul Jodrell, the result of which journey he embodied in a publication entitled *Letters from Edinburgh, containing some Observations on the Diversions, Customs, Manners, and*

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Laws of the Scotch Nation. It was after this venture that he purchased his commission in the First Regiment of Life Guards. As adjutant, he brought his regiment to a high state of efficiency, and, having been thanked by the King, was rewarded by finding himself figuring in the print-shops as "The Tip-Top Adjutant." Politics next allured him, and he published *An Address to Edmund Burke on the Affairs in America*. From this point Captain (presently Major) Topham became absorbed in the fashionable life of the town, although his ambition was always to be taken for a man of letters, and his favourite associates were Horne Tooke, the elder Colman, and Sheridan. He wrote many prologues and epilogues, and formed the connection with Mary Wells, then acting at Drury Lane, to which I have before alluded.

Mary Wells seems to have been an indifferent actress, but her pictures, those by Downman especially, show her to have been an uncommonly pretty woman. To Major Topham, however, she was not only a pretty woman, but a most fascinating actress, and of course he imagined that the critics were banded against her to prevent her receiving all the praise she deserved for her talent. In order to correct this injustice, he started, mainly with the object of puffing her, the paper called *The World*. But *The World* had a wonderful success quite apart from its avowed object. It was personal journalism *in excelsis*. Gifford, in his *Baviad* and

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Mæviad, speaks of it with disgust, as indeed does also Hannah Moore in her *Memoirs*: "In it appear accounts of elopements, divorces, and suicides tricked out in all the elegance of Mr. Topham's phraseology." The two stories, however, that most largely affected the circulation of *The World* were "The Life of the late John Elwes," which Horace Walpole considered one of the most amusing anecdotal books in the English language, and the correspondence on "The Affairs of the Prize Ring between the Pugilists Humphries and Mendoza." *The World* had more than one action brought against it. Once Major Topham was indicted for libel, and once he was at law with his co-editor, Este.

Major Topham tired of the paper, disposed of his share, and retired to Wode Cottage with three of Mrs. Wells' daughters. Mrs. Wells herself ceased to charm him about this time, and rumour coupled his name with that of a lady in the great world. Nothing seems to have come from this attachment, and he lived a very domestic life for the next few years, devoting the greater part of his time alternately to farming and to writing his biography, which, however, never appeared in print. The portrait, which Tomkins used, is a pastel by Downman, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1788 under the title of "The Portrait of a Gentleman." It was recently in the possession of Rear-Admiral Trollope, 42 Buckingham Palace Mansions.

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The first state of the print has the artist's name, title in open letters, and line of publication, with the date January 18th, 1790. The second state is the coloured one, the letters are filled in, and the line of publication altered to February 28th, 1790.

A picture of "Mrs. Topham and her Children" was also painted by Russell, but has never been engraved. Topham appears constantly in the works of the caricaturists. In the best-known and most celebrated of these "Perdita" (Mrs. Robinson) is depicted as having flown to his arms after her rupture with the Prince of Wales; but there seems to have been no truth in this suggestion.

The portrait of Mrs. Louisa Morgan and her child is another of Tomkins' *chefs-d'œuvre*. The infant in the pretty cap became Mrs. Sandford, and her daughter Anna married the second Lord Methuen, and was the mother of the soldier whom South African affairs brought prominently before the public. The picture, of which this print is a replica, is an oval pastel, and is now in the possession of Lord Methuen at Corsham Court, Chippenham. But the engraving differs from it in many important respects. Alterations and additions have been made by the engraver.

"Morning" and "Evening" are two prints now fetching astonishing sums, £50 to £100 being freely paid for fine specimens in colour. This makes it, perhaps, more interesting to learn

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that when the plates, with eighteen impressions in colour, were sold at Bovi's sale in 1805, sixteen shillings and sixpence was the largest amount paid for the pair, and even then the auctioneer had to throw in eight prints of "Birds and Flowers," in order to dispose of the lot at all. There are two more of the set, "Noon" and "Night," but these were engraved by Delatre.

The first state of all this set was in monochrome, the proofs being without titles. The second state has title, artist's name, and line of publication, it is this state and a later one that I have seen colour-printed. Many so-called "proofs" of this pair are sold in colours, for the plates wore exceptionally well, and the second state is correspondingly brilliant. But comparison of the so-called coloured proofs with those in monochrome places the matter beyond dispute.

The dramatic artists alone, of all who labour in Art's fruitful vineyard, leave nothing but tradition on which to base their claims to immortality. And tradition is an applause that grows fainter and fainter through the deadening curtain of intervening years. No critic, contemporary or otherwise, has managed to crystallise the great tragic actress of the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth into one sparkling immortal epigram. But Sir Joshua Reynolds succeeded where they had failed, fixing her for all time on his glowing canvas, and

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Peltro William Tomkins seconded him nobly. Mrs. Siddons succeeded Mrs. Abington as popular favourite, but she won to the position through a storm of hisses, and the abuse of gallery and critic. Having won her place, she held it firmly. She and John Kemble did for the stage of that day, something, though not everything, of what the late Sir Henry Irving has done for it in ours. They gave it dignity.

Mrs. Siddons was a woman of exemplary personal conduct, and a devoted mother. She taught that the *abandon* of the true dramatic artist was not incompatible with feminine virtue and feminine modesty. She suffered, as women of genius must always suffer, from exposure to the public gaze and the public comment, but even the fiercest glare of publicity found no flaw in her femininity.

The Tomkins print is another of the Richmond House set, and was first published by M. Lawson, 168 Strand, in 1788; it was republished by R. Cribb, 288 Holborn, in 1797.

The first state has the title, artist's name, and line of publication; and there are a few late proofs in colour. The second issue was also in colour. A modern stipple-engraved plate after this print has recently been brought out, but I fear it only serves to accentuate the fact that stipple-engraving is a lost art.

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CHARLES TURNER

TURNER (Chas.), 1774-1857, was the son of Charles and Jane Turner of Woodstock, Oxon. His father, a Collector of Excise, got into difficulties, and his mother, who previous to her marriage had been maid to the Duchess of Marlborough, exerted her influence with her late mistress to procure the post of Custodian of the China, at Blenheim, for her eldest son.

Young Charles Turner, very soon after his installation, attracted the attention of the Duke by a drawing that he made of an Oriental plate. This was the age of patrons, and Charles Turner was almost immediately sent to London, with everything necessary to procure him admission to the Royal Academy School. He had wished to be a painter, but discovered sufficiently early that he lacked something of originality, patience, or imagination, and he rested instead on the lower rung of the art-ladder that stood temptingly before him. He became an engraver, and achieved an immediate success. His fine series of mezzotints is well known. He worked for the Boydells; and posterity owes him gratitude for his prints after his celebrated namesake, J. M. W. Turner. The complete history of this connection has yet to be written. He did the first twenty plates for the *Liber Studiorum*, and then quarrelled with the master over money matters. Many years later they became recon-

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ciled ; he executed more plates, became Turner's best friend, and was ultimately appointed his Trustee. He lived at 50 Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, whence many of his plates were published. His stipple-prints are few in number ; one of them, the portrait of "Ball," a famous bull-dog, has an aquatint background. The best-known are the "Sir Joshua Reynolds," an excellent plate heavily etched, and that of "Miss Bowles," after Sir Joshua, published in 1817. The latter has almost the value of a mezzotint engraving, and the flesh is most delicately stippled. There is a small plate of the same picture, mezzotinted by him, a comparison of the two throwing light on the relative capabilities of the two methods.

Although the above-named are the best known, by far the most important stipple-prints by Turner are "Villagers Dancing," "Mother's Fairings," and "The Savoyard": these are all three exceedingly rare in colour. A small but very charming piece of stipple-work is the frontispiece to an aria composed by the Marchioness of Blandford, designed by Cosway, and exquisitely printed in colours. He also designed and stipple-engraved a sketch of Miss O'Neill in the first year that she came to London. The large mezzotint of her, under the title of "Hebe," after Huet Villiers, was executed three years earlier.

"Mademoiselle Parisot" was issued at 10s. in colour. I have been offered £100 for my own

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print. But it was given to me by the late Sir Henry Irving ; and to me, of course, on that account also, quite priceless. Mademoiselle Parisot was a celebrated dancer at the London Opera House at the time (1798) when the Bishop of Durham (Shute Barrington) made his celebrated *Protest* against the growing licentiousness of the opera-ballet. She was one of the three dancers who figured in the caricature of Gillray that the pamphlet evoked, under the title of "*Danse à L'Évêque.*"

Mademoiselle Parisot married Mr. Hughes of Golden Square in 1807. The pair generally hung with this print is "Mademoiselle Hilligsberg," who has been already alluded to as one of the mistresses of that multitudinous lover, George IV. "Mademoiselle Parisot" appears to have been colour-printed in its earliest lettered state. I have never seen it without title, but neither have I seen a monochrome in this condition. My own copy is with open letters, and most brilliant. It is a rare print.

WILLIAM WARD

WARD (William), 1762-1826, was a brother-in-law of George Morland in a double way ; for, Morland married Annie, Ward's sister, and Ward married Maria, Morland's sister.

William Ward was a pupil of J. R. Smith, and became assistant to him when he had finished his apprenticeship. Like his master, his best

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work was done in mezzotint, but many charming stipple-prints exist by him, and they are keenly sought after. In some instances he made his own designs, which were very much in the manner of Smith. But he also engraved in stipple after J. R. Smith, and from designs supplied to him by his erratic brother-in-law, George Morland. His fame rests chiefly, of course, on his series of mezzotints after this celebrated relative, and rests there deservedly, but these are outside the province of the present volume. Ward was peculiarly successful in delineating the female figure in quaint attitudes and costumes. His own compositions, however, sometimes lack spontaneity, he was a better translator than originator. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1814, and he also held for some time the appointment of Mezzotint-Engraver to the Prince Regent and the Duke of York. He lived in 50 Warren Street, Soho, and died there suddenly in 1826, leaving two sons. The eccentricity latent in the Morland family reappeared in these two sons of William Ward; the eldest, Martin Theodore, artist and exhibitor, abandoned his career when he was at his zenith, and died in 1874 in poverty and obscurity, both self-sought. William James, the second son, a valuable mezzotint artist, became insane, and died in an asylum in 1840.

Among William Ward's stipple-prints are to be found "The First Pledge of Love," after Morland; "Thoughts on Matrimony" (a miser-

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able late copy of which, signed "Bartolonii," exists)—the pair to it, "Thoughts on a Single Life," being by J. R. Smith ; "Louisa," "Louisa Mildmay," "The Soliloquy," "The Musing Charmer," "Alinda," "Hesitation," and "The Choice."

All these, which are from his own designs, have been only too popular, and have been reproduced until they have lost the greater part of their charm. "Lucy of Leinster," which shares the same fate, was not a popular print at the time of its production. The plate, with 142 plain and 5 coloured impressions, was sold at Molteno's sale for £1 : 2s., as were also "À Loisir" and "Louisa," a pair, the first engraved by Smith, the other by Ward. Sixteen shillings was all that the plates of the two latter with 6 proofs and 12 prints realised at the same sale. "À Loisir" alone to-day easily fetches £50. As far as I know, the portraits Ward engraved in stipple of the Royal Princesses, the first of which appeared in 1789, have not been reproduced. These were after Ramberg, and included "Charlotte Augusta," "Augusta Sophia," "Elizabeth," "Sophia," and "Amelia." Of the five, "Augusta" is by far the prettiest ; she is depicted sitting on a garden seat plucking a bough from a tree. A poor impression of this plate was sold in 1896 by public sale for £16 : 10s. After Ramberg also, are the two popular prints "Temptation" and "Reflection" ; the latter, in proof state, is lettered as "Private Amusement."

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Other stipple-prints by Ward are "The Minstrel," after Opie ; a circle with a quotation from Beattie's poem, dated 1784, and a much-engraved "Annette and Lubin" from Marmontel's *Moral Tales*.

"Constancy" and "Variety" are perhaps the most interesting of W. Ward's stipple-prints. "Variety" is said to be a portrait of Mrs. Morland, "Constancy" of Mrs. William Ward. The two married couples lived for a short time in the same house in High Street, Marylebone, but, as the German proverb says, "no roof is large enough to cover two families." The two ladies found ample cause for dispute in their respective husbands' accomplishments. One was a sober man of talent, the other a drunken genius, and constant reiteration of these facts seems to have produced dissensions, leading to a disruption of the family partnership, after about three months. They then separated, when Mrs. Morland had all the "variety" that she could possibly require in George Morland's transitions between profligacy, drunkenness, repentance, and fresh outbreaks ; and Maria enjoyed not only her own "constancy" but that of her excellent husband.

The two prints in their second state have respectively these execrable verses :—

Variety.

Crowded scenes or lonely roads
My fickle mind by turn approves,
Come then my votaries, follow me
The charm of life's variety.

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Constancy.

Firm as the rock on which I lean
My mind is fixed and cannot rove,
Though foaming billows roll between
I'll ne'er forsake the youth I love.

The original picture of "Constancy" is, or was, in the possession of Thomas J. Barratt, Bell Moor, Hampstead Heath. But how it has become separated from its pair, and what has become of "Variety," I have not been able to discover.

There are two states of these prints : the first before all letters ; the second with the artists' names, title, verse, and line of publication, "London, Publish'd Sepr. 4th, 1788, by W. Dickinson, Engraver, 158 New Bond Street." The second is printed in colour. The plates, with 49 plain and 11 coloured impressions, were sold at Dickinson's sale in 1794 for eight guineas. A fine pair in colours will to-day realise close upon £100. These plates were re-engraved with the signature "Bartolotti," and a would-be purchaser must be careful to avoid purchasing the very poor second pair.

THOMAS WATSON

WATSON (Thomas), 1743-1781. — He was articled to a metal-engraver, and he executed some good stipple-prints, but especially excelled in mezzotint. He carried on business as a print-

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seller at New Bond Street in 1778, for a short time was partner with Dickinson, died and was buried in Bristol.

Watson's stipple-prints are meagre in quantity, although they may be said to make up amply for this in quality. Among them are a print of Mrs. Sheridan as "St. Cecilia," after Reynolds, one of "Friar Philip's Geese," and a very poor one of "The Duchess of Devonshire." The "St. Cecilia" has been mezzotinted in so very superior a manner by Dickinson that no collector will be anxious to acquire a copy of it by Watson. The three following, however, will, I think, sufficiently account for the inclusion of Thomas Watson among first-class stipple-engravers.

"Mrs. Wilbraham."—Mrs. Wilbraham was the daughter of W. Harvey, of Chigwell, Essex, and the wife of George Wilbraham, of Nantwich and Delamere House. Her husband was Sheriff for the County of Cheshire, and died in 1813. This picture is always sold as the pair to "Mrs. Crewe," but I have spent many weary months in endeavouring fruitlessly to find any social connection between the two ladies.

"Mrs. Crewe."—Mrs. Crewe was, of course, one of the most interesting women of her day. She was one of the "blue-stockings," and an intimate friend of Mrs. Montague. She also figured in the most frivolous society, and was on loving terms with the famous Duchess of Devonshire. She was a daughter of Fulke Greville, and Doctor Burney was her godfather, whilst in her

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turn, Mrs. Fulke Greville was godmother to Fanny Burney. Mrs. Crewe inherited her beauty from her mother and her brilliancy from her father. It will be remembered that Fulke Greville, son of the fifth Lord Brooke, eloped with his wife, and that when he asked forgiveness, his father-in-law drily remarked that Mr. Greville had taken a wife out of the window whom he might just as well have taken out of the door. Mrs., afterwards Lady Crewe, was a very prominent politician on the Whig side, and Fox, Burke, and Sheridan were frequent visitors at Crewe Hall. *The School for Scandal* was dedicated to Lady Crewe, and Horace Walpole published at the Strawberry Hill press some verses written by her for Fox, for whom, like her friend Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, she actively canvassed at the Westminster election. The most unfortunate circumstance about Lady Crewe is that her biographers were not content to tell us of her brilliancy and wit, but they actually proceeded to give us an instance of both. Wraxall, Fanny Burney, Walpole, and Huish all repeat the following poor specimen of repartee. At a dance at her house after the famous election of 1784, the Prince of Wales gave the toast "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe," to which the bewitching lady brilliantly replied "True Blue and all of you." This, and the story of a gentleman who, for a small wager, expectorated into the hat of one of his fellow-guests, are the two gems of eighteenth-century

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humour that most frequently appear among the chronicles of the day !

“Una” (Miss Elizabeth Beauclerk).—This is Topham Beauclerk’s daughter. Topham Beauclerk, friend of Johnson, wit, debauchee, member of the Literary Club, married Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, who had been divorced from Viscount Bolingbroke, and was hardly more happy in her second marriage. Lady Diana Beauclerk, who was familiarly known as “My Lady Bully,” was by way of being an artist, and Horace Walpole admired her work and had a boudoir devoted to specimens of it at Strawberry Hill. But I think it must have been the lady rather than the painting that he found attractive ; for, although he made very desperate mistakes in his criticisms on contemporary art and artists, it seems impossible to believe he really could have thought the strange compositions, with figures anatomically impossible, in positions weird and unaccountable, merited a place amongst his masterpieces. At Holland House there are drawings by Lady Diana, including a portrait sketch of Charles James Fox. “Una,” the subject of the engraving, married George Augustus, Lord Herbert, afterwards the eleventh Earl of Pembroke, in 1787, and died in 1793.

The first state of the print is before all letters ; the second with the artist’s name and “*vide Spenser’s Fairy Queen*” ; the third has the title “Una” with the well-known verse, and is

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printed in colours. Owing to poor Una's early death, the Earl of Pembroke married a second time in 1808. Her successor was the only daughter of Count Worronzoff, and was one of the two Russian children engraved by Caroline Watson in 1788, after Cosway.

CHARLES WHITE

WHITE (Charles), 1751-1785, was born in London and lived the greater number of his days at Stafford Row, Pimlico, where he died in 1785. He was apprenticed to Robert Pranker, a line-engraver, but, after serving his apprenticeship, he abandoned this method for the easier stipple. He was largely employed in executing insignificant prints from designs by ladies. Later on he was engaged on more important plates, but was prematurely cut off by fever before he had lived to complete them, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. Among these designs by ladies, of which Dodd speaks so contemptuously, were a large number after Emma Crewe, of which I may mention "A Lady and Child," "Instruction," "Biography," "Contemplation," "Ballad Singers," "Julia," "Annette and Lubin," "The Cherry Girl," "Lavinia and her Mother," and "A Good Mother Reading a Story."

A charming "Love," after Peters (a circle), and the pair to it, which is entitled "The Enraptured Youth," are amongst his best work. The first of these is a variation of the celebrated

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picture mezzotinted by J. R. Smith entitled "Love in her eyes sits playing." "Mary Isabella Somerset, Duchess of Rutland," is another successful study after Peters. "Cottage Children," after Russell, "Margaret of Anjou," and "Palemon and Lavinia" (circles), after Stothard, and "The Dove," after Miss Bennett, are other engravings by White. The two most valued prints that have survived are the "Infancy," after Cosway, and "Fidelity," after Gardner. He also engraved a portrait of Lady Catherine Powlett (an oval), after Cosway. Three after Bunbury—"A Camp Scene," "Patty," and "Charlotte and Werther"—seem to have been prepared only for colour, and to have been unworthy of its assistance.

"Infancy" was painted by Cosway in 1785 for the Earl of Radnor. The two children represented are William, Viscount Folkestone, afterwards third Earl of Radnor, and his sister Lady Mary Anne Pleydell-Bouverie. It appears from the family account-book, 24th October 1785, that the Earl of Radnor paid Cosway £115:10s. for this picture. The same account-book, of 11th February 1786, says he paid to Mrs. White for 24 proof engravings of the print of Cosway's "Children" £14:8s. The original picture is still in the possession of the family, and hangs at Longford Castle.

I have no history of "Fidelity." I have seen several proofs in monochrome; but nothing in colour earlier than the second state.

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CHARLES WILKIN

WILKIN (Charles), 1750 - 1814. — Charles Wilkin was awarded a premium for stipple-work by the Society of Arts, and, according to Dodd, he had quite an original manner of working. He published from Eaton Street, Pimlico. The most important plate that he engraved is, perhaps, the well-known "Cornelia and her Children" (Lady Cockburn and her children), after Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791, a most beautiful piece of work without which no collection of stipple-prints is complete. The original picture was bequeathed by Lady Hamilton to the National Gallery. It was recently discovered, however, that the bequest was illegal; the family claimed the picture, with others less important that had been left in the same way, and sold it to America for a large sum of money. Through the liberality of the late Mr. Beit it has now, however, been restored to the nation.

The other important work by Wilkin was a book entitled *A Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion*. They were published by subscription at one guinea the proofs, half a guinea the prints. A prospectus was issued in 1797, and the engravings were promised every four months. Hoppner was associated with Wilkin in this venture, and the original prospectus said: "Subscriptions received by John Hoppner, Charles Street, St. James's Square, or

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C. Wilkin, 19 Eaton Street, Pimlico." Before the second set came out the name of Hoppner had disappeared, and Wilkin took the entire responsibility of the publication. Coloured impressions seem to have been an afterthought—the only ones I have seen are from the plates, in evidently worn states, and on paper dated 1805 and 1808.

Among the most beautiful of this series are, perhaps, "Lady Charlotte Duncombe"; "The Countess of Euston," after Hoppner; and "Lady Catherine Howard," from Wilkin's own design. Others are "Lady St. Asaph" and "Lady Charlotte Campbell" (a pretty daughter of one of the beautiful Misses Gunning), "Lady Langham," "Jane Elizabeth, Viscountess Andover," "Mrs. Parkyns" (Lady Rancliffe), after Hoppner; "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick," "Lady Gertrude Villiers," and "The Duchess of Rutland," after Wilkin. The late Mr. Tuer issued photogravures of these in book form, and I believe the edition was rapidly sold out. Others of Wilkin's stipple-prints are "Epponina," after Benjamin West, and the well-known "Children Relieving a Beggar-Boy," after Beechey. These were the children of Sir Francis Ford.

A very desirable acquisition is an early proof of Wilkin's "Master Hoare." Henry Richard Hoare was the only son of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., Fellow of the Royal Society, and historian of Wiltshire. He was born in 1785, married in 1802 to Charlotte, only daughter of Sir Edward

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Deny, Bart., and died without an heir in 1836. The baronetcy devolved upon his eldest half-brother, founder of the now celebrated banking-house in Fleet Street. The picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds was painted in 1788, and is familiar to the public in Loan Exhibitions. I believe it is now at the family seat at Stourhead in Wiltshire.

The first state has artist's name, line of publication in etched letters, "Pubd. May, 1789, by C. Wilkin, No. 83 Queen Anne Street East"; the second state has the title in etched letters, "Publish'd June 1789, by C. Wilkin and R. Evans, Printsellers, Poultry, and Darling, Great Newport Street W.," and in this state it was colour-printed.

CHAPTER XII

Other Stipple-Engravers. Apologia and Conclusion

IN the preceding pages I have given in alphabetical order a few particulars of the most notable engravers of the Bartolozzi school, in whose work I have specially interested myself, and who are represented well in my own collection. The arbitrary omissions, due to causes more or less personal, are collated shortly in the following notes.

AGAR (John S.), 1776-1858, was a portrait-painter as well as an engraver, who exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1796 and 1806. He was a pupil of Cheesman and Bovi, and was at one time President of the Society of Engravers. Amongst his best-known stipple-works, all of which have been produced at one time or another in colour, are :—

“The Shepherd Boy” (Sir W. Jones), after Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a large number of plates after Cosway, of which “Mrs. Duff” has been, perhaps, the most admired. This plate is still in existence, and weak modern impressions, generally hand-coloured, are often to be met

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with. "Lady Heathcote," "George, fourth Duke of Marlborough," and his mistress, the latter entitled "A Lady in the character of a Milk-maid," are others. "A Lady in the character of a Gipsy" (Harriet, Lady Cockerell, daughter of Lady Rushout) is an attractive colour-print. Agar was also among the many engravers of "Miss O'Neill."

BAILLIE (Capt. Wm.), 1723-1810.—This brilliant Irishman, who called himself an amateur, excelled as an etcher. He is best known to print-collectors as having re-worked Rembrandt's "Hundred Guilder" plate, "Christ Healing the Sick," and also for the two handsome folio volumes, entitled *A Series of 225 Prints and Etchings after Rembrandt, Teniers, Gerard Dow, Poussin, and others*, by Captain William Baillie; published by Boydell in 1792. But Captain Baillie was also a charming stipple-engraver, and he used this method in combination with the etching-needle with excellent effect; his work being met with in colour sufficiently often to entitle him to a passing notice here. Among his best plates in this manner are a portrait of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, after Van Dyck; "A Woman's Head," after G. Dow; "Madonna and Child," after Rottenhamer, and a fine portrait of Lord Mountstuart, after N. Hone.

BENEDETTI (Michele), 1745-1810.—He was born in Rome, but spent the greater part of his life in England. His earliest works are in line, but he became a pupil of Bartolozzi, and after-

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wards confined himself almost entirely to stipple, in which medium, perhaps, his finest work, printed in colours in its first state, is the well-known portrait of Edmund Burke, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, on which he proudly records the name of his master.

Benedetti also engraved "The Guardian Angel," after Fuseli, for Sir B. Boothby's fustian "Sorrows sacred to Penelope," 1796; "The Child's Dressing" and "The Child First Going Alone," after H. Singleton; "Music" and "A Sybil," a pair, the first after Domenichino, and the second after Guido Reni; and "Adoration," also after Guido Reni. He worked on the *Bunbury Shakespeare*, published by Macklin, 1792-96. The majority of his plates lacked delicacy and refinement, and, whether through honesty or ignorance, he never attempted to improve the bad drawing of the designs given to him.

BETTELINI (Pietro), 1763-1825.—He was born in Lugano, and was sent over to England to study under Bartolozzi, but master and pupil were mutually dissatisfied and soon separated. Bettelini returned to Italy, and was fortunate enough to be admitted into the studio of the truly eminent engraver Raffaello Morghen, where he rapidly improved in his art; and ultimately achieved a well-merited individual renown. Le Blanc gives a long list of Bettelini's works in line. Among his stipple-prints that are to be met with in colour are a miniature of Signora Storacci; the delicate and fascinating

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“Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,” after Cosway; and “A Nymph Asleep,” after Cipriani; “Innocence and Fidelity”; and “The Duchess of C . . . delivered from the Cavern,” after Rigaud.

BLAKE (William), 1757-1827.—Idealist, artist, poet, he was one of the most interesting figures of this wonderful era. But his stipple-prints formed so insignificant a part of his contribution to contemporary chromography, that I have reserved him entirely for a problematic future volume.

“Calisto” and “Zephyrus and Flora,” after Stothard; a delicate stipple-engraving of the poet Cowper, after Sir Thomas Lawrence; “Mrs. Q.” (wife of Colonel Quentin), after Huet Villiers; “Venus dissuading Adonis from Hunting,” a line and stipple-print after Cosway; “The Industrious Cottagers” and “The Idle Laundress,” after Morland; “Morning Amusement” and “Evening Amusement,” after Watteau, will represent not unworthily this side of his work. The last-named pair are charming prints. The portrait of Elizabeth Henrietta Conyngham, Marchioness of Huntly, is sometimes erroneously sold under the title “Mrs. Q.,” and sometimes, more correctly, as a pendant to it. It is, however, engraved by Maile. The art of Blake has already inspired two classic works: Gilchrist’s *Life* and Swinburne’s *Critical Essay*.

BOND (William), who worked between 1772

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and 1807, was Governor of the Society of Engravers, founded in 1803. He engraved in stipple many prints of large size after West and Westall.

His best-known prints in colours are "The Woodland Maid" (a portrait of Miss De Visme), and "The Marchioness of Thomond," after Sir Thomas Lawrence; "The Laughing Girl," after Sir Joshua Reynolds; "The Farmer's Visit to his Daughter in Town" (companion to "The Visit Returned in the Country," by Nutter, after Morland), and "Mrs. Young" in the character of "Cora," after Hobday. A charming print by Bond, very delicate and refined in workmanship, though rather straggling and disproportionate in composition, is the "Madame Tallien," after Masquerier. Bond engraved "The Expiation of Orestes," after Westall, for Longman's *Fine Arts of the English School*.

BOVI (M.), born in 1760, was a pupil of Bartolozzi, and published many well-known stipple-engravings in colour and otherwise. He had, according to Minasi, three copper-plate presses, and kept two colour-printers, who had been trained under Seigneuer, constantly employed. He was apparently a very industrious engraver, and one of great merit, but his unfortunate habit of translating the work of inferior painters makes it impossible in all cases to give him the credit he deserves for his dexterity. He seems to have shared Horace Walpole's admiration for Lady Diana Beauclerk's monstrous

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drawings, and he constantly reproduced her designs. His portraits of "Cosway," after Cosway, dated 1786, and of "Mrs. Bateman," after Guttenbrun, have a certain extrinsic interest. "New Shoes" and "Nice Supper" are not quite the worst of Lady Diana's prints. "Lady Diana Sinclair," "Martha Swinburne," "Countess Radnor," "Mrs. Merry," and "Miss Barker" are all after Cosway; "Mrs. Brooke" is after C. Read; "Grace in all their Steps," after Locke; "Nymphs and Satyrs" and "The Arts and Sciences" are both after Cipriani; the last being a highly decorative panel, one of a set of four, which I have twice seen printed beautifully in colours on linen.

CARDON (Antoine), 1772-1813, was an excellent stipple-engraver, but he hardly started working until the end of the century was well in sight. He died before he had reached maturity in his art. But the prints of "Louisa Paolina Angelica Cosway," "Thaddeus Kosciuszko," "Flora and Ceres," "Lady Stanhope," "Mrs. Merry," and "Madame Récamier," after Cosway; a charming miniature of Mrs. Billington as "St. Cecilia," after Sir Joshua Reynolds; "Bacchante," after a design by Bartolozzi; "Madame Catalani," after C. M. Pope; "The Marchioness of Donegal, Mrs. and Miss May, and the Earl of Belfast," after Masquerier, prove at least that he knew how to engrave for colours. He also showed this knowledge on the large plate "Catherine of France presented to Henry V. of England at the

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Treaty of Troyes," which he executed for the Boydells after a picture by Stothard. It is one of the few large compositions which have not materially suffered in harmony at the hands of the colour-printer.

Antoine Cardon worked on the "Cries of London," and he also engraved "Mother's Pride" (a portrait of young Jekyll), after Lodder (there is a much more attractive print with the same title, after Adam Buck); Miss Duncan, as "Letitia Harding," after J. T. Barber; "Irish Peasants" and "Welch Peasants," after Westall; "Cupid Unveiling Venus," after Cosway; and "The Universal Power of Love," after Kirk. He translated some devotional subjects, after Rubens, which were most brilliantly printed in colours in their proof state.

DELATRE (J. M.), 1745-1840, was one of Bartolozzi's most esteemed pupils, and, according to his own account, he did a great deal of work on many plates that his master signed. He engraved after Wheatley, Stothard, Angelica Kauffmann, and Hamilton, in a manner very little inferior to Ryland.

Among his best works are "Damon and Phœbe," after Harding; "Strolling Musicians," after Rigaud; "Celestina," after Stothard; "Samuel," after Reynolds; and the following after Angelica Kauffmann:—"Dido invoking the Gods before mounting the Funeral Pile," "Penelope weeping over the Bow of Ulysses," "Posthumus, Consul of Rome," "Beauty, directed

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by Prudence, rejects with scorn the solicitations of Folly," "Hammond's Love Elegies," "Calais—The Snuff Box" (Sterne), "Moulines—The Handkerchief," "Miss Harrop," and "Comic and Tragic Muse." "The Children in the Wood" he also engraved, after P. W. Tomkins; "May Day or the Happy Lovers," after J. Saunders; "Genius with Sickle and Sheaf," after Cipriani; "The Wheelbarrow," after Wheatley, and "Children playing with a Mouse," after Hamilton.

DUMÉE (E. J.) has a saleroom value for which it is perhaps a little difficult to account. He seems to me to lack delicacy in his flesh-tints, and he invariably exaggerates any faults in drawing that he finds in his models, notably in the hands, with which he is uniformly unfortunate. In addition to these defects, there is a certain woolliness about the hair and drapery that destroys any possible charm in his figure-subjects. His principal work was done, in the early part of the present century, after Morland, Cosway, and R. West.

"The Benevolent Lady," "The Discovery," "The Fair Seducer," after Morland; "The Love Letter," after R. West; "Hebe," after Cosway; and "Agatha," after J. R. Smith, are, perhaps, the best-known of Dumée's prints.

DUTERREAU (B.) worked at the end of the eighteenth century in France and England. Very little is known of this engraver, but two prints by him, "The Squire's Door" and "The

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Farmer's Door," after Morland, are much esteemed in colours or monochrome. They were so much in favour, and the public demand for them was so great, that the plates wore out, and the subjects were re-engraved by Levilly in his usual inferior manner. Duterreau also engraved "The Country Schoolmistress" and "The Yorkshire Schoolmistress," after Saunders; "Fancy" and "Simplicity," after Artaud; and he worked on the Bunbury Shakespeare published by Macklin.

EARLOM (Richard), 1743-1822, was a very important and very industrious engraver, largely employed by the Boydells. He etched, mezzotinted, and stippled. He was amongst the few engravers who used the point in a mezzotinted plate. The public know Earlom best for his fruit and flower pieces after Van Huysum and Van Os, proofs of which still realise high prices. But they are mezzotints.

Among his stipple-prints are to be found "Sensibility" and "Alope," portraits of Lady Hamilton, after Romney; and "Lord Heathfield," after Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Cipriani," after Rigaud, is hardly interesting, and the pretty little "Cupid," after Cipriani, is insignificant. The designs for the painted window of New College, Oxford, which he executed in conjunction with Facius, were magnificently colour-printed, and issued to the public in proof state.

EGINTON (John), like Blake, merits a chapter,

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if not a volume, to himself. Both he and his brother were remarkable men in the world of little arts ; but their back-painting, and glass-painting, and camera-obscura work threw their stipple-engravings quite into the shade. The historian of photography will, however, find reference to their inventions of great interest. Both the Egintons, John especially, issued prints in colour, of which, perhaps, the most notable are : "Setting out to the Fair," "The Fairings," "Filial Piety," and "The Affectionate Daughter," after Wheatley ; "The Ballad Singer," after Singleton ; and "Hebe" and "Adelaide," after Hamilton.

FACIUS (George Sigismund and Johann Gottlieb) were two brothers attracted to England by the Boydell Shakespeare scheme, and they settled here in or about 1776. They are known as etchers as well as stipple-engravers, but it is on their stipple-engraving that their reputation principally rests. Their plate of the "New College Window," and their early interest in colour-printing, make them worthy of note. Among their principal works are the following :

"Angelica and Medora," "Prince Octavius," and "The Golden Age," after West ; "Cupid's Pastime," "Industry attended by Patience, and assisted by Perseverance, crowned by Honour and rewarded with Plenty," "Ariadne abandoned by Theseus," "Sappho, inspired by Love, composing an Ode in honour of Venus," "Sophonisba, Queen of Carthage," and "Phœnisba, friend

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of Sophonisba," oval prints after Angelica Kauffmann ; " Diana," " Hebe," " Spring," and " Summer," after Hamilton ; a " Venus " and " Danae," after Titian ; and a number of large prints after West, Westall, Hamilton, etc.

George Facius executed the frontispiece to the fourth volume of the *Series of Prints after the most noted Pictures in England*, which was issued in seven volumes by subscription. All the best-known stipple-engravers of the day were employed on this work, but, on the whole, it proved a disappointing production. The prints were afterwards sold separately. The pictures were from the collections of George III., the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Radnor, Sir Peter Leicester, Lord Bessborough, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Bute, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Orford, Peter Delmé ; all of whom figure in the list of subscribers.

FREEMAN (Samuel), 1773-1857.—The majority of his plates were executed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and he is of interest to a collector of colour-prints chiefly for his work after Adam Buck. " The Quarrel " and " The Reconciliation," " The Little Busybody," " The Four Seasons," " Madame Catalani," and many of the children-subjects, have found admirers. A number of the Buck prints by Freeman have aquatint backgrounds, the stipple is peculiarly regular and even, and the colour-printing, in the best specimens, delicate and refined. Williamson and Cheesman also engraved after Adam Buck.

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The painter has treated his subjects in every case with a certain quaintness and simplicity that give them a typical and decorative quality, and he has dressed his figures, almost without exception, in Empire costumes. But the drawing is so singularly bad that connoisseurs with the highest artistic sense banish these "Buck" prints from their walls and folios.

GRAHAM (G.) worked at the end of the eighteenth century. The serious business of his life was mezzotint, but he executed one or two stipple-plates that became popular colour-printed, and that still find admirers; notably "Lucy," after C. Hodges, "The Young Nurse and Quiet Child," "The Angry Boy and Tired Dog," "The Soldier's Return," and "Morning Reflection," after Morland. He also engraved several of the illustrations for Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*; and a few impressions from three of the plates were subsequently issued separately in colours.

GROZER (Joseph) worked about 1784-1792. I suppose it is hardly allowable to call Grozer a stipple-engraver, but he executed a few plates in this medium, and, even if they are looked upon as the merest quips of a serious chalcographer, the measure of his reputation as a mezzotint-engraver deserves that they should not be passed over entirely without mention; particularly as such quips include "The Age of Innocence" and "Lady St. Asaph," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, and "Morning, or the Reflection," after Ward.

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HAWARD (Francis), 1759-1797.—He engraved principally after Sir Joshua Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann. Perhaps his best work in stipple is Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," after Sir Joshua Reynolds. But by far the most popular, printed in colours, were "The Infant Academy" and "Cymon and Iphigenia," from the same artist.

Haward's speciality as a stipple-engraver was miniature subjects, of which "Flora and Zephyr," "Psyche and Zephyr," "Hebe," and "Juno," after Hamilton; "Astarte and Zadig," after Hone; and "Cupid crowning the Arts," from his own design, are the most charming.

JOSI (C.).—Died about 1828. Josi was born in Holland, came early to this country, and worked under J. R. Smith, a fact he gratefully noted on his plates. He wrote a short life of Ploos Van Amstel, in which there is a good deal of autobiography. He had previously published for, or in conjunction with, Van Amstel, a volume of imitations of Dutch drawings, partly printed in colour in a combination of aquatint and etching. Ploos Van Amstel was a rich amateur; C. Josi was an engraver, a publisher, and, what we call to-day, a dealer. He was a man of great taste and knowledge, and, reading between the lines of any work executed by the two men in common, it is not difficult to imagine that Van Amstel was largely indebted to Josi for more than the art-treasures he found for him, and the introduction he wrote to their joint book.

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Several of Josi's stipple-prints are popular in colours, and fetch high prices : for instance, the "Innocent Revenge" and "Innocent Mischief," after Westall, published in 1795. "The Little Gipsy," after the same artist, is an attractive little print, and "The Peasant's Repast" and "The Labourer's Luncheon," after Morland, deserve a passing notice. There is in existence a portrait by Josi of Cosway, executed in stipple and printed in colours, but I have not been fortunate enough to see a fine example.

KEATING (George), 1762-1842, was an Irish engraver of exceptional taste. He was a pupil of Dickinson, and mezzotint was his real medium, although he executed almost as many plates with the point as with the scraper. He worked after Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney, Gainsborough and Lawrence, and perhaps his talent in selection, as much as his talent in delineation, is responsible for the esteem in which he was held. But, like the majority of the most cultured of the mezzotinters, he is never quite happy in colour. Either his plates are too large, or his stippling is too coarse, to suit the exactions of that delicate mistress. He suffered, like so many of his contemporaries, from the absence of a formula, for want of an authoritative decision as to the possibilities and limitations of the printer's palette. Compare, for example, an early impression in colour after Romney, of "St. Cecilia" by Keating, with a "Serena," after the same artist, by J. Jones. The one engraver set the printer an

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impossible task, the other exactly understood how far he might legitimately go. "Camilla Fainting" and "Camilla Recovering," after Singleton, from the novel of *David Simple*, are fair examples of his method.

LEWIS (Frederick Christian), 1779-1841.—His principal work was done in the last century, when colour-printing was dying out. He illustrated Ottley's *School of Design*, and engraved a large number of portraits, after Sir T. Lawrence, in imitation of drawings. But perhaps the public will be more interested in hearing that he was a pupil of Joseph Constantine Stadler, another of the engravers after Adam Buck. Lewis used the roulette in his delicate stipple-work in such a manner as to give his prints a mechanical effect that is not always pleasing. Many of them were issued in monochrome, slightly touched with the brush.

MEADOWS (R. M.) worked about 1780-1811. His best works are: "Gathering Wood" and "Gathering Fruit," after G. Morland, 1795; "A Ferncutter's Child" and "A Girl Gathering Mushrooms," after Westall; and a large print after the same artist entitled "A Storm in Harvest." "Attention" and "Inattention," after J. R. Smith (a charming pair); "Juvenile Culprits Detected," after R. M. Payne; "The Fortitude of Sir T. More," after Hamilton; "Ethelinda and the Knight" and "Ethelinda restored to her Father," after Stothard; "The Marchioness of Thomond," after Thomson;

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“Gipsies stealing a Child” and “The Child Restored,” after Singleton, are others of his colour-prints. He worked for the Boydell Shakespeare and also for the Bunbury Shakespeare, published by Macklin, 1792-1796. He published three lectures on engraving in 1811, and died in 1812.

MEYER (Henry), 1782-1847, was a nephew of Hoppner, and a pupil of Bartolozzi. He engraved in mezzotint as well as in stipple, and was peculiarly successful in portraits. One that he engraved of Alderman Boydell, after Stuart, is remarkable at once for its vigour and its delicacy. He was one of the original members of the Society of British Artists. Now and again, stipple-prints in colour by Henry Meyer come up in salerooms: they are always refined, but somewhat mechanical and not particularly interesting. The best are Mrs. Jerningham as “Hebe”; “Psyche” (Honble. Mrs. Paget), after Hoppner; Lady Leicester as “Hope,” after Lawrence; “Pam, Flush, and Loo,” after Opie; “Father’s Delight,” after W. Derby (companion to “Mother’s Pride,” after Lodder). He also engraved a number of ladies’ portraits for Anne Mee’s *Gallery of Beauties*.

MINASI (James Anthony), 1776-1865, of whom an excellent account is to be found in Mr. Tuer’s *Bartolozzi and His Works*, worked late into the nineteenth century. He was one of Senefelder’s earliest victims, and I should never have considered him seriously but for his stipple-

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prints after Cosway. "A Lady with a Young Girl," for instance, proves that it was only lack of inclination, and not of capacity, that prevented him successfully pursuing this branch of his art. "The Apotheosis of Princess Amelia," after L. A. Byam; "Ferdinand IV. of Italy," a portrait of "Mrs. Whiteford," and some of the Holbein Heads are amongst the work that has survived him. In the later 'twenties of the nineteenth century he was living in Regent Street, and his son, a clever young flautist, gave concerts and gathered around him a musical circle. To any of their friends who were interested in olden days and the plastic arts the old man would gossip with great freedom. My own first interest in stipple-engraving dates from the recollection of some of these conversations repeated by my grandfather in his old age.

OGBORNE (John), 1725-1795.—Ogborne was a pupil of Bartolozzi, indefatigable in industry, successful in his results, thoroughly characteristic of the period. He was largely employed by Boydell, and he associated his daughter Mary with him in some of his later prints. He started his professional life as a line-engraver, and did some fairly good plates after Van Dyck and Lucas de Heere. He also etched and bit his plates with aquafortis, using the graver afterwards, but very sparingly, which accounted for the comparative failure of this series of his work. He had a shop at one time in Great Portland Street, and it was here that the best

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part of the colour-printing of the stipple-engravings, which were, after all, the backbone of his trade, was done under his personal superintendence. I have seen some of his price-lists, from which it appears that, when he published an engraving in monochrome and in colour simultaneously, he charged only double for the latter. This is very inexplicable to me, though many of the publishers of the day preserved the same proportion. It is a proportion in no way commensurate with the difference in skill and even in actual labour; labour, of course, was cheap at the time, but skill is never a drug in any market.

Among Ogborne's best-known and most admired works is the volume of *Specimens of Modern Masters*, dedicated to Lavinia, Countess Spencer, only the presentation copy of which was printed in colours; this being, I understand, still in the possession of the family. Also I may mention the following:—a set of "The Seasons," done in conjunction with Nutter and White; "Dormant Love," a charming miniature subject after Kauffmann, which has been extensively reproduced; "Abelard offering Hymen to Eloisa" and "The Power of Love," after the same artist; "The Guardian Angel," after Cosway (a fat-faced, badly drawn Cupid in the chalk manner); "Sunshine" and "Storm," "Cottage Breakfast," "Cottage Supper," and "Rural Misfortune," after Bigg; a fascinating little fancy print, "Marchande de Cupidon," after a drawing by Bartolozzi, from

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the antique ; illustrations, after Stothard, of "Caroline and Lindorf" ; "Ballad Monger," after Walton ; "Elysium, or Cupid Punished," finely printed in colour and published at fifteen shillings ; "The Village Maids," after Stothard ; a set of "History," "Music," and "Painting," after his own designs (very poor) ; "The Birth of American Liberty" (a crowded engraving, well illustrating what should not be printed in colour) ; "The Venus of Totterdown Hill," after Harding ; "The Sad Story," after Westall ; Mrs. Jordan as "The Country Girl," after Romney ; "Eleanor Gwynne," after Lely (I have seen an impression of this print with Bartolozzi's name attached to it) ; illustrations to *Cecilia*, 1784 ; and a very large number of the Boydell Shakespeare series, for *Hamlet*, *Henry VI.*, and *King John*.

OGBORNE (Mary) did one or two plates, or signed one or two plates, in which her father is supposed to have had no hand, but they are of little importance.

PARISET (D. P.), a French engraver, was born at Lyons in 1740. He was a pupil of Demarteau, and he joined Ryland when the latter first established himself in the Royal Exchange. Later on he came under the influence of Bartolozzi, and is one of the group of engravers whose plates the popular Italian was supposed to have signed. But in Pariset's case the accusation would appear to have been unfounded ; for Pariset had a distinct style and

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personality of his own ; delicate, careful, and sincere. He proved his own plates in colour, and he managed his palette with a facility that never failed. The miniature portraits which he stippled and printed in colours, after Falconet's famous series of "Twelve Leading London Artists," place us under a distinct debt of gratitude to him. Sir William Chambers and Sir Joshua Reynolds were amongst the portrayed artists, so was Francis Cotes. Others of his portraits—"James Paine," "Horatio Walpole, the fourth Earl of Orford," and many contemporary celebrities—are much sought after by aspiring Grangers.

PAYE (Richard Morton), about 1778-1820, was a chaser on metal, a painter, a poet, and finally an engraver. We have only "Peter Pindar's" word for his having been a poet, for none of his works seem to have been published.

Wolcot and Paye were friends, but they quarrelled, and the venomous tongue of the unscrupulous satirist was never weary of maligning his sensitive friend. Paye made a feeble effort at retaliation ; he published a caricature of the Doctor in a bad imitation of Hogarth's satire on Churchill ; Wolcot was depicted as a bear standing before an easel. But after this issue he discovered himself to be too sensitive, or too proud, to continue the warfare. He made no further fight ; he suffered in silence, and unfortunately his work suffered with him. He became

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ill and poor, and the one evil accentuated the other, until death ended both. To me he is another of those pathetic shadow-figures of the eighteenth century ; wanting only a Forster and a little more talent to prove him a Goldsmith. J. Young and Valentine Green engraved his pictures, and he himself engraved "Puss in Durance," "No Dance, no Supper," and "Disappointment," all of them printed in colour. Paye left a son who also engraved in stipple.

PHILLIPS (Sam), about 1797, is chiefly remarkable because he was neither Charles Phillips, the early mezzotint engraver, nor George Henry Phillips, the late one, with both of whom he has at one time or another been confused. "The Birth of Shakespeare," and "The Birth of Otway," after Westall," are two of his well-known colour-prints, as are also "Meditation" and "Gaiety" after the same artist. "The Guardian Angel," after Maria Cosway, is another. He also engraved "Ariadne," "Bacchus," and "Innocence," after Richard Cosway, and three of the set of "The Five Senses," after Schiavonetti. Perhaps his best stipple-plate is "Taste in High Life," after Hogarth.

PICOT (Victor Marie), 1744-1802, was another of Ryland's foreign friends who joined him in England. Picot married Ravenet's daughter, and was elected a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists. His son, Louis Victor, was the popular miniaturist. On the death of his first wife Victor Marie returned to his native country,

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and settled at Abbeville, where he joined his brother in engraving and exporting prints.

Among his plates in stipple are a number of female heads with oriental head-dresses, and a pretty print entitled "Lovers," from his own design. They are all printed in red. One of his best-known works is Mrs. Cargill as "Clara," in Sheridan's *Duenna*, after Peters; it is generally attributed to Walker, by whom it was published. This celebrated actress was drowned in 1784 in the wreck of the *Nancy* packet, on her way from India. Her body was found on the rocks of Scilly, with an infant in her arms.

Picot also engraved the well-known and much-sought-after print of "The Fencing Match." This famous match between Chevalier D'Eon and M. de St. George took place before the Prince of Wales, several of the nobility, and many eminent fencing-masters, on the 9th of April 1787, at Carlton House.

Other colour-prints by Picot are the "Nymphs Sporting," and "Diana and her Nymphs Bathing," after Zuccarelli.

POLLARD (Robert), 1755-1835.—An artist, driven into the ranks of the engravers by poverty and a non-appreciative public. He was a pupil of the equally unfortunate genius Richard Wilson, and was the last surviving member of the Incorporated Society of Artists. He engraved in various styles, and occasionally mingled several on one plate with anything but satisfactory results. But when he kept to stipple and super-

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intended the colour-printing he was more successful. Amongst the proofs of his success are to be found, in addition to those after his own designs, "Beauty governed by Prudence, crowned by Virtuous Love," after A. Kauffmann; and "Love" and "Friendship," after Cosway.

READING (Burnet), who worked about 1770-1820, was a Colchester man, and enjoyed the unique position of being at once riding and drawing master to Lord Pomfret. He was a friend of the elder Angelo, and was not too old to join Harry Angelo in the Wargrave orgies. His stipple-prints include "Lavinia and her Mother," after Bigg; "Charlotte at the Tomb of Werther," from his own design; and a large number of contemporary portraits, both after Falconet and from his own drawing and engraving. Amongst the best-known are those of "Jeremiah Meyer," miniature painter to George III., the ubiquitous "David Garrick," "Ozias Humphrey, R.A.," "George Stubbs," "Francis Hayman," and "Paul Sandby." He was never a first-class engraver, but there is a certain quality about his portraits that lifts them out of the sphere of amateurism. They are slight, unimportant, but generally intelligent and characteristic.

RYDER (Thomas), 1746-1810, was a super-excellent stipple-engraver, and employed the colour-printer almost invariably. He engraved eight large plates for the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery, and they are amongst the best of that

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poor lot. "The Murder of James I., King of Scotland," after Opie, is one of the worst of his engravings printed in colour; "The Hours Crowning Virtuous Love," a miniature after Cosway, is one of the best. In fine condition, it is a perfect little gem, and shows everything the united arts are capable of producing. The children's heads in this print are supposed to be portraits of Colonel Braddyl's family. He also engraved many of Bunbury's ill-drawn, well-conceived designs.

Illustrations of "Charlotte and Werther," after C. R. Ryley; "The Last Supper," after West; "Prudence and Beauty," "Penelope taking down the Bow of Ulysses," after Kauffmann; "Lady Pembroke," after Hogarth; "A Boy of Glamorganshire," "A Girl of Carmarthenshire," and "Miss Linley," after Westall, show how well Ryder varied his style to suit his subjects. He associated himself with Cossé in "The Genius of Modesty preventing Love unveiling Beauty," after Cipriani, and this proves an exception to the rule "*l'union fait la force*"; it is a weak and unimaginative piece of work, reflecting credit on none of the three artists concerned in its production. The "Visit to the Woman of the Lime Trees," after Ramberg; "The Captive," after Wright; and "Scenes from the *Arabian Nights*," after Bunbury, might also be added to the long list of stipple-prints by Ryder.

SCORODOOMOFF (Gabriel), 1748-1792, was a young Russian draughtsman who came over to

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England to learn engraving in Bartolozzi's famous school. Bryan says he was the first Russian who obtained a reputation as an engraver. But it was chiefly in the reflected light of his master that he seems to have shone. As was the case with all Bartolozzi's pupils, colour was largely employed in the issues of his engravings.

His principal plates include "The Parting of Romeo and Juliet," after West, and a suite of six pieces for the Boydells, after Angelica Kauffmann—these are circular prints, neoclassic in design; "The Young Circassian," after Peters; a large number of Russian portraits, and "Justice," "Prudence," "Fortitude," and "Temperance," published as "The Four Virtues." They are none of them epoch-making. He also engraved "The Duty of a Mother," "Maternal Instruction," after West; "Abelard and Eloisa surprised by Fulbert," and "The Parting of Abelard and Eloisa," after Kauffmann; to all of which the same remark applies.

SCOTT (Edmund), 1746-1810, was one of the best stipple-engravers of his day, and was amongst the most original of the many famous pupils of Bartolozzi. He was engraver to Prince Frederick, Duke of York, and one of the first of the plates for which he claimed the entire credit was a superb one of his patron's brother, the Prince of Wales. A large plate dedicated "To the Memory of Captain Richard Price, his daughter, and others, who perished on board the *Halsewell*, East Indiaman, wrecked near Seacombe, Isle of

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Purbeck, 1786," is an ambitious piece of work after Stothard. It is, however, coarse, harsh, and discordant. The size and subject place it outside the limits of either of the arts employed in its manufacture, but the subject ensured a contemporary success far from merited. A charming little "Cottage Girl," after Braine, on the other hand, is highly characteristic both of artist and medium.

"Lingo and Cowslip" (Mr. Edwin and Mrs. Wells in O'Keeffe's *Agreeable Surprise*), after Singleton; "Palemon and Lavinia" and "The Children in the Wood," after Stothard, are other interesting prints. Morland, Russell, Singleton, Dunthorne, Ramberg, and Lady Diana Beauclerk were all glad to supply Edmund Scott with designs for the colour-prints which he issued, or to encourage him to engrave plates for their books. Among desirable prints by E. Scott may be mentioned "The Age of Bliss," after Russell; "Margaret," "Rosina," and "Stella," after Dunthorne; "The Modern Graces," after Bunbury; "Tom Jones and Molly Seagrim," "Tom Jones and Sophia Western," "Boys Robbing an Orchard," and "The Angry Farmer," after Morland.

SHERWIN (John Keyse), 1751-1790, was the son of a Sussex carpenter, to which trade he was originally apprenticed. But his artistic gifts attracted the attention of one of his father's customers, and in the result he was sent first to Astley, and then to Bartolozzi, to learn drawing

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and engraving. His stipple-work does not represent his talents at all adequately. He went very near to Woollett in his line-engravings, and succeeded that master in his appointment as Engraver to the King. He is supposed to have largely assisted Bartolozzi in the famous "Clytie," after Carracci.

Among his principal works in stipple are Mrs. Abington as "Roxalana," after Sir Joshua Reynolds; "A Tale of Love," after Bunbury; "Marriage of Lucinda and Fernando," after T. Stothard, which is another of the rare prints on which the colour-printer has been allowed to inscribe his name ("Printed in colour by T. B. Freeman" is on the margin); "Toilet of Venus" (supposed to be a portrait of Mrs. Robinson), "Meditation," "The Deserted Village" (this pair in a mixture of line and stipple), and a little gem engraved from the antique, representing the marriage of Cupid and Psyche; all from his own design. Also there is a fine portrait of "Mrs. Hartley" in the character of Andromache, and a quaint picture of "Mrs. Robinson" seated before a mirror, wearing a curiously large hat, engraved in very fine stipple, almost as delicate as the work of Caroline Watson.

SIMON (Pierre), 1750-1810.—Generally called "Simon the Younger." He executed a number of the plates for Worlidge's *Antique Gems*, and was extensively employed by the Boydells, for whose *Shakespeare Gallery* he did his best work. Perhaps his finest, certainly his best-known,

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work in stipple is "Angels' Heads" (Miss Frances Isabella Ker Gordon), after Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1789. The original is in the National Gallery, but the engraving has been so constantly and variously reproduced that one is apt to forget the charm of the picture in its familiarity. Simon's print of it still commands high prices.

"The Sleeping Nymph," after Opie, and "The Credulous Lady and Astrologer," after J. R. Smith, are popular, and two pleasant compositions illustrating "The Adventures of Tom Jones," after drawings by Downman, deserve popularity. "The Three Holy Children" is after Peters; "Fair Emaline" and "Young Thornhill's First Interview" are both after Stothard. "Celadon and Celia" and "The Lover's Anger," after Wheatley, are prints by Simon which I have met with in colour—met with and passed by.

SMITH (Anker), 1759-1819; (Benjamin), 1789-1833.—They were both pupils of Bartolozzi. The former was more successful, or at any rate more largely employed, in line than in stipple, and engraving for book-illustration was his great forte. His colour-work is unimportant and scarcely deserves a passing note. Benjamin Smith, on the other hand, although he lived well into the nineteenth century, was an indefatigable seeker after colour-effects, and rarely engraved a plate that did not in one state or another come into the colour-printer's hands. He engraved the celebrated "Sigismunda," after Hogarth,

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about which Allan Cunningham and the author of *The Life of Nollekens* are so pleasingly anecdotal, and also a portrait of "William Hogarth and his Dog." A very good portrait of George III., very carefully printed in colour, is characteristic of his skill as an engraver ; and a couple of prints after Romney, of "Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy" and "The Infant Shakespeare attended by Nature and the Passions," testify to his indiscriminate desire for colour-printing.

SOIRON (F. D.), about 1790.—His fame as a stipple-engraver rests chiefly on the two prints after Morland, entitled respectively "A Tea Garden" and "St. James's Park." Finely printed in colours, they fetch anything from £100 upwards, at which, or indeed at any figure, they are a very enviable possession. The record price of £250 was given for them at Christie's early in the year 1902. There are a large number of copies and imitations in the market, and several "states." The earliest is without borders, the second with, and in the third there is a certain amount of landscape added, which turns the prints into squares. There is also in existence a horrible French copy. Of all these misfortunes, for in a portfolio anything but the first two states is a misfortune, collectors should beware. But, like the infant with the much-advertised soap, they "won't be happy" until they get these two engravings, which as subject-pictures, characteristic both of period and painter, and as specimens

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of the united arts *in excelsis*, are equally representative and charming.

Another interesting engraving of Soiron's is "The Promenade in St. James's Park," after that celebrated topographer Dayes, which contains portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Some plates, after designs by Bunbury, show that Soiron was not entirely dependent upon the skill of the artist for the value of his engravings, and prove also that he understood what was necessary for the colour-printer.

STRUTT (Joseph), 1749-1802, is the well-known author of the *Biographical History of Engravers*, the plates of which were executed by himself; a valuable volume which at the time of its appearance was, nevertheless, very severely criticised by George Steevens.

Strutt also published a large number of other books illustrated in the same way, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, for instance. His next important work was on *The Manners and Customs and Dresses of the English*, the first volume published 1796, and the second 1799. The last work he completed was the volume entitled *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*.

Amongst the most interesting of his remains, however, was a manuscript romance of the fifteenth century entitled *Queen Hoc-Hall*, which Sir Walter Scott finished in 1808. He seems to have been a good master as well as a capable executant, for Ogborne, Nutter, and Meadows were all apprentices to him. So was Ryland's

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eldest legitimate son, but he seems to have taken but slight advantage of his opportunities.

Joseph Strutt's colour-printed stipple-plates include "The New Sash," after Russell; "Caroline and Walstein," "Active Love," "Cupid and Campaspe," "The Power of Innocence" and "The Innocent Stratagem," "Nurs'd at Home," "Nurs'd Abroad," and a number of others after Stothard, from whose works he engraved continually. "The Imprudence of Candaules, King of Lydia," after E. Le Sueur, was admired in its day.

VENDRAMINI (Giovanni), 1769-1839.—He was born at Roncade, near Bassano, Italy, came to England in 1780, and enrolled himself immediately under the banner of Bartolozzi, becoming one of the best of his pupils. With a grace and attractiveness in person and deportment that were wanting in his master, he became so popular amongst the patrons of the studio, the print-sellers, and the public, that when Bartolozzi retired to Portugal in 1802 Vendramini took over the business, the clientele, and the house at Fulham, together with a certain number of pupils. Three years later, however, either instinctive restlessness, or the falling-off of public patronage, induced him to make a journey to Russia, where he immediately found employment with the Czar. Unfortunately for the engraver, his efforts met with only too much appreciation, and when, wearied of the capital, he sought for permission to leave, his passports

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were refused him, and on his persisting in his request, he was imprisoned. He ultimately escaped in disguise, and fled to England. Cured by this experience of his desire for foreign travel, he married an English wife, and settled down finally to work. He was employed by Colnaghi, and executed five of "The Cries of London," after Wheatley. He also engraved "The Power of Love," after Pellegrini, and many works of the old masters.

In addition to "The Cries of London," the following prints by Vendramini are often met with in colour: "Comedy" and "Tragedy," "Love Caressed," "Love Rejected," "Sympathy" and "Serenity," after Cipriani, and "St. John the Baptist," after Raphael.

WARD (James), 1769-1859, was a brother of William Ward, and was apprenticed in the first instance to J. R. Smith. James painted as well as engraved, and, considering the period, was very successful with animal subjects. Stipple-prints in colour executed by him are occasionally to be met with, but in 1794 he was appointed painter and mezzotint engraver to the Prince of Wales, after which he gave up stipple, and, for obvious reasons, it is unnecessary to follow his career here.

WATSON (Caroline), 1760-1814, was a daughter of James Watson, the Irish mezzotinter, who was one of James M'Ardell's most distinguished pupils. Caroline Watson was a great favourite at Court, and was extensively

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patronised in the early part of the reign of George III. by the Earl of Bute, who procured for her the appointment of Engraver to Queen Charlotte. By the time that the Earl, now Marquis, of Bute had fallen into disfavour, however, her own talents and the Queen's conservatism had gained for her a permanent position. She engraved the homely features of the young Princesses, after Hoppner, when they were still children, and lived long enough to delineate their unfortunate niece, the Princess Charlotte, in the year of her marriage. The first two had an extensive sale in colour, and the plates went on printing long after they were worn out. They are therefore by no means rare in the later condition, but early impressions are still well worth buying.

Caroline Watson was one of the most talented and charming engravers of the day ; in her hands the art reached its extreme limit. Her finest stipple-work is as delicate as a miniature painting ; as soft, and as full of play, as a mezzotint. She was independent of the colour-printer, and never employed him on a plate in its early state. She not only engraved in stipple, but, under her father's tuition, learned to scrape a mezzotint plate, and later to work in aquatint, in which medium, by the way, she produced the set of "Female Virtue" and "Female Dissipation," after Maria Cosway.

Amongst the best of her stipple-plates, perhaps, are the "Woronzow Children," and

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“Charles Anderson Pelham (son of Lord Yarborough) with his Lady and their Six Children,” after Cosway. Impressions of this latter print are very rare; they are without inscription and are all engravers’ proofs—the plate was either lost or destroyed, according to Dodd, but withdrawn by the family, according to information I have received. The best also include “Robert Auriol, Earl of Kinnoull,” and “The Countess of Kinnoull,” “Viola,” “The Goddess of Wisdom,” and “Mrs. Drummond and her Children,” after Shelley; “Lady Elizabeth Foster,” after Downman (one of the Richmond House set); The Honourable Mrs. Stanhope as “Contemplation,” and “Prince William Frederick” in Vandyck dress, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; two of the Romney heads of Lady Hamilton, and “Miss Bover,” after Hoppner.

Others are “Filial Piety,” after Russell; Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons as “Tancred and Sigismunda,” after Shirriff. Caroline Watson also engraved Mrs. Siddons as “The Grecian Daughter,” after R. E. Pine; “Psyche,” and “Adoration,” after Beechey. She was very successful also with her portraits of men, amongst which one might particularise: “Sir Joshua Reynolds,” “Sir Benjamin West,” “Ozias Humphrey,” “Dr. Chauncey,” “W. Woollett,” and “Sir James Harris.”

With Caroline Watson I bring to an end this short supplementary list of stipple-engravers. It is by no means inclusive. Stipple-engraving

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was a comparatively easy art, and it is not unusual to meet a really charming specimen signed by an unknown name. I myself am the possessor of a print entitled "Beauty, Love, and Pleasure," which is an excellent engraving, and a super-excellent colour-print, but is to all intents and purposes an anonymous work. And as there are many examples of authors who have produced but one book whereon their fame can rest, so in the same way there are several stipple-engravers whose names are only familiar to us by one or two prints of value and interest. The following are a few such instances, and I have no doubt the list could be added to considerably :—

ADAM (T.)—"Friendship," after Van Assen.

BALDREY (J.)—"Evelina," "Cecilia," after Hoppner.

BIRCH (W.)—"Mrs. Robinson as "Contemplation," after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

CLARKE (J.)—"Silence," "Guardian Angels," after Bartolozzi.

COOPER (R.)—"Mrs. Russell Manners," after Stoebling ; "Love Wounded," "Love Healed," after Shelley.

FOGG (A.)—"The Blackberry Gatherer," "The Cowslip Gatherer," after Hamilton.

JENKINS (D.)—"A Nymph Feeding Swans," after Angelica Kauffmann.

LEGOUX (Louis).—"Bacchante," after Downmann ; "Natural Philosophy" and "Navigation."

MARTIN (E.)—"The Tender Mother," a set of six.

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MICHEL (J. B.)—"Peasants with Fruit and Flowers," after Peters.

NUGENT (T.)—"Mrs. Sheridan and Child," after Hoppner.

ORME (D.)—"The Royal Rose," "The Glass of Pleasure."

PRATTENT (T.)—"Discipline," "Puss in Favour," after Morland.

SAILLIAR (L.)—"Prince of Wales," "Duke of Clarence," and a set after Cosway.

SEDGWICK (W.)—"Brotherly Affection," after Angelica Kauffmann.

SPILSBURY (J.)—"The Flower Girl," after Angelica Kauffmann.

VINCENT (F.)—"Christ's Hospital," after J. Cristall.

WILLIAMS (E.)—"Lindamira."

Being fully conscious how much further the whole subject could have been carried, I am anxious to add a few words of advice to any amateur who, having read this book, may discover a desire to join the ranks of the collectors. Two sentences contain the pith of what I would say.

If you want to furnish your walls or your portfolios with eighteenth-century prints, and have little or no practical experience, frequent the establishment of an honest dealer, and use it as a hot-house in which to grow your taste. Do not grudge the money to keep the fire burning.

It is quite possible that any one who takes

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this advice, in its entirety, will buy, in the first instance, according to the wishes of the dealer. But, as he gains experience, and the dealer realises him as a regular customer, he will find himself accommodated in a thousand ways that he would otherwise miss.

The honest and intelligent print-seller, and there are such people, will take back or exchange, will search for pendants, will draw attention to sales, will assist in the hanging and framing, will, as soon as a genuine appreciation is defined, often go out of his way to gratify it.

An aspiring collector should realise that the days of "wonderful bargains" are over, or, if such are still to be had, they do not come in the way of the inexperienced. A really fine stipple-print in colour, by a good engraver, after a well-known artist, cannot be paid for too highly; should he haggle when such is offered to him, the next chance that occurs will be given to a more generous client. There is only a limited number of really fine things in the market, and there is practically an unlimited demand.

It may further be as well incidentally to point out that to sit for hours looking at a hundred-pound note is an entertainment that will soon pall. But the pleasure of gazing at a really fine print is practically everlasting.

As a precautionary measure,—for the above reads, perhaps, as if I advocate indiscriminate buying,—I should further add; when in doubt,—*wait*. A print may be looked at, and left. If it is

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the right thing and taste is sprouting, it will be found to be a haunting thing, and desire will grow ever more desperate. There is no real danger in the delay, for the dealer, if he understands and values his customer, and knows he is offering him a treasure, will keep it for him, or even let him have it home on approval. If, on the other hand, the doubt be based on good grounds, and the print have serious flaw, such flaw will grow in consequence, and the hesitation be justified, and will but raise the would-be purchaser in the estimation of the dealer, to his ultimate benefit.

But it is wonderful how soon doubt and hesitation disappear when once the fascinating game of print-collecting is duly learned.

If, however, instead of taking the foregoing hints, the would-be collector, even, with this book, and a natural instinct, to guide him, prefers to learn to play it in his own way, and, having the vanity of ignorance, wanders from shop to shop, and from saleroom to saleroom ; he will be in the position of the man who buys his knowledge of cards from sharpers. Every man's hand will be against him, and he will find himself in the unenviable position of "pigeon." A possible occasional bargain, or win, will be balanced by a variety of losses, by the acquisition of a vast amount of rubbish, and by numberless deceptions and overcharges. An aspiring buyer must be educated to his requirements. And for such an education a master, or trustworthy guide, is essential.

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Two or three other suggestions may perhaps be found worthy of consideration. The question of "states" is a very debatable one, and not, I think, quite so important as it is usually considered. As I am nearing the end of my space and have already said something of this matter, I will summarise my views briefly.

If the collection is to be for the portfolio; "state" is of importance, "margin" is of importance, "publication line," "title," everything, is of importance. But if the collection is to be for the walls, margins and all the rest of it sink into insignificance, and their consideration may be absolutely discarded. For the walls, once the *subject* has been approved, nothing but brilliancy of impression need be considered at all. And, in brilliancy of impression, I have seen a third, or print state, almost equal to a so-called "proof." There is no decoration nor beauty in a margin, and the money value put upon it by the dealers is chiefly a sentimental one. As a matter of fact, the large majority of colour-prints look better cut, and framed close. In this way they hold their own with water-colours of the same period, and can safely be hung together with them.

Another point to which it is perhaps as well to draw attention is the value of variety, if the collection be for decorative purposes; and the value of uniformity, if it be for the portfolio. That is to say, if buying for the walls, colours or monochromes, stipple or mezzotint, beautiful

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women, illustrious men, children, fancy-subjects, can be bought promiscuously. If buying for the portfolio, greater interest will be found in specialising, and grouping the collection under subjects, engravers, or painters.

A word about framing and I have done.

Old prints should *never* be put in elaborately decorated modern frames. The simplest Adams mouldings should be used for all engravings of this period, either in black and gold, or in gold ; there are two or three of these mouldings being constantly repeated, which are both inexpensive and effective.

The closer together the prints are hung, the better will be the general effect.

And now, before I say my reluctant "Adieu" to my readers, I want to repeat the plea of my preface. The subject of colour-printing and its connection with stipple-engraving needed for its proper elucidation an historian with a critical mind ; and it has fallen into the hands of a mere collector with a taste for romance. Thus it is that certain stories have been told at too great length, certain facts, dates, and details have been dismissed with too little comment. I am fully conscious of all the shortcomings of the book, my severest critic cannot be more so.

But in mitigation of judgment I want to plead that, ever since I have been a collector, I have been waiting for that historian to arise ; and he has not arisen. I have been waiting for that authoritative dictum ; and no word has been

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spoken. So, out of the fullness of my desultory portfolios, my pen has written. I took up that pen with a great reluctance, but I lay it down with a far greater regret. In the years it has taken me to write the book, I have learnt more than I can hope to teach. Not, perhaps, about colour-printing, and stipple-engravings, but about the large generosity of my fellow men and women, the collectors who have been eager to help me with the loan of valuable prints, the dealers who have placed their experience and their expert knowledge at my command. It was the loyal and untiring assistance from my many friends that gave me the encouragement with which to start the work, and the confidence with which to finish it. It is no affectation of modesty to doubt my worthiness of such support.

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